

ANDERSEN'S  
FAIRY TALES





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# ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES





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# ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

*Adapted by*

EDWIN GILE RICH

Author of "Why-So Stories," etc.



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# ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

**T**HE country was lovely for it was summer. The wheat was yellow and the oats still green; the hay was stacked in the green meadows, where the stork was marching about on his long red legs, chattering Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him.

Round about field and meadow lay great woods, and in the midst of them were deep lakes. Yes, the country certainly was delightful. In the sunniest spot stood an old farm surrounded by a deep moat, and great burdocks grew from the walls of the house right down to the water's edge; some of them were so tall that a small child could stand upright under them. In amongst the leaves it was as wild as in the depths of a forest; and there a duck was sitting on her nest. Her little ducklings were just about to be hatched, but she was nearly tired of sitting, for it had lasted such a long time. Moreover, she had very few visitors, as the other ducks liked swimming about in the moat better than waddling up to sit under the burdocks and gossip with her.

At last one egg after another began to crack. "Quack, quack!" they said. All the ducklings had come to life, and were poking their heads out.

"Quack! quack!" said the duck; and then they all quacked



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their hardest, and looked about them on all sides among the green leaves; their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, for green is good for the eyes.

“How big the world is!” said all the young ones; for they certainly had ever so much more room to move about, than when they were inside the eggshells.

“Do you think this is the whole world?” asked the mother. “It stretches a long way on the other side of the garden, right into the parson’s field; but I have never been as far as that! I suppose you are all here now?” and she got up. “No! I declare I have not got you all yet! The biggest egg is still there; how long is this going to last?” and then she settled back on the nest again.

“Well, how are you getting on?” asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

“This one egg is taking such a long time,” answered the mother, “the shell will not crack; but now you must look at the others; they are the finest ducklings I have ever seen! they are all exactly like their father, the wretch! he never comes to see me.”

“Let me look at the egg which won’t hatch,” said the old duck. “You may be sure that it is a turkey’s egg! I have been cheated like that once, and I had no end of trouble and worry with the creatures, for I may tell you that they are afraid of the water. I could not get them into it, I quacked and snapped at them, but it was no good. Let me see the egg! Yes, it’s a turkey’s egg. You just leave it alone and teach the other children to swim.”



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“I will sit on it a little longer, I have sat so long already, that I may as well go on now.”

“Please yourself,” said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the egg hatched. “Quack, quack!” said the young one and tumbled out; how big and ugly he was! The duck looked at him.

“That is a terribly big duckling,” she said; “none of the others looked like that; can he be a turkey chick? well we shall soon find that out; into the water he shall go, if I have to push him in myself.”

Next day was gloriously fine, and the sun shone on all the green burdocks. The mother duck with her whole family went down to the water.

Splash, into the water she sprang. “Quack, quack!” she said, and one duckling plumped in after the other. The water dashed over their heads, but they came up again and floated beautifully; their legs went of themselves, and they were all there, even the big ugly gray one swam about with them.

“No, that is no turkey,” she said; “see how beautifully he uses his legs and how erect he holds himself; he is my own chick! after all, he is not so bad when you come to look at him properly. Quack, quack! Now come with me and I will take you into the world, and introduce you to the duckyard; but keep close to me all the time, so that no one may tread upon you, and look out for the cat!”

Then they went into the duckyard. There was a fearful uproar going on, for two broods were fighting for the head of an eel, and in the end the cat got it.

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“That’s how things go in this world,” said the mother duck, and she licked her bill for she wanted the eel’s head herself.

“Use your legs,” said she; “mind you quack properly, and bend your necks to the old duck over there! She is the grandest of them all; she has Spanish blood in her veins and that is why she is so fat, and, do you see? she has a red rag round her leg; that is a wonderfully fine thing, and the most extraordinary mark of distinction any duck can have. It shows clearly that she is not to be parted with, and that she is worthy of recognition both by beasts and men! Quack now! don’t turn your toes in, a well brought up duckling keeps his legs wide apart just like father and mother; that’s it, now bend your necks, and say quack!”

They did as they were told, but the other ducks round about looked at them and said, quite loud: “Now look there! now we are to have that brood! just as if there were not enough of us already, and, oh dear! how ugly that duckling is, we won’t stand him!” and a duck flew at him at once and bit him in the neck.

“Let him alone,” said the mother; “he is doing no harm.”

“Very likely not, but he is so large and queer,” said the biter; “he must be thrashed.”

“They are handsome children the mother has,” said the old duck with the rag round her leg; “all good looking except this one, and he is a failure; it’s a pity you can’t make him over again.”

“That can’t be done, your highness,” said the mother duck; “he is not handsome, but he is a good creature, and he



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swims as well as any of the others; indeed, I think he will improve as he goes on, or perhaps in time he may grow smaller! he was too long in the egg, and so he has not come out with a good figure.” And then she patted his neck and stroked him down. “Besides he is a drake,” said she; “so it does not matter so much. I believe he will be very strong, and I don’t doubt but he will make his way in the world.”

“The other ducklings are very pretty,” said the old duck. “Now make yourselves quite at home, and if you find the head of an eel you may bring it to me!”

After that they felt quite at home. But the poor duckling which had been the last to come out of the shell, and who was so ugly, was bitten, pushed about, and made fun of both by the ducks and the hens. “He is too big,” they all said; and the turkey cock, who was born with his spurs on, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed himself up like a vessel in full sail, made for him, and gobbled and gobbled till he became red in the face. The poor duckling was at his wit’s end, and did not know which way to turn; he was in despair because he was so ugly, and the joke of the whole duckyard.

So the first day passed, and afterwards matters grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was chased and hustled by all of them, even his brothers and sisters ill-used him; and they were always saying, “If only the cat would get you, you ugly thing!” Even his mother said, “I wish to goodness you were miles away.” The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him aside.

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Then he ran off and flew right over the hedge, where the little birds flew up into the air in a fright.

“That is because I am so ugly,” thought the poor duckling, shutting his eyes, but he ran on all the same. Then he came to a great marsh where the wild ducks lived; he was so tired and miserable that he stayed there the whole night.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up to inspect their new comrade.

“What sort of a creature are you?” they inquired, as the duckling turned from side to side and greeted them as well as he could. “You are frightfully ugly,” said the wild ducks; “but that does not matter to us, so long as you do not marry into our family!” Poor fellow! all he wanted was permission to lie among the rushes, and to drink a little of the marsh water.

He stayed there two whole days, then two wild geese came, or rather two wild ganders; they were not long out of the shell, and therefore rather pert.

“Pray, comrade,” they said, “you are so ugly that we have taken quite a fancy to you; will you join us and be a bird of passage? There is another marsh close by, and there are some charming wild geese there; all sweet young things, who can say quack! You are ugly enough to make your fortune among them.” Just at that moment, bang! bang! was heard up above, and both the wild geese fell dead among the reeds, and the water turned blood red. Bang! bang! went the guns, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the rushes and the shot peppered among them again.



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There was a shooting party, and the sportsmen lay hidden round the marsh; some even sat on the branches of the trees which overhung the water; the blue smoke rose like clouds among the dark trees and swept over the pool.

The water-dogs wandered about in the swamp, splash! splash! The rushes and reeds bent beneath their tread on all sides. It was terribly alarming to the poor duckling. He twisted his head round to get it under his wing and just at that moment a big dog appeared close beside him; his tongue hung right out of his mouth and his eyes glared wickedly. He opened his great chasm of a mouth close to the duckling, showed his sharp teeth — and — splash — went on without touching him.

“Oh, thank Heaven!” sighed the duckling, “I am so ugly that even the dog won’t bite me!”

Then he lay quite still while the shot whistled among the bushes, and bang after bang rent the air. It only became quiet late in the day, but even then the poor duckling did not dare to get up; he waited several hours more before he looked about and then he hurried away from the marsh as fast as he could go. He ran across fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that he had hard work to make his way.

Towards night he reached a poor little cottage; it was such a miserable place that it could not make up its mind which way to fall even, and so it remained standing. The wind whistled so fiercely round the duckling that he had to sit on his tail to resist it, and it blew harder and harder; then



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he saw that the door had fallen off one hinge and hung so crookedly that he could creep into the house through the crack and by this means he made his way into the room. An old woman lived there with her cat and her hen. The cat, which she called "Sonnie," could arch his back, purr, and give off sparks if you stroked his fur the wrong way. The hen had quite tiny short legs and she was called "Chickabiddy-short-legs." She laid good eggs, and the old woman was as fond of her as if she had been her own child.

In the morning the strange duckling was discovered immediately, and the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What on earth is that?" said the old woman, looking round, but her sight was not good and she thought the duckling was a fat duck which had escaped. "This is a great find," said she; "now I shall have duck's eggs if only it is not a drake! we must find out about that!"

So she took the duckling on trial for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance. The cat was the master of the house and the hen the mistress, and they always spoke of "we and the world," for they thought they represented the half of the world, and that quite the better half.

The duckling thought there might be two opinions on the subject, but the cat would not hear of it.

"Can you lay eggs?" the hen asked.

"No!"

"Will you hold your tongue then!"

And the cat said, "Can you arch your back, purr, or give off sparks?"

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“No.”

“Then you had better keep your opinions to yourself when people who know something are speaking!”

The duckling sat in the corner nursing his ill-humor; then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, an uncontrollable longing seized him to float on the water, and at last he could not help telling the hen about it.

“What on earth ails you?” she asked; “you have nothing to do, that is why you get these freaks into your head. Lay some eggs or take to purring, and you will get over it.”

“But it is so delicious to float on the water,” said the duckling; “so delicious to feel it rushing over your head when you dive to the bottom.”

“That is a queer amusement,” said the hen. “I think you have gone mad. Ask the cat about it, he is the wisest creature I know; ask him if he is fond of floating on the water or diving under it. I say nothing about myself. Ask our mistress yourself, the old woman; there is no one in the world cleverer than she is. Do you suppose she has any desire to float on the water, or to duck underneath it?”

“You do not understand me,” said the duckling.

“Well, if we don’t understand you, who should? I suppose you don’t consider yourself cleverer than the cat or the old woman, not to mention me. Don’t make a fool of yourself, and thank your stars for all the good we have done you! Have you not lived in this warm room, and in such society that you might have learnt something? But you are stupid, and there is no pleasure in associating with you. Believe me,



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I mean you well, I tell you truths, and there is no surer way than that of knowing who are one's friends. You just see about laying some eggs, or learn to purr, or to give off sparks."

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Oh, do so by all means," said the hen.

So away went the duckling; he floated on the water and ducked underneath it, but he was slighted by every living creature for his ugliness. Now the autumn came on, the leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown; the wind took hold of them, and they danced about. The sky looked very cold, and the clouds hung heavy with snow and hail. A raven stood on the fence and croaked Caw! Caw! from sheer cold; it made one shiver only to think of it; the poor duckling certainly was in a bad way.

One evening, the sun was just setting in wintry splendor, when a flock of beautiful large birds appeared out of the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so beautiful. They were dazzlingly white with long waving necks; they were swans, and uttering a peculiar cry they spread out their magnificent broad wings and flew away from the cold regions to warmer lands and open seas. They mounted so high, so very high, and the ugly little duckling became strangely uneasy; he circled round and round in the water like a wheel, craning his neck up into the air after them. Then he uttered a shriek so piercing and so strange, that he was quite frightened by it himself. Oh, he could not forget those beautiful birds, those happy birds, and as soon as they were out of

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sight he ducked right down to the bottom, and when he came up again he was quite beside himself. He did not know what the birds were, or whither they flew, but all the same he was more drawn towards them than he had ever been by any creatures before. He did not envy them in the least; how could it occur to him even to wish to be such a marvel of beauty; he would have been thankful if only the ducks would have tolerated him among them — the poor ugly creature!

The winter was so bitterly cold that the duckling was obliged to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the hole in which he swam got smaller and smaller. Then it froze so hard that the surface ice cracked, and the duckling had to use his legs all the time, so that the ice should not close in round him; at last he was so weary that he could move no more, and he was frozen fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw him; he went out on to the ice and hammered a hole in it with his heavy wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. There it soon revived. The children wanted to play with it, but the duckling thought they were going to ill-use him, and rushed in his fright into the milk pan, and the milk spurted out all over the room. The woman shrieked and threw up her hands, then it flew into the butter cask, and down into the meal tub and out again. Just imagine what it looked like by this time! The woman screamed and tried to hit it with the tongs, and the children tumbled over one another in trying to catch it, and they screamed with laughter — by



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good luck the door stood open, and the duckling flew out among the bushes and the new fallen snow — and it lay there thoroughly exhausted.

But it would be too sad to mention all the privation and misery it had to go through during that hard winter. When the sun began to shine warmly again, the duckling was in the marsh, lying among the rushes; the larks were singing and the beautiful spring had come.

Then all at once it raised its wings and they flapped with much greater strength than before, and bore him off vigorously. Before he knew where he was, he found himself in a large garden where the apple trees were in full blossom, and the air was scented with lilacs, the long branches of which overhung the indented shores of the lake! Oh! the spring freshness was so delicious!

Just in front of him he saw three beautiful white swans advancing towards him from a thicket; with rustling feathers they swam lightly over the water. The duckling recognized the majestic birds, and he was overcome by a strange melancholy.

“I will fly to them, the royal birds, and they will hack me to pieces, because I, who am so ugly, venture to approach them! But it won't matter; better be killed by them than be snapped at by the ducks, pecked by the hens, or spurned by the henwife, or suffer so much misery in the winter.”

So he flew into the water and swam towards the stately swans; they saw him and darted towards him with ruffled feathers.



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“Kill me, oh, kill me!” said the poor creature, and bowing his head towards the water he awaited his death. But what did he see reflected in the transparent water?

He saw below him his own image, but he was no longer a clumsy dark gray bird, ugly and ungainly; he was himself a swan! It does not matter in the least having been born in a duckyard, if only you come out of a swan’s egg!

He felt quite glad of all the misery and tribulation he had gone through; he was the better able to appreciate his good fortune now, and all the beauty which greeted him. The big swans swam round and round him, and stroked him with their bills.

Some little children came into the garden with corn and pieces of bread, which they threw into the water; and the smallest one cried out: “There is a new one!” The other children shouted with joy, “Yes, a new one has come!” And they clapped their hands and danced about, running after their father and mother. They threw the bread into the water, and one and all said that “the new one was the prettiest; he was so young and handsome.” And the old swans bent their heads and did homage before him.

He felt quite shy, and hid his head under his wing; he did not know what to think; he was so very happy, but not at all proud; a good heart never becomes proud. He thought of how he had been pursued and scorned, and now he heard them all say that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The lilacs bent their boughs right down into the water before him, and the bright sun was warm and cheering, and

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he rustled his feathers and raised his slender neck aloft, saying with exultation in his heart: "I never dreamt of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

## THE LITTLE MERMAID

**F**AR out at sea, where the water is as blue as the bluest cornflower, and as clear as the clearest crystal; where it is very deep, too deep for any cable to fathom, and where many steeples piled on top of one another would not reach from the bed of the sea to the surface of the water, the Mermen live.

Now don't imagine that there are only bare white sands at the bottom; oh no! the most wonderful trees and plants grow there, with such light stalks and leaves, that at the slightest motion of the water they move just as if they were alive. All the fish, great and small, glide among the branches just as, up here, birds glide through the air. The palace of the Merman King lies in the very deepest part; its walls are of coral and the long pointed windows of the clearest amber, but the roof is made of mussel shells which open and shut with the lapping of the water. This has a lovely effect, for there are gleaming pearls in every shell, any one of which would be the pride of a king's diadem.

The Merman King had been for many years a widower, but his old mother kept house for him; she was a clever woman, but so proud of her noble birth that she wore twelve oysters on her tail, while the other grandees were only allowed six. Otherwise she deserved all praise, especially because she was so fond of the little mermaid princesses, her grandchildren.



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They were six beautiful children, but the youngest was the prettiest of all; her skin was as soft and delicate as a roseleaf, her eyes as blue as the deepest sea, but like all the others she had no feet, and instead of legs she had a fish's tail.

All the livelong day they used to play in the palace in the great halls, where living flowers grew out of the walls. When the great amber windows were thrown open the fish swam in, just as the swallows fly into our rooms when we open the windows, but the fish swam right up to the little princesses, ate out of their hands, and allowed themselves to be patted.

Outside the palace was a large garden, with fiery red and deep blue trees, the fruit of which shone like gold, while the flowers glowed like fire on their ceaselessly waving stalks. The ground was of the finest sand, but it was of a blue phosphorescent tint. Everything was bathed in a wondrous blue light down there; you might more readily have supposed yourself to be high up in the air, with only the sky above and below you, than that you were at the bottom of the ocean. In a dead calm you could just catch a glimpse of the sun like a purple flower with a stream of light radiating from its calyx.

Each little princess had her own little plot in the garden, where she could dig and plant just as she liked. One made her flower-bed in the shape of a whale, another chose to have hers like a little mermaid; but the youngest had hers quite round like the sun, and she would only have flowers of a red like its beams. She was a curious child, quiet and thoughtful, and while the other sisters decked out their gardens with all kinds of extraordinary objects which they got from wrecks,

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she would have nothing besides the flowers like the sun above, except a marble statue of a beautiful boy. It was cut out of the purest white marble and had gone to the bottom from some wreck. By the statue she planted a red weeping willow which grew splendidly, and the fresh delicate branches hung round and over it, till they almost touched the blue sand where the shadows showed violet, and were ever moving like the branches. It looked as if the leaves and the roots were interchanging kisses.

Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to hear about the world of human beings up above the sea. She made her old grandmother tell her all that she knew about ships and towns, people and animals. But above all it pleased her most that up on the earth the flowers were scented, for they were not so at the bottom of the sea; also that the woods were green, and that the fish which were to be seen among the branches could sing so loudly and sweetly that it was a delight to listen to them. You see the grandmother called little birds fish, or the mermaids would not have understood her, as they had never seen a bird.

“When you are fifteen,” said the grandmother, “you will be allowed to rise up from the sea and sit on the rocks in the moonlight, and look at the big ships sailing by, and you will also see woods and towns.”

One of the sisters would be fifteen in the following year, but the others — well, they were each one year younger than the other, so that the youngest had five whole years to wait before she would be allowed to come up from the bottom,



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to see what things were like on earth. But each one promised the others to give a full account of all that she had seen, and found most wonderful on the first day. Their grandmother could never tell them enough, for there were so many things about which they wanted information.

None of them was so full of longings as the youngest, the very one who had the longest time to wait, and who was so quiet and dreamy. Many a night she stood by the open windows and looked up through the dark blue water which the fish were lashing with their tails and fins. She could see the moon and the stars, it is true; their light was pale, but they looked much bigger through the water than they do to our eyes. When she saw a dark shadow glide between her and them, she knew that it was either a whale swimming above her, or else a ship laden with human beings. I am certain they never dreamt that a lovely little mermaid was standing down below, stretching up her white hands towards the keel.

The eldest princess had now reached her fifteenth birthday, and was to venture above the water. When she came back she had hundreds of things to tell them, but the most delightful of all, she said, was to lie in the moonlight on a sand bank in a calm sea, and to gaze at the large town close to the shore, where the lights twinkled like hundreds of stars; to listen to music and the noise and bustle of carriages and people, to see the many church towers and spires, and to hear the bells ringing; and just because she could not go on shore she longed for that most of all.

Oh! how eagerly the youngest sister listened, and when,



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later in the evening she stood at the open window and looked up through the dark blue water, she thought of the big town with all its noise and bustle, and fancied that she could even hear the church bells ringing.

The year after, the second sister was allowed to mount up through the water and swim about wherever she liked. The sun was just going down when she reached the surface, the most beautiful sight, she thought, that she had ever seen. The whole sky had looked like gold, she said, and as for the clouds! well, their beauty was beyond description, they floated in red and violet splendor over her head, and, far faster than they went, a flock of wild swans flew like a long white veil over the water towards the setting sun; she swam towards it, but it sank and all the rosy light on the clouds and water faded away.

The year after that the third sister went up, and being much the most venturesome of them all, swam up a broad river which ran into the sea. She saw beautiful green, vine-clad hills; palaces and country-seats peeping through splendid woods. She heard the birds singing, and the sun was so hot that she was often obliged to dive to cool her burning face. In a tiny bay she found a troop of little children running about naked and paddling in the water; she wanted to play with them, but they were frightened and ran away. Then a little black animal came up; it was a dog, but she had never seen one before; it barked so furiously at her that she was frightened and made for the open sea. She could never forget the beautiful woods, the green hills and the lovely children

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who could swim in the water although they had no fishes' tails.

The fourth sister was not so brave; she stayed in the remotest part of the ocean, and, according to her account, that was the most beautiful spot. You could see for miles and miles around you, and the sky above was like a great glass dome. She had seen ships, but only far away, so that they looked like sea-gulls. There were grotesque dolphins turning somersaults, and gigantic whales squirting water through their nostrils like hundreds of fountains on every side.

Now the fifth sister's turn came. Her birthday fell in the winter, so that she saw sights that the others had not seen on their first trips. The sea looked quite green, and large icebergs were floating about, each one of which looked like a pearl, she said, but was much bigger than the church towers built by men. They took the most wonderful shapes, and sparkled like diamonds. She had seated herself on one of the largest, and all the passing ships sheered off in alarm when they saw her sitting there with her long hair streaming loose in the wind.

In the evening the sky became overcast with dark clouds; it thundered and lightened, and the huge icebergs, glittering in the bright lightning, were lifted high into the air by the black waves. All the ships shortened sail, and there was fear and trembling on every side, but she sat quietly on her floating iceberg watching the blue lightning flash in zigzags down on to the shining sea.

The first time any of the sisters rose above the water she



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was delighted by the novelties and beauties she saw; but once grown up, and at liberty to go where she liked, she became indifferent and longed for her home; in the course of a month or so they all said that after all their own home in the deep was best, it was so cozy there.

Many an evening the five sisters interlacing their arms would rise above the water together. They had lovely voices, much clearer than any mortal, and when a storm was rising, and they expected ships to be wrecked, they would sing in the most seductive strains of the wonders of the deep, bidding the seafarers have no fear of them. But the sailors could not understand the words; they thought it was the voice of the storm; nor could it be theirs to see this Elysium of the deep, for when the ship sank they were drowned, and only reached the Merman's palace in death. When the elder sisters rose up in this manner, arm-in-arm, in the evening, the youngest remained behind quite alone, looking after them as if she must weep, but mermaids have no tears and so they suffer all the more.

“Oh! if I were only fifteen!” she said, “I know how fond I shall be of the world above, and of the mortals who dwell there.”

At last her fifteenth birthday came.

“Now we shall have you off our hands,” said her grandmother, the old queen dowager. “Come now, let me adorn you like your other sisters!” and she put a wreath of white lilies round her hair, but every petal of the flowers was half a pearl; then the old queen had eight oysters fixed on to the princess's tail to show her high rank.



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"But it hurts so!" said the little mermaid.

"You must endure the pain for the sake of the finery!" said her grandmother.

But oh! how gladly would she have shaken off all this splendor, and laid aside the heavy wreath. Her red flowers in her garden suited her much better, but she did not dare to make any alteration. "Goodby," she said, and mounted as lightly and airily as a bubble through the water.

The sun had just set when her head rose above the water, but the clouds were still lighted up with a rosy and golden splendor, and the evening star sparkled in the soft pink sky, the air was mild and fresh, and the sea as calm as a mill pond. A big three-masted ship lay close by with only a single sail set, for there was not a breath of wind, and the sailors were sitting about the rigging, on the cross-trees, and at the mast-heads. There was music and singing on board, and as the evening closed in, hundreds of gaily colored lanterns were lighted — they looked like the flags of all nations waving in the air. The little mermaid swam right up to the cabin windows, and every time she was lifted by the swell she could see through the transparent panes crowds of gaily dressed people. The handsomest of them all was the young prince with large dark eyes; he could not be much more than sixteen, and all these festivities were in honor of his birthday. The sailors danced on deck, and when the prince appeared among them hundreds of rockets were let off making it as light as day, and frightening the little mermaid so much that she had to dive under the water. She soon ventured up again, and it

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was just as if all the stars of heaven were falling in showers round about her. She had never seen such magic fires. Great suns whirled round, gorgeous fire-fish hung in the blue air, and all was reflected in the calm and glassy sea. It was so light on board the ship that every little rope could be seen, and the people still better. Oh! how handsome the prince was, how he laughed and smiled as he greeted his guests, while the music rang out in the quiet night.

It got quite late, but the little mermaid could not take her eyes off the ship and the beautiful prince. The colored lanterns were put out, no more rockets were sent up, and the cannon had ceased its thunder, but deep down in the sea there was a dull mumurring and moaning sound. Meanwhile she was rocked up and down on the waves, so that she could look into the cabin; but the ship got more and more way on, sail after sail was filled by the wind, the waves grew stronger, great clouds gathered, and it lightened in the distance. Oh, there was going to be a fearful storm! and soon the sailors had to shorten sail. The great ship rocked and rolled as she dashed over the angry sea, the black waves rose like mountains, high enough to overwhelm her, but she dived like a swan through them and rose again and again on their towering crests. The little mermaid thought it a most amusing race, but not so the sailors. The ship creaked and groaned, the mighty timbers bulged and bent under the heavy blows, the water broke over the decks, snapping the main mast like a reed, she heeled over on her side and the water rushed into the hold.

Now the little mermaid saw that they were in danger and



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she had for her own sake to beware of the floating beams and wreckage. One moment it was so pitch dark that she could not see at all, but when the lightning flashed it became so light that she could see all on board. Every man was looking out for his own safety as best he could, but she more particularly followed the young prince with her eyes, and when the ship went down she saw him sink in the deep sea. At first she was quite delighted, for now he was coming to be with her, but then she remembered that human beings could not live under water, and that only if he were dead could he go to her fathers' palace. No! he must not die; so she swam towards him all among the drifting beams and planks, quite forgetting that they might crush her. She dived deep down under the water, and came up again through the waves, and at last reached the young prince just as he was becoming unable to swim any further in the stormy sea. His limbs were numbed, his beautiful eyes were closing, and he must have died if the little mermaid had not come to the rescue. She held his head above the water and let the waves drive them whithersoever they would.

By daybreak all the storm was over; of the ship not a trace was to be seen; the sun rose from the water in radiant brilliance and his rosy beams seemed to cast a glow of life into the prince's cheeks, but his eyes remained closed. The mermaid kissed his fair and lofty brow, and stroked back the dripping hair; it seemed to her that he was like the marble statue in her little garden; she kissed him again and longed that he might live.



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At last she saw dry land before her, high blue mountains on whose summits the white snow glistened as if a flock of swans had settled there; down by the shore were beautiful green woods, and in the foreground a church or temple, she did not quite know which, but it was a building of some sort. Lemon and orange trees grew in the garden and lofty palms stood by the gate. At this point the sea formed a little bay where the water was quite calm, but very deep, right up the cliffs; at their foot was a strip of fine white sand to which she swam with the beautiful prince, and laid him down on it, taking great care that his head should rest high up in the warm sunshine.

The bells now began to ring in the great white building and a number of young maidens came into the garden. Then the little mermaid swam further off behind some high rocks and covered her hair and breast with foam, so that no one should see her little face, and then she watched to see who would discover the poor prince.

It was not long before one of the maidens came up to him; at first she seemed quite frightened, but only for a moment, and then she fetched several others, and the mermaid saw that the prince was coming to life, and that he smiled at all those around him, but he never smiled at her; you see he did not know that she had saved him; she felt so sad that when he was led away into the great building she dived sorrowfully into the water and made her way home to her father's palace.

Always silent and thoughtful, she became more so now

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than ever. Her sisters often asked her what she had seen on her first visit to the surface, but she never would tell them anything.

Many an evening and many a morning she would rise to the place where she had left the prince. She saw the fruit in the garden ripen, and then gathered, she saw the snow melt on the mountain-tops, but she never saw the prince, so she always went home still sadder than before. At home her only consolation was to sit in her little garden with her arms twined round the handsome marble statue which reminded her of the prince. It was all in gloomy shade now, as she had ceased to tend her flowers and the garden had become a neglected wilderness of long stalks and leaves entangled with the branches of the tree.

At last she could not bear it any longer, so she told one of her sisters, and from her it soon spread to the others, but to no one else except to one or two other mermaids who only told their dearest friends. One of these knew all about the prince, she had also seen the festivities on the ship; she knew where he came from and where his kingdom was situated.

"Come, little sister!" said the other princesses, and, throwing their arms round each other's shoulders, they rose from the water in a long line, just in front of the prince's palace.

It was built of light yellow glistening stone, with great marble staircases, one of which led into the garden. Magnificent gilded cupolas rose above the roof, and the spaces between the columns which encircled the building were filled with



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life-like marble statues. Through the clear glass of the lofty windows you could see gorgeous halls adorned with costly silken hangings, and the pictures on the walls were a sight worth seeing. In the midst of the central hall a large fountain played, throwing its jets of spray upwards to a glass dome in the roof, through which the sunbeams lighted up the water and the beautiful plants which grew in the great basin.

She knew now where he lived and often used to go there in the evenings and by night over the water; she swam much nearer the land than any of the others dared, she even ventured right up the narrow channel under the splendid marble terrace which threw a long shadow over the water. She used to sit here looking at the young prince who thought he was quite alone in the clear moonlight.

She saw him many an evening sailing about in his beautiful boat, with flags waving and music playing; she used to peep through the green rushes, and if the wind happened to catch her long silvery veil and any one saw it, they only thought it was a swan flapping its wings.

Many a night she heard the fishermen, who were fishing by torchlight, talking over the good deeds of the young prince; and she was happy to think that she had saved his life when he was drifting about on the waves, half dead, and she could not forget how closely his head had pressed her breast, and how passionately she had kissed him; but he knew nothing of all this, and never saw her even in his dreams.

She became fonder and fonder of mankind, and longed more and more to be able to live among them; their world



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seemed so infinitely bigger than hers; with their ships they could scour the ocean, they could ascend the mountains high above the clouds, and their wooded, grass-grown lands extended further than her eye could reach. There was so much that she wanted to know, but her sisters could not give an answer to all her questions, so she asked her old grandmother who knew the upper world well, and rightly called it the country above the sea.

“If men are not drowned,” asked the little mermaid, “do they live for ever, do they not die as we do down here in the sea?”

“Yes,” said the old lady, “they have to die too, and their lifetime is even shorter than ours. We may live here for three hundred years, but when we cease to exist we become mere foam on the water and do not have so much as a grave among our dear ones. We have no immortal souls, we have no future life, we are just like the green seaweed, which, once cut down, can never revive again! Men, on the other hand, have a soul which lives for ever, lives after the body has become dust; it rises through the clear air, up to the shining stars! Just as we rise from the water to see the land of mortals, so they rise up to unknown beautiful regions which we shall never see.”

“Why have we no immortal souls?” asked the little mermaid sadly. “I would give all my three hundred years to be a human being for one day, and afterwards to have a share in the heavenly kingdom.”

“You must not be thinking about that,” said the grand-

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mother; "we are much better off and happier than human beings."

"Then I shall have to die and to float as foam on the water, and never hear the music of the waves or see the beautiful flowers or the red sun! Is there nothing I can do to gain an immortal soul?"

"No," said the grandmother, "only if a human being so loved you that you were more to him than father or mother, if all his thoughts and all his love were so centered in you that he would let the priest join your hands and would vow to be faithful to you here, and to all eternity; then your body would become infused with his soul. Thus and only thus, could you gain a share in the felicity of mankind. He would give you a soul while yet keeping his own. But that can never happen! That which is your greatest beauty in the sea, your fish's tail, is thought hideous up on earth, so little do they understand about it; to be pretty there you must have two clumsy supports which they call legs!"

Then the little mermaid sighed and looked sadly at her fish's tail.

"Let us be happy," said the grandmother, "we will hop and skip during our three hundred years of life, it is surely a long enough time, and after it is over, we shall rest all the better in our graves. There is to be a court ball tonight."

This was a much more splendid affair than we ever see on earth. The walls and the ceiling of the great ballroom were of thick but transparent glass. Several hundreds of colossal mussel shells, rose-red and grass-green, were ranged



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in order round the sides holding blue lights, which illuminated the whole room and shone through the walls, so that the sea outside was quite lit up. You could see countless fish, great and small, swimming towards the glass walls, some with shining scales of crimson hue, while others were golden and silvery. In the middle of the room was a broad stream of running water, and on this the mermaids and mermen danced to their own beautiful singing. No earthly beings have such lovely voices. The little mermaid sang more sweetly than any of them and they all applauded her. For a moment she felt glad at heart, for she knew that she had the finest voice either in the sea or on land. But she soon began to think again about the upper world; she could not forget the handsome prince and her sorrow in not possessing, like him, an immortal soul. Therefore she stole out of her father's palace, and while all within was joy and merriment, she sat sadly in her little garden. Suddenly she heard the sound of a horn through the water, and she thought, "Now he is out sailing up there; he whom I love more than father or mother, he to whom my thoughts cling and to whose hands I am ready to commit the happiness of my life. I will dare anything to win him and to gain an immortal soul! While my sisters are dancing in my father's palace, I will go to the sea witch of whom I have always been very much afraid; she will perhaps be able to advise and help me!"

Thereupon the little mermaid left the garden and went towards the roaring whirlpools at the back of which the witch lived. She had never been that way before; no flowers



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grew there, no seaweed, only the bare gray sands stretched towards the whirlpools, which like rushing mill wheels swirled round, dragging everything that came within reach down to the depths. She had to pass between these boiling eddies to reach the witch's domain, and for a long way the only path led over warm bubbling mud, which the witch called her "peat bog." Her house stood behind this in the midst of a weird forest. All the trees and bushes were polyps, half animal and half plant; they looked like hundred-headed snakes growing out of the sand; the branches were long slimy arms, with tentacles like wriggling worms, every joint of which from the root to the outermost tip was in constant motion. They wound themselves tightly round whatever they could lay hold of and never let it escape. The little mermaid standing outside was quite frightened, her heart beat fast with terror and she nearly turned back, but then she remembered the prince and the immortal soul of mankind and took courage. She bound her long flowing hair tightly round her head, so that the polyps should not seize her by it, folded her hands over her breast, and darted like a fish through the water, in between the hideous polyps which stretched out their sensitive arms and tentacles towards her. She could see that every one of them had something or other which they had grasped with their hundred arms, and which they held as if in iron bands. The bleached bones of men who had perished at sea and sunk below peeped forth from the arms of some, while others clutched rudders and sea chests, or the skeleton of some land animal; and most horrible

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of all, a little mermaid whom they had caught and suffocated. Then she came to a large opening in the wood where the ground was all slimy, and where some huge fat water snakes were gamboling about. In the middle of this opening was a house built of the bones of the wrecked; there sat the witch, letting a toad eat out of her mouth, just as mortals let a little canary eat sugar. She called the hideous water snakes her little chickens, and allowed them to crawl about on her unsightly bosom.

“I know very well what you have come here for,” said the witch. “It is very foolish of you! all the same you shall have your way, because it will lead you into misfortune, my fine princess. You want to get rid of your fish’s tail, and instead to have two stumps to walk about upon like human beings, so that the young prince may fall in love with you, and that you may win him and an immortal soul.” Saying this, she gave such a loud hideous laugh that the toad and snakes fell to the ground and wriggled about there.

“You are just in the nick of time,” said the witch, “after sunrise tomorrow I should not be able to help you until another year had run its course. I will make you a potion, and before sunrise you must swim ashore with it, seat yourself on the beach and drink it; then your tail will divide and shrivel up to what men call beautiful legs, but it hurts; it is as if a sharp sword were running through you. All who see you will say that you are the most beautiful child of man they have ever seen. You will keep your gliding gait, no dancer will rival you, but every step you take will be as if



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you were treading upon sharp knives, so sharp as to draw blood. If you are willing to suffer all this I am ready to help you!”

“Yes!” said the little princess with a trembling voice, thinking of the prince and of winning an undying soul.

“But remember,” said the witch, “when once you have received a human form, you can never be a mermaid again, you will never again be able to dive down through the water to your sisters and to your father’s palace. And if you do not succeed in winning the prince’s love, so that for your sake he will forget father and mother, cleave to you with his whole heart, let the priest join your hands and make you man and wife, you will gain no immortal soul! The first morning after his marriage with another your heart will break, and you will turn into foam of the sea.”

“I will do it,” said the little mermaid as pale as death.

“But you will have to pay me, too,” said the witch, “and it is no trifle that I demand. You have the most beautiful voice of any at the bottom of the sea, and I dare say that you think you will fascinate him with it, but you must give me that voice; I will have the best you possess in return for my precious potion! I have to mingle my own blood with it so as to make it as sharp as a two-edged sword.”

“But if you take my voice,” said the little mermaid, “what have I left?”

“Your beautiful form,” said the witch, “your gliding gait, and your speaking eyes, with these you ought surely to be able to bewitch a human heart. Well! have you lost



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courage? Put out your little tongue and I will cut it off in payment for the powerful draught."

"Let it be done," said the little mermaid, and the witch put on her cauldron to brew the magic potion. "There is nothing like cleanliness," said she, as she scoured the pot with a bundle of snakes; then she punctured her breast and let the black blood drop into the cauldron, and the steam took the most weird shape, enough to frighten any one. Every moment the witch threw new ingredients into the pot, and when it boiled the bubbling was like the sound of crocodiles weeping. At last the potion was ready and it looked like the clearest water.

"There it is," said the witch, and thereupon she cut off the tongue of the little mermaid, who was dumb now and could neither sing nor speak.

"If the polyps should seize you, when you go back through my wood," said the witch, "just drop a single drop of this liquid on them, and their arms and fingers will burst into a thousand pieces." But the little mermaid had no need to do this, for at the mere sight of the bright liquid which sparkled in her hand like a shining star, they drew back in terror. So she soon got past the wood, the bog, and the eddying whirlpools.

She saw her father's palace; the lights were all out in the great ballroom, and no doubt all the household was asleep, but she did not dare to go in now that she was dumb and about to leave her home forever. She felt as if her heart would break with grief. She stole into the garden and plucked

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a flower from each of her sister's plots, wafted with her hand countless kisses towards the palace, and then rose up through the dark blue water.

The sun had not risen when she came in sight of the prince's palace and landed at the beautiful marble steps. The moon was shining bright and clear. The little mermaid drank the burning, stinging draught, and it was like a sharp, two-edged sword running through her tender frame; she fainted away and lay as if she were dead. When the sun rose on the sea she woke up and became conscious of a sharp pang, but just in front of her stood the handsome young prince, fixing his coal black eyes on her; she cast hers down and saw that her fish's tail was gone, and that she had the prettiest little white legs any maiden could desire, but she was quite naked, so she wrapped her long thick hair around her. The prince asked who she was and how she came there; she looked at him tenderly and with a sad expression in her dark blue eyes, but could not speak. Then he took her by the hand and led her into the palace. Every step she took was, as the witch had warned her beforehand, as if she were treading on sharp knives and spikes but she bore it gladly; led by the prince she moved as lightly as a bubble, and he and every one else marveled at her graceful gliding gait.

Clothed in the costliest silks and muslins she was the greatest beauty in the palace, but she was dumb and could neither sing nor speak. Beautiful slaves clad in silks and gold came forward and sang to the prince and his royal parents; one of them sang better than all the others, and the prince



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clapped his hands and smiled at her; that made the little mermaid very sad, for she knew that she used to sing far better herself. She thought, "Oh! if he only knew that for the sake of being with him I had given up my voice for ever!" Now the slaves began to dance, graceful undulating dances to enchanting music; thereupon the little mermaid lifting her beautiful white arms and raising herself on tiptoe glided on the floor with a grace which none of the other dancers had yet attained. With every motion her grace and beauty became more apparent, and her eyes appealed more deeply to the heart than the songs of the slaves. Every one was delighted with it, especially the prince, who called her his foundling, and she danced on and on, notwithstanding that every time her foot touched the ground it was like treading on sharp knives. The prince said that she should always be near him, and she was allowed to sleep outside his door on a velvet cushion.

He had a man's dress made for her, so that she could ride about with him. They used to ride through scented woods, where the green branches brushed her shoulders, and little birds sang among the fresh leaves. She climbed up the highest mountains with the prince, and although her delicate feet bled so that others saw it, she only laughed and followed him until they saw the clouds sailing below them like a flock of birds, taking flight to distant lands.

At home in the prince's palace, when at night the others were asleep, she used to go out on to the marble steps; it cooled her burning feet to stand in the cold sea water, and



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at such times she used to think of those she had left in the deep.

One night her sisters came arm in arm; they sang so sorrowfully as they swam on the water that she beckoned to them and they recognized her, and told her how she had grieved them all. After that they visited her every night, and one night she saw, a long way out, her old grandmother (who for many years had not been above the water), and the Merman King with his crown on his head; they stretched out their hands toward her, but did not venture so close to land as her sisters.

Day by day she became dearer to the prince; he loved her as one loves a good sweet child, but it never entered his head to make her his queen; yet unless she became his wife she would never win an everlasting soul, but on his wedding morning would turn to sea foam.

“Am I not dearer to you than any of them?” the little mermaid’s eyes seemed to say when he took her in his arms and kissed her beautiful brow.

“Yes, you are the dearest one to me,” said the prince, “for you have the best heart of them all, and you are fondest of me; you are also like a young girl I once saw, but whom I never expect to see again. I was on board a ship which was wrecked, I was driven on shore by the waves close to a holy temple where several young girls were ministering at a service; the youngest of them found me on the beach and saved my life; I saw her but twice. She was the only person I could love in this world, but you are like her, you almost

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drive her image out of my heart. She belongs to the holy temple, and therefore, as by good fortune you have been sent to me, we will never part!"

"Alas! he does not know that it was I who saved his life," thought the little mermaid. "I bore him over the sea to the wood, where the temple stands. I sat behind the foam and watched to see if any one would come. I saw the pretty girl he loves better than me." And the mermaid heaved a bitter sigh, for she could not weep.

"The girl belongs to the holy temple, he has said, she will never return to the world, they will never meet again, I am here with him, I see him every day. Yes! I will tend him, love him, and give up my life to him."

But now the rumor ran that the prince was to be married to the beautiful daughter of a neighboring king, and for that reason was fitting out a splendid ship. It was given out that the prince was going on a voyage to see the adjoining countries, but it was without doubt to see the king's daughter; he was to have a great suite with him, but the little mermaid shook her head and laughed; she knew the prince's intentions much better than any of the others. "I must take this voyage," he had said to her. "I must go and see the beautiful princess; my parents demand that, but they will never force me to bring her home as my bride; I can never love her! She will not be like the lovely girl in the temple whom you resemble. If ever I had to choose a bride it would sooner be you with your speaking eyes, my sweet, dumb foundling!" And he kissed her rosy mouth, played with her long hair,









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and laid his head upon her heart, which already dreamt of human joys and an immortal soul.

“You are not frightened of the sea, I suppose, my dumb child?” he said, as they stood on the proud ship which was to carry them to the country of the neighboring king; and he told her about storms and calms, about curious fish in the deep, and the marvels seen by divers; and she smiled at his tales, for she knew all about the bottom of the sea much better than any one else.

At night, in the moonlight, when all were asleep, except the steersman who stood at the helm, she sat at the side of the ship trying to pierce the clear water with her eyes, and fancied she saw her father’s palace, and above it her old grandmother with her silver crown on her head, looking up through the cross currents towards the keel of the ship. Then her sisters rose above the water; they gazed sadly at her, wringing their white hands; she beckoned to them, smiled, and was about to show them that all was going well and happily with her, when the cabin boy approached, and the sisters dived down, but he supposed that the white objects he had seen were nothing but flakes of foam.

The next morning the ship entered the harbor of the neighboring king’s magnificent city. The church bells rang and trumpets were sounded from every lofty tower, while the soldiers paraded with flags flying and glittering bayonets. There was a fête every day, there was a succession of balls, and receptions followed one after the other, but the princess was not yet present; she was being brought up a long way

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off, in a holy temple they said, and was learning all the royal virtues. At last she came. The little mermaid stood eager to see her beauty, and she was obliged to confess that a lovelier creature she had never beheld. Her complexion was exquisitely pure and delicate, and her trustful eyes of the deepest blue shone through their dark lashes.

"It is you," said the prince, "you who saved me when I lay almost lifeless on the beach?" and he clasped his blushing bride-to-be to his heart. "Oh! I am too happy!" he exclaimed to the little mermaid.

"A greater joy than I had dared to hope for has come to pass. You will rejoice at my joy, for you love me better than any one." Then the little mermaid kissed his hand, and felt as if her heart were broken already.

His wedding morn would bring death to her and change her to foam.

All the church bells pealed and heralds rode through the town proclaiming the nuptials. Upon every altar throughout the land fragrant oil was burnt in costly silver lamps. Amidst the swinging of censers by the priests, the bride and bridegroom joined hands and received the bishop's blessing. The little mermaid dressed in silk and gold stood holding the bride's train, but her ears were deaf to the festal strains, her eyes saw nothing of the sacred ceremony; she was thinking of her coming death and of all that she had lost in this world.

That same evening the bride and bridegroom embarked, amidst the roar of cannon and the waving of banners. A



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royal tent of purple and gold softly cushioned was raised amidships where the bridal pair were to repose during the calm cool night.

The sails swelled in the wind and the ship skimmed lightly and almost without motion over the transparent sea.

At dusk lanterns of many colors were lighted and the sailors danced merrily on deck. The little mermaid could not help thinking of the first time she came up from the sea and saw the same splendor and gayety; and she now threw herself among the dancers, whirling as a swallow skims through the air when pursued. The onlookers cheered her in amazement, never had she danced so divinely; her delicate feet pained her as if they were cut with knives, but she did not feel it, for the pain at her heart was much sharper. She knew that it was the last night that she would breathe the same air as he, and would look upon the mighty deep, and the blue starry heavens; an endless night without thought and without dreams awaited her, who neither had a soul, nor could win one. The joy and revelry on board lasted till long past midnight; she went on laughing and dancing with the thought of death all the time in her heart. The prince caressed his lovely bride and she played with his raven locks, and with their arms entwined they retired to the gorgeous tent. All became hushed and still on board the ship, only the steersman stood at the helm; the little mermaid laid her white arms on the gunwale and looked eastwards for the pink tinted dawn; the first sunbeam she knew, would be her death. Then she saw her sisters rise from the water; they

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were as pale as she was; their beautiful long hair no longer floated on the breeze, for it had been cut off.

“We have given it to the witch to obtain her help, so that you may not die tonight! she has given us a knife, here it is, look how sharp it is! Before the sun rises, you must plunge it into the prince’s heart, and when his warm blood sprinkles your feet they will join together and grow into a tail, and you will once more be a mermaid; you will be able to come down into the water to us, and to live out your three hundred years before you are turned into dead, salt, sea foam. Make haste! you or he must die before sunrise! Our old grandmother is so full of grief that her white hair has fallen off as ours fell under the witch’s scissors. Slay the prince and come back to us! Quick! Quick! do you not see the rosy streak in the sky? In a few moments the sun will rise and then you must die!” saying this they heaved a wondrous deep sigh and sank among the waves.

The little mermaid drew aside the purple curtain from the tent and looked at the beautiful bride asleep with her head on the prince’s breast; she bent over him and kissed his fair brow, looked at the sky where the dawn was spreading fast; looked at the sharp knife, and again fixed her eyes on the prince who, in his dream, called his bride by name, yes, she alone was in his thoughts! — For a moment the knife quivered in her grasp, then she threw it far out among the waves now rosy in the morning light and where it fell the water bubbled up like drops of blood.

Once more she looked at the prince, with her eyes already



## THE LITTLE MERMAID

dimmed by death, then dashed overboard and fell, her body dissolving into foam.

Now the sun rose from the sea and with its kindly beams warmed the deadly cold foam, so that the little mermaid did not feel the chill of death. She saw the bright sun and above her floated hundreds of beauteous ethereal beings through which she could see the white ship and the rosy heavens; their voices were melodious but so spirit-like that no human ear could hear them, any more than an earthly eye could see their forms. Light as bubbles they floated through the air without the aid of wings. The little mermaid perceived that she had a form like theirs; it gradually took shape out of the foam. "To whom am I coming?" said she, and her voice sounded like that of the other beings, so unearthly in its beauty that no music of ours could reproduce it.

"To the daughters of the air!" answered the others; "a mermaid has no undying soul, and can never gain one without winning the love of a human being. Her eternal life must depend upon an unknown power. Nor have the daughters of the air an everlasting soul, but by their own good deeds they may create one for themselves. We fly to the tropics where mankind is the victim of hot and pestilent winds, there we bring cooling breezes. We diffuse the scent of flowers all around, and bring refreshment and healing in our train. When, for three hundred years, we have labored to do all the good in our power we gain an undying soul and take a part in the everlasting joys of mankind. You, poor little mermaid, have with your whole heart, struggled for the



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same thing as we have struggled for. You have suffered and endured, raised yourself to the spirit world of the air; and now, by your own good deeds you may, in the course of three hundred years, work out for yourself an undying soul."

Then the little mermaid lifted her transparent arms towards God's sun, and for the first time shed tears.

On board ship all was again life and bustle; she saw the prince with his lovely bride searching for her; they looked sadly at the bubbling foam, as if they knew that she had thrown herself into the waves. Unseen she kissed the bride on her brow, smiled at the prince and rose aloft with the other spirits of the air to the rosy clouds which sailed above.

"In three hundred years we shall thus float into Paradise."

"We might reach it sooner," whispered one. "Unseen we flit into those homes of men where there are children, and for every day that we find a good child who gives pleasure to its parents and deserves their love, God shortens our time of probation. The child does not know when we fly through the room, and when we smile with pleasure at it, one year of our three hundred is taken away. But if we see a naughty or badly disposed child, we cannot help shedding tears of sorrow, and every tear adds a day to the time of our probation."

## HANS CLODHOPPER

**T**HERE was once an old mansion in the country, in which an old squire lived with his two sons, and these two sons were too clever by half. They had made up their minds to propose to the king's daughter, and they ventured to do so, because she had made it known that she would take any man for a husband who had most to say for himself. These two took a week over their preparations; it was all the time they had for it, but it was quite enough with all their accomplishments, which were most useful. One of them knew the Latin dictionary by heart, and the town newspapers for three years either forwards or backwards. The second one had made himself acquainted with all the statutes of the corporations, and what every alderman had to know. So he thought he was competent to talk about affairs of state; and he also knew how to embroider harness, for he was clever with his fingers.

“I shall win the king's daughter,” they both said, and their father gave each of them a beautiful horse. The one who could repeat the dictionary and the newspapers had a coal-black one, while the one who was learned in guilds and embroideries had a milk white one. Then they smeared the corners of their mouths with oil to make them more flexible. All the servants were assembled in the courtyards to see them mount, but just then the third brother came up, for

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

there were three, only nobody made any account of this one, Hans Clodhopper, as he had no accomplishments like his brothers.

"Where are you going with all your fine clothes on?" he asked.

"To court, to talk ourselves into favor with the princess. Haven't you heard the news which is being drummed all over the country?" And then they told him the news.

"Preserve us! then I must go too," said Hans Clodhopper. But his brothers laughed and rode away.

"Father, give me a horse. I want to get married too. If she takes me, she takes me, and if she doesn't take me, I shall take her all the same."

"Stuff and nonsense," said his father, "I will give no horse to you. Why you have got nothing to say for yourself; now your brothers are fine fellows."

"If I mayn't have a horse," said Hans Clodhopper, "I'll take the billy goat, he is my own and he can carry me very well!" And he seated himself astride the billy goat, dug his heels into its sides, and galloped off down the highroad. Whew! what a pace they went at.

"Here I come," shouted Hans Clodhopper, and he sang till the air rang with it.

The brothers rode on in silence; they did not say a word to each other, for they had to store up every good idea which they wanted to produce later on, and their speeches had to be very carefully thought out.

"Halloo!" shouted Hans Clodhopper, "here I come; see



## HANS CLODHOPPER

what I've found on the road," and he showed them a dead crow.

"What on earth will you do with that, Clodhopper?" said they.

"I will give it to the king's daughter."

"Yes, I would do that," said they, and they rode on laughing.

"Halloo, here I come; see what I have found; one doesn't find such a thing as this every day on the road." The brothers turned round to see what it was.

"Clodhopper," said they, "it's nothing but an old wooden shoe with the upper part broken off. Is the princess to have that too?"

"Yes, indeed, she is," said Hans, and the brothers again rode on laughing.

"Halloo, halloo, here I am," shouted Hans Clodhopper. "Now this is famous."

"What have you found this time?" asked the brothers.

"Won't the princess be delighted!"

"Why," said the brothers, "it's only sand picked up out of the ditch!"

"Yes, that it is," said Hans Clodhopper, "and the finest kind of sand, too. You can hardly hold it." And he filled his pockets with it. The brothers rode on as fast as they could and arrived at the town gates a whole hour before him. At the gate the suitors received tickets, in the order of their arrival, and they were arranged in rows, six in each file, and so close together that they could not move their arms which

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was a very good thing, or they would have torn each other's garments off, merely because one stood in front of the other. All the other inhabitants of the town stood round the castle, peeping in at the windows to see the king's daughter receive the suitors, and as each one came into the room he lost the power of speech.

"No good," said the princess, "away with him!"

Now came the brother who could repeat the lexicon, but he had entirely forgotten it while standing in the ranks. The floor creaked and the ceiling was made of looking-glass, so that he saw himself standing on his head; and at every window sat three clerks and an alderman, who wrote down all that was said, so that it might be sent to the papers at once, and sold for a halfpenny at the street corners. It was terrible, and the stoves had been heated to such a degree that they got red-hot at the top.

"It is terribly hot in here," said the suitor.

"That is because my father is roasting cockerels today," said the princess.

Bah! There he stood like a fool; he had not expected a conversation of this kind, and he could not think of a word to say, just when he wanted to be specially witty.

"No good," said the king's daughter, "away with him," and he had to go.

Then came the second brother. "There's a fearful heat here," said he.

"Yes, we are roasting cockerels today," said the king's daughter.

## HANS CLODHOPPER

“What did — what?” said he, and all the reporters duly wrote “What did — what.”

“No good,” said the king’s daughter, “away with him.”

Then came Hans Clodhopper. He rode the billy goat right into the room.

“What a burning heat you have here,” said he.

“That is because I am roasting cockerels,” said the king’s daughter.

“That is very convenient,” said Hans Clodhopper; “then I suppose I can get a crow roasted, too.”

“Yes, very well,” said the king’s daughter; “but have you anything to roast it in? For I have neither pot nor pan.”

“But I have,” said Hans Clodhopper. “Here is a cooking pot.” And he brought out the wooden shoe and put the crow into it.

“Why you have enough for a whole meal,” said the king’s daughter; “but where shall we get any dripping to baste it with?”

“Oh, I have some in my pocket,” said Hans Clodhopper; “I have enough and to spare,” and he poured a little of the sand out of his pocket.

“Now I like that,” said the princess; “you have an answer for everything, and you have something to say for yourself. I will have you for a husband. But do you know that every word we have said will be in the paper tomorrow, for at every window sit three clerks and an alderman, and the alderman is the worst, for he doesn’t understand.” She said



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this to frighten him. All the clerks sniggered and made blots of ink on the floor.

“Oh, those are the gentry,” said Hans Clodhopper; “then I must give the alderman the best thing I have,” and he turned out his pockets and threw the sand in his face.

“That was cleverly done,” said the princess, “I couldn’t have done it, but I will try to learn.”

So Hans Clodhopper became king, gained a wife and a crown and sat upon the throne. We have this straight out of the alderman’s newspaper, but it is not to be depended upon.

## THE WILD SWANS

**F**AR hence, in a country whither the swallows fly in our winter-time, there dwelt a king who had eleven sons and one daughter, the beautiful Elise. The eleven brothers — they were princes — went to school with stars on their breasts and swords by their sides; they wrote on golden tablets with diamond pens, and could read either with a book or without one; in short, it was easy to perceive that they were princes. Their sister, Elise, used to sit upon a little glass stool, and had a picture book which had cost the half of a kingdom. Oh! the children were so happy! but happy they could not be always.

Their father, the king, married a very wicked queen, who was not at all kind to the poor children; they found this out on the first day after the marriage when there was a grand gala at the palace; for when the children played at receiving company, instead of having as many cakes and sweetmeats as they liked, the queen gave them only some sand in a little dish, and told them to imagine that was something nice.

The week after, she sent little Elise to be brought up by some peasants in the country, and it was not long before she told the king so many falsehoods about the poor princes that he would have nothing more to do with them. “Away, out into the world, and take care of yourselves,” said the wicked queen; “fly away in the form of great speechless birds.”

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But she could not make their transformation so disagreeable as she wished; the princes were changed into eleven white swans. Sending forth a strange cry, they flew out of the palace windows, over the park and over the wood.

It was still early in the morning when they passed by the place where Elise lay sleeping in the peasant's cottage. They flew several times round the roof, stretched their long necks, and flapped their wings, but no one either heard or saw them; they were forced to fly away, up to the clouds and into the wide world; so on they went to the wide, dark forest which extended as far as the seashore.

The poor little Elise stood in the peasant's cottage amusing herself with a green leaf, for she had no other plaything. She pricked a hole in the leaf and peeped through it at the sun, and then she fancied she saw her brothers' bright eyes; and whenever the warm sunbeams shone full upon her cheeks, she thought of her brothers' kisses.

One day passed exactly like the other. When the wind blew through the thick hedge of rose trees in front of the house, she would whisper to the roses, "Who is more beautiful than you?" but the roses would shake their heads, and say, "Elise." And when the peasant's wife sat on Sundays at the door of her cottage reading her hymn book, the wind would rustle in the leaves and say to the book, "Who is more pious than thou?" "Elise," replied the hymn book. And what the roses and the hymn book said was no more than the truth.

Elise was now fifteen years old, and she was sent



## THE WILD SWANS

home; but when the queen saw how beautiful she was, she hated her the more, and would willingly have transformed her, like her brothers, into a wild swan, but she dared not do so, because the king wished to see his daughter.

So the next morning the queen went into a bath made of marble, and fitted up with soft pillows and the gayest carpets; she took three toads, kissed them, and said to one, "Settle thou upon Elise's head, that she may become dull and sleepy like thee." "Settle thou upon her forehead," said she to another, "and let her become ugly like thee, so that her father may not know her again." And "do thou place thyself upon her bosom," whispered she to the third, "that her heart may become corrupt and evil, a torment to herself." She then put the toads into the clear water, which was immediately tinted with a green color, and having called Elise, took off her clothes and made her get into the bath. And one toad settled among her hair, another on her forehead, and a third upon her bosom; but Elise seemed not at all aware of it; she rose up, and three poppies were seen swimming on the water. Had not the animals been poisonous and kissed by a witch, they would have been changed into roses whilst they rested on Elise's head and heart — she was too good for magic to have any power over her. When the queen perceived this, she rubbed walnut juice all over the maiden's skin, so that it became quite swarthy, smeared a nasty salve over her lovely face, and entangled her long thick hair; it was impossible to recognize the beautiful Elise after this.

So when her father saw her he was shocked, and said she

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

could not be his daughter. No one would have anything to do with her but the mastiff and the swallows; but they, poor things, could not say anything in her favor.

Poor Elise wept, and thought of her eleven brothers, not one of whom she saw at the palace. In great distress, she stole away and wandered the whole day over fields and moors, till she reached the forest. She knew not where to go, but she was so sad, and longed so much to see her brothers, who had been driven out into the world, that she determined to seek and find them.

She had not been long in the forest when night came on, and she lost her way amid the darkness. So she lay down on the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and leaned her head against the trunk of a tree. It was very still in the forest, the air was mild, and from the grass and mould around gleamed the green light of many hundred glowworms, and when Elise lightly touched one of the branches hanging over her, bright insects fell down upon her like falling stars.

All the night long she dreamed of her brothers. They were all children again, played together, wrote with diamond pens upon golden tablets, and looked at the pictures in the beautiful book which had cost half of a kingdom. But they did not, as formerly, make straight strokes and pothooks upon the tablets — no, they wrote of the bold actions they had performed, and the strange adventures they had encountered, and in the picture book everything seemed alive. The birds sang, men and women stepped from the book and talked to Elise and her brothers: however, when she turned over the



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leaves, they jumped back into their places, so that the pictures did not get confused together.

When Elise awoke the sun was already high in the heavens. She could not see it certainly, for the tall trees of the forest closely entwined their thickly leaved branches, which, as the sunbeams played upon them, looked like a golden veil waving to and fro. And the air was so fragrant, and the birds perched upon Elise's shoulders. She heard the noise of water; there were several springs forming a pool with the prettiest pebbles at the bottom, bushes were growing thickly round, but the deer had trodden a broad path through them, and by this path Elise went down to the water's edge. The water was so clear that, had not the boughs and bushes around been moved to and fro by the wind, you might have fancied they were painted upon the smooth surface, so distinctly was each little leaf mirrored upon it, whether glowing in the sunlight or lying in the shade.

As soon as Elise saw her face reflected in the water she was quite startled, so brown and ugly did it look: however, when she had wetted her little hand and rubbed her brow and eyes, the white skin again appeared. So Elise took off her clothes, stepped into the fresh water, and in the whole world there was not a king's daughter more beautiful than she then appeared.

After she had again dressed herself, and had braided her long hair, she went to the bubbling spring, drank out of the hollow of her hand, and then wandered farther into the forest. She knew not where she was going, but she thought of her brothers, and of the good God, who, she felt, would never



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

forsake her. He it was who made the wild crab trees grow in order to feed the hungry, and who showed her a tree whose boughs bent under the weight of their fruit. She made her noonday meal under its shade, propped up the boughs, and then walked on amid the dark twilight of the forest. It was so still that she could hear her own footsteps, and the rustling of each little withered leaf that was crushed beneath her feet; not a bird was to be seen, not a single sunbeam penetrated through the thick foliage, and the tall stems of the trees stood so close together, that when she looked straight before her, she seemed enclosed by trellis work upon trellis work. Oh! there was a solitariness in this forest such as Elise had never known before.

And the night was so dark! not a single glowworm sent forth its light. Sad and melancholy she lay down to sleep, and then it seemed to her as though the boughs above her opened, and that she saw the Angel of God looking down upon her with gentle aspect, and a thousand little cherubs all around him. When she awoke in the morning she could not tell whether this was a dream, or whether she had really been so watched.

She walked on a little farther and met an old woman with a basketful of berries; the old woman gave her some of them, and Elise asked if she had not seen eleven princes ride through the wood.

"No," said the old woman, "but I saw yesterday eleven swans with golden crowns on their heads swim down the brook near this place."

## THE WILD SWANS

And she led Elise on a little farther to a precipice, the base of which was washed by a brook; the trees on each side stretched their long leafy branches towards each other, and where they could not unite, the roots had disengaged themselves from the earth and hung their interlaced fibres over the water.

Elise bade the old woman farewell, and wandered by the side of the stream till she came to the place where it reached the open sea.

The great, the beautiful sea lay extended before the maiden's eyes, but not a ship, not a boat, was to be seen; how was she to go on? She observed the numberless little stones on the shore, all of which the waves had washed into a round form; glass, iron, stone, everything that lay scattered there, had been moulded into shape, and yet the water which had effected this was much softer than Elise's delicate little hand. "It rolls on unweariedly," said she, "and subdues what is so hard: I will be no less unwearied! Thank you for the lesson you have given me, ye bright rolling waves! some day, my heart tells me, you shall carry me to my dear brothers!"

There lay upon the wet seaweed eleven white swan-feathers; Elise collected them together; drops of water hung about them, whether dew or tears she could not tell. She was quite alone on the seashore, but she did not care for that; the sea presented an eternal variety to her — more, indeed, in a few hours than the gentle inland waters would have offered in a whole year. When a black cloud passed over the



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

sky, it seemed as if the sea would say, "I, too, can look dark:" and then the wind would blow and the waves fling out their white foam; but when the clouds shone with a bright red tint, and the winds were asleep, the sea also became like a rose leaf in hue. It was now green, now white, but it ever reposed peacefully; sometimes a light breeze would be astir on the shore, causing the water to heave gently, like the bosom of a sleeping child.

At sunset Elise saw eleven wild swans with golden crowns on their heads fly towards the land; they flew one behind another, looking like a streaming white riband. Elise climbed the precipice, and concealed herself behind a bush: the swans settled close to her, and flapped their long white wings.

As the sun sank beneath the water, the swans also vanished, and in their place stood eleven handsome princes, the brothers of Elise. She uttered a loud cry, for although they were very much altered, Elise knew that they were, felt that they must be, her brothers; she ran into their arms, called them by their names — and how happy were *they* to see and recognize their sister, now grown so tall and so beautiful! They laughed and wept, and soon told each other how wickedly their stepmother had acted towards them.

"We," said the eldest of the brothers, "fly or swim as long as the sun is above the horizon, but when it sinks below, we appear again in our human form; we are therefore obliged to look out for a safe resting place, for if, at sunset, we were flying among the clouds, we should fall down as soon as we resumed our own form. We do not dwell here; a land quite



## THE WILD SWANS

as beautiful as this lies on the opposite side of the sea, but it is far off. To reach it, we have to cross the deep waters, and there is no island midway on which we may rest at night; one little solitary rock rises from the waves, and upon it we only just find room enough to stand side by side. There we spend the night in our human form, and when the sea is rough, we are sprinkled by its foam; but we are thankful for this resting place, for without it we should never be able to visit our dear native country. Only once in the year is this visit to the home of our fathers permitted; we require two of the longest days for our flight, and can remain here only eleven days, during which time we fly over the large forest, whence we can see the palace in which we were born, where our father dwells, and the tower of the church in which our mother was buried. Here, even the trees and bushes seem of kin to us; here the wild horses still race over the plains, as in the days of our childhood; here the charcoal burner still sings the same old tunes to which we used to dance in our youth; hither we are still attracted; and here we have found thee, thou dear little sister! We have yet two days longer to stay here, then we must fly over the sea to a land beautiful indeed, but not our fatherland. How shall we take thee with us? we have neither ship nor boat!”

“How shall I be able to release you?” said the sister. And so they went on talking almost the whole of the night. They slumbered only a few hours.

Elise was awakened by the rustling of swans’ wings, which were fluttering above her. Her brothers were again

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

transformed, and for some time flew round in large circles; at last they flew far, far away. Only one of them remained behind — it was the youngest; he laid his head in her lap, and she stroked his white wings. They remained the whole day together. Towards evening the others came back, and when the sun was set, again they stood on the firm ground in their natural form.

“Tomorrow we shall fly away, and may not return for a year, but we cannot leave thee. Hast thou courage to accompany us? My arm is strong enough to bear thee through the forest. Shall we not have sufficient strength in our wings to transport thee over the sea?”

“Yes, take me with you,” said Elise. They spent the whole night in weaving a mat of the pliant willow bark and the tough rushes, and their mat was thick and strong. Elise lay down upon it; and when the sun had risen, and the brothers were again transformed into wild swans, they seized the mat with their beaks, and flew up high among the clouds with their dear sister, who was still sleeping. The sunbeams shone full upon her face, so one of the swans flew over her head, and shaded her with his broad wings.

They were already far from land when Elise awoke. She thought she was still dreaming, so strange did it appear to her to be traveling through the air, and over the sea. By her side lay a cluster of pretty berries, and a handful of savory roots. Her youngest brother had collected and laid them there; and she thanked him with a smile, for she knew him as the swan who flew overhead and shaded her with his wings.



## THE WILD SWANS

They flew so high, that the first ship they saw beneath them seemed like a white sea gull skimming over the water. Elise saw behind her a large cloud; it looked like a mountain; and on it she saw the gigantic shadows of herself and the eleven swans. It formed a picture more splendid than any she had ever yet seen. Soon, however, the sun rose higher, the cloud remained far behind, and then the floating, shadowy picture disappeared.

The whole day they continued flying with a whizzing noise somewhat like an arrow, but yet they went slower than usual — they had their sister to carry. A heavy tempest was gathering — the evening approached; anxiously did Elise watch the sun — it was setting; still the solitary rock could not be seen. It appeared to her that the swans plied their wings with increasing vigor. Alas! it would be her fault if her brothers did not arrive at the place in time! they would become human beings when the sun set; and if this happened before they reached the rock, they must fall into the sea and be drowned. She prayed to God most fervently — still no rock was to be seen; the black clouds drew nearer — violent gusts of wind announced the approach of a tempest — the clouds rested perpendicularly upon a fearfully large wave which rolled quickly forwards — one flash of lightning rapidly succeeded another.

The sun was now on the rim of the sea. Elise's heart beat violently; the swans shot downwards so swiftly that she thought she must fall, but again they began to hover; the sun was half sunk beneath the water, and at that moment.



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she saw the little rock below her. It looked like a seal's head when he raises it just above the water. And the sun was sinking fast — it seemed scarcely larger than a star; her foot touched the hard ground, and it vanished altogether, like the last spark on a burnt piece of paper. Arm in arm stood her brothers around her; there was only just room for her and them. The sea beat tempestuously against the rock, flinging over them a shower of foam. The sky seemed in a continual blaze with the fast-succeeding flashes of fire that lightened it, and peal after peal rolled on the thunder; but sister and brothers kept firm hold of each other's hands. They sang a psalm, and their psalm gave them comfort and courage.

By daybreak the air was pure and still, and as soon as the sun rose, the swans flew away with Elise from the rock. The waves rose higher and higher, and when they looked from the clouds down upon the blackish green sea, covered as it was with white foam, they might have fancied that millions of swans were swimming on its surface.

As day advanced, Elise saw floating in the air before her a land of mountains intermixed with glaciers, and in the center a palace a mile in length, with splendid colonnades rising one above another, palm trees and gorgeous-looking flowers as large as millwheels growing beneath. She asked if this were the country to which they were flying, but the swans shook their heads, for what she saw was the beautiful airy castle of the fairy Morgana, where no human being was admitted; and whilst Elise still bent her eyes upon it, moun-

## THE WILD SWANS

tains, trees, and castle all disappeared, and in their place stood twelve churches with high towers and pointed windows. She fancied she heard the organ play, but it was only the murmur of the sea. She was now close to these churches, but behold! they had changed into a large fleet sailing under them. She looked down, and saw it was only a sea mist passing rapidly over the water. An eternal variety floated before her eyes, till at last the actual land whither she was bound appeared in sight. Beautiful blue mountains, cedar woods, towns, and castles rose to view. Long before sunset Elise sat down among the mountains, in front of a large cavern; delicate young creepers grew around so thickly, that it appeared covered with gay embroidered carpets.

“Now we shall see what thou wilt dream of tonight!” said her youngest brother, as he showed her the sleeping chamber destined for her.

“Oh, that I could dream how you might be released from the spell!” said she; and this thought completely occupied her. She prayed most earnestly for God’s assistance; nay, even in her dreams, she continued praying; and it appeared to her that she was flying up high in the air towards the castle of the fairy Morgana. The fairy came forward to meet her, radiant and beautiful, and yet she fancied she resembled the old woman who had given her berries in the forest, and told her of the swans with golden crowns.

“Thou *canst* release thy brothers,” said she, “but hast thou courage and patience sufficient? The water is indeed softer than thy delicate hands, and yet can mould the hard



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stones to its will, but then it cannot feel the pain which thy tender fingers will feel; it has no heart, and cannot suffer the anxiety and grief which thou must suffer. Dost thou see these stinging nettles which I have in my hand? there are many of the same kind growing round the cave where thou art sleeping; only those that grow there or on the graves in the churchyard are of use — remember that! Thou must pluck them, although they will sting thy hand; thou must trample on the nettles with thy feet, and get yarn from them; and with this yarn thou must weave eleven shirts with long sleeves; throw them over the eleven wild swans, and the spell is broken. But, mark this! from the moment that thou beginnest thy work till it is completed, even should it occupy thee for years, thou must not speak a word. The first syllable that escapes thy lips will fall like a dagger into the hearts of thy brothers; on thy tongue depends their life. Mark well all this!”

And at the same moment the fairy touched Elise's hands with a nettle, which made them burn like fire, and Elise awoke. It was broad daylight, and close to her lay a nettle like the one she had seen in her dream. She fell upon her knees, thanked God, and then went out of the cave in order to begin her work. She plucked with her own delicate hands the disagreeable stinging nettles; they burned large blisters on her hands and arms, but she bore the pain willingly in the hope of releasing her dear brothers. She trampled on the nettles with her naked feet, and spun the green yarn.

At sunset came her brothers. Elise's silence quite fright-



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ened them; they thought it must be the effect of some fresh spell of their wicked stepmother; but when they saw her blistered hands, they found out what their sister was doing for their sakes. The youngest brother wept, and when his tears fell upon her hands, Elise felt no more pain — the blisters disappeared.

The whole night she spent in her work, for she could not rest till she had released her brothers. All the following day she sat in her solitude, for the swans had flown away; but never had time passed so quickly. One shirt was ready; she now began the second.

Suddenly a hunting-horn resounded among the mountains. Elise was frightened. The noise came nearer; she heard the hounds barking. In great terror, she fled into the cave, bound up the nettles which she had gathered and combed into a bundle, and sat down upon it.

In the same moment a large dog sprang out from the bushes; two others immediately followed; they barked loudly, ran away, and then returned. It was not long before the hunters stood in front of the cave; the handsomest among them was the king of that country; he stepped up to Elise. Never had he seen a lovelier maiden.

“How camest thou here, thou beautiful child?” said he. Elise shook her head; she dared not speak; a word might have cost her the life of her brothers, and she hid her hands under her apron lest the king should see how she was suffering.

“Come with me,” said he, “thou must not stay here! If thou art good as thou art beautiful, I will dress thee in

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

velvet and silk; I will put a gold crown upon thy head, and thou shalt dwell in my palace!" So he lifted her upon his horse, while she wept and wrung her hands; but the king said, "I only desire thy happiness! thou shalt thank me for this some day!" and away he rode over mountains and valleys, holding her on his horse in front, whilst the other hunters followed. When the sun set, the king's magnificent capital, with its churches and cupolas, lay before them, and the king led Elise into the palace, where, in a high marble hall, fountains were playing, and the walls and ceiling displayed the most beautiful paintings. But Elise cared not for all this splendor; she wept and mourned in silence, even whilst some female attendants dressed her in royal robes, wove costly pearls in her hair, and drew soft gloves over her blistered hands.

And now she was full dressed, and as she stood in her splendid attire, her beauty was so dazzling that the courtiers all bowed low before her, and the king chose her for his bride, although the archbishop shook his head, and whispered that "the beautiful lady of the wood must certainly be a witch, who had blinded their eyes, and infatuated the king's heart."

But the king did not listen; he ordered music to be played, and a sumptuous banquet served up. The loveliest maidens danced round the bride, and she was led through fragrant gardens into magnificent halls, but not a smile was seen to play upon her lips or beam from her eyes. The king then opened a small room next her sleeping apartment; it was



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adorned with costly green tapestry, and exactly resembled the cave in which she had been found: upon the ground lay the bundle of yarn which she had spun from the nettles, and by the wall hung the shirt she had completed. One of the hunters had brought all this, thinking there must be something wonderful in it.

“Here thou mayest dream of thy former home,” said the king; “Here is the work which employed thee: amid all thy present splendor it may sometimes give thee pleasure to fancy thyself there again.”

When Elise saw what was so dear to her heart, she smiled, and the blood returned to her cheeks. She thought her brothers might still be released, and she kissed the king’s hand. He pressed her to his heart, and ordered the bells of all the churches in the city to be rung, to announce the celebration of their wedding. The beautiful dumb maiden of the wood was to become queen of the land.

The archbishop whispered evil words in the king’s ear, but they made no impression upon him; the marriage was solemnized, and the archbishop himself was obliged to put the crown upon her head. In his rage he pressed the narrow rim so firmly on her forehead that it hurt her; but a heavier weight — sorrow for her brothers — lay upon her heart: she did not feel bodily pain. She was still silent — a single word would have killed her brothers; her eyes, however, beamed with heartfelt love to the king, so good and handsome, who had done so much to make her happy. She became more warmly attached to him every day. Oh! how much she



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wished she might confide to him all her sorrows! but she was forced to remain silent; she could not speak until her work was completed! To this end she stole away every night, and went into the little room that was fitted up in imitation of the cave; there she worked at her shirts, but by the time she had begun the seventh all her yarn was spent.

She knew that the nettles she needed grew in the churchyard, but she must get her them herself: how was she to get them?

“Oh, what is the pain in my fingers compared to the anguish my heart suffers!” thought she. “I must venture to the churchyard; the good God will not withdraw His protection from me!”

Fearful, as though she were about to do something wrong, one moonlight night she crept down to the garden, and through the long avenues got into the lonely road leading to the churchyard. She saw sitting on one of the broadest tombstones a number of ugly old witches. Elise was obliged to pass close by them, and the witches fixed their wicked eyes upon her; but she repeated her prayer, gathered the stinging nettles, and took them back with her into the palace. One person only had seen her — it was the archbishop; he was awake when others slept. Now he was convinced that all was not right about the queen. She must be a witch, who had through her enchantments infatuated the king and all the people.

In the confessional he told the king what he had seen and what he feared; and when the slanderous words came

## THE WILD SWANS

from his lips, the sculptured images of the saints shook their heads, as though they would say, "It is untrue; Elise is innocent!" But the archbishop explained the omen quite otherwise; he thought it was a testimony against her that the holy images shook their heads at hearing of her sin.

Two large tears rolled down the king's cheeks; he returned home in doubt. He pretended to sleep at night, though sleep never visited him; and he noticed that Elise rose from her bed every night, and every time he followed her secretly and saw her enter her little room.

His countenance became darker every day; Elise perceived it, though she knew not the cause. She was much pained, and, besides, what did she not suffer in her heart for her brothers! Her bitter tears ran down on the royal velvet and purple; they looked like bright diamonds, and all who saw the magnificence that surrounded her wished themselves in her place. She had now nearly finished her work — only one shirt was wanting; unfortunately, yarn was wanting also — she had not a single nettle left. Once more, only this one time, she must go to the churchyard and gather a few handfuls. She shuddered when she thought of the solitary walk and the horrid witches, but her resolution was as firm as her trust in God.

Elise went; the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her disappear at the churchyard door, and when they came nearer, they saw the witches sitting on the tombstones, as Elise had seen them, and the king turned away, for he believed her whose head had rested on his bosom



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that very evening to be amongst them. "Let the people judge her!" said he. And the people condemned her to be burnt.

She was now dragged from the king's sumptuous apartments into a dark, damp prison, where the wind whistled through the grated window. Instead of velvet and silk, they gave her the bundle of nettles she had gathered — on that must she lay her head; the shirts she had woven must serve her as mattress and counterpane; but they could not have given her anything she valued so much: and she continued her work, at the same time praying earnestly to her God. The boys sang scandalous songs about her in front of her prison; not a soul comforted her with one word of love.

Towards evening she heard the rustling of swans' wings at the grating. It was the youngest of her brothers, who had at last found his sister, and she sobbed aloud for joy, although she knew that the coming night would probably be the last of her life; but then her work was almost finished, and her brother was near.

The archbishop came in order to spend the last hour with her. He had promised the king he would; but she shook her head and entreated him with her eyes and gestures to go. This night she must finish her work, or all she had suffered — her pain, her anxiety, her sleepless nights — would be in vain. The archbishop went away with many angry words, but the unfortunate Elise knew herself to be perfectly innocent, and went on with her work.

Little mice ran busily about and dragged the nettles to



## THE WILD SWANS

her feet, wishing to help her; and the thrush perched on the iron bars of the window, and sang all night as merrily as he could, that Elise might not lose courage.

It was still twilight, just an hour before sunrise, when the eleven brothers stood before the palace gates, requesting an audience with the king; but it could not be, they were told: it was still night, the king was asleep, and they dared not wake him. They entreated, they threatened, the guard came up, the king himself at last stepped out to ask what was the matter; at that moment the sun rose, the brothers could be seen no longer, and eleven white swans flew away over the palace.

The people poured forth from the gates of the city, all eager to see the witch burnt. One wretched horse drew the cart in which Elise was placed; a coarse frock of sackcloth had been put on her, her beautiful long hair hung loosely over her shoulders, her cheeks were of a deadly paleness, her lips moved gently, and her fingers wove the green yarn: even on her way to her cruel death she did not give up her work; the ten shirts lay at her feet — she was now laboring to complete the eleventh. The rabble insulted her.

“Look at the witch, how she mutters! she has not a hymn book in her hand: no, there she sits, with her accursed witchery. Tear it from her! tear it into a thousand pieces!”

And they all crowded about her, and were on the point of snatching away the shirts, when eleven white swans came flying towards the cart. They settled all round her, and flapped their wings. The crowd gave way in terror.

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"It is a sign from Heaven! she is certainly innocent!" whispered some; they dared not say so aloud.

The sheriff now seized her by the hand — in a moment she threw the eleven shirts over the swans, and eleven handsome princes appeared in their place. The youngest had, however, only one arm, and a wing instead of the other, for one sleeve was deficient in his shirt — it had not been quite finished.

"Now I may speak," said she: "I am innocent!"

And the people who had seen what had happened bowed before her as before a saint. She, however, sank lifeless in her brothers' arms; suspense, fear and grief had quite exhausted her.

"Yes, she is innocent," said her eldest brother, and he now related their wonderful history. Whilst he spoke a fragrance as delicious as though it proceeded from millions of roses diffused itself around, for every piece of wood in the funeral pile had taken root and sent forth branches; a hedge of blooming red roses surrounded Elise, and above all the others blossomed a flower of dazzling white color, bright as a star. The king plucked it and laid it on Elise's bosom, whereupon she awoke from her trance with peace and joy in her heart.

And all the church bells began to ring of their own accord, and birds flew to the spot in swarms, and there was a festive procession back to the palace, such as no king has ever seen equalled.

## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

**T**HERE is no one in the whole world who knows so many stories as Ole Lucköie, the Dustman — oh! his are delightful stories.

In the evening, when children are sitting quietly at table, or on their little stools, he takes off his shoes, comes softly upstairs, opens the door very gently, and all on a sudden throws dust into the children's eyes. He then glides behind them, and breathes lightly, very lightly, upon their necks, whereupon their heads become immediately so heavy! But it does them no harm, for the Dustman means it kindly; he only wants the children to be quiet, and they are most quiet when they are in bed. They must be quiet, in order that he may tell them his stories.

When the children are asleep, the Dustman sits down upon the bed; he is gaily dressed; his coat is of silk, but of what color it is impossible to say, for it seems now green, now red, now blue, according to the light. Under each arm he holds an umbrella; one, which has pictures painted on it, he holds over good children; it makes them have the most delightful dreams all night long; and the other, which has nothing on it, he holds over naughty children, so that they sleep heavily, and awake in the morning without having dreamed at all.

Now let us hear what stories the Dustman told to a little



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

boy of the name of Hialmar, to whom he came every evening for a whole week through. There are seven stories all together, for the week has seven days.

### MONDAY

“Listen to me.” said Ole Lucköie, as soon as he had got Hialmar into bed. “Now I will decorate your room;” and all at once as he was speaking, the flowers in the flower-pots grew up into large trees, whose long branches extended to the ceiling, and along the walls, so that the room looked like a beautiful arbor. All these branches were full of flowers, and every flower was more beautiful even than the rose, and had so pleasant a smell. Moreover, could you have tasted them you would have found them sweeter than preserves. And fruit which shone like gold hung from the trees, also dumplings full of currants: never was the like seen before. But, at the same time, a loud lamentation was heard in the table drawer, where Hialmar’s school books were kept.

“What is the matter?” said the Dustman, going up to the table, and taking out the drawer. There lay the slate, on which the figures were pressing and squeezing together, because a wrong figure had got into the sum, so that it was near falling to pieces; the pencil hopped and skipped about like a little dog — he wanted to help the sum, but he could not. And a little farther off lay Hialmar’s copy-book: a complaining and moaning came thence also; it was quite unpleasant to hear it; at the beginning of every line on each page, there stood a large letter with a little letter by its side;

## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

this was the copy: and after them stood other letters, intended to look like the copy. Hjalmar had written these; but they seemed to have fallen over the lines, upon which they ought to have stood.

“Look, this is the way you must hold yourselves,” said the copy; “look slanting — just so, and turning round with a jerk.”

“Oh! we would do so willingly,” said Hjalmar’s letters, “but we cannot, we are so badly made!”

“Then you shall have some of the children’s powders,” said the Dustman.

“Oh, no!” cried they, and stood so straight that it was a pleasure to see them.

“Well, I cannot tell you any more stories now,” said the Dustman. “I must drill these letters right, left — right, left!” So he drilled the letters till they looked as straight and perfect as only the letters in a copy can be. However, after the Dustman had gone away, and when Hjalmar looked at them the next morning, they were as miserable and badly formed as before.

### TUESDAY

As soon as Hjalmar was in bed, the Dustman touched with his little magic wand all the pieces of furniture in the room; whereupon they all began to talk; and they all talked about themselves, excepting the spittoon, who stood quite still, and was much vexed at their being so vain, all talking about themselves without ever thinking of him who stood so

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

modestly in the corner, and suffered himself to be spat upon.

Over the wardrobe there hung a large picture in a gilt frame; it was a landscape: there you might see tall trees, flowers blossoming in the grass, and a river that wound itself round the wood, passing many a grand old castle on its way to the sea.

The Dustman touched the picture with his magic wand; and immediately the birds began to sing, the boughs of the trees waved to and fro, and the clouds actually flew; one could see their shadows flit over the landscape.

The Dustman then lifted little Hialmar up to the frame, and Hialmar put his legs into the picture: there he stood amid the tall grass. He ran to the water's edge, and sat down in a little boat, painted red and white, with sails glittering like silver; six swans, with golden wreaths round their necks, and bright blue stars upon their heads, drew the boat along, near a green wood, where the trees were telling stories about robbers and witches, and the flowers were talking of the pretty little fairies, and of what the butterflies had said to them.

Most beautiful fishes, with scales like gold and silver, swam behind the boat, every now and then leaping up, so that the water was splashed over Hialmar's head; birds red and blue, great and small, flew after him in two long rows; the gnats danced, and the cockchafers said, "Boom, boom." They all wished to accompany Hialmar, and every one of them had a story to tell.

A pleasant voyage was that! The woods were now thick and gloomy, now like beautiful gardens beaming with flowers



## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

and sunshine. Large palaces built of glass or marble rose from among the trees; young princesses stood in the balconies — these were all little girls whom Hialmar knew well, and with whom he had often played. They stretched out their hands to him, each holding a pretty little image made of sugar, such as are seen in confectioners' shops. Hialmar seized the end of one of these little images as he sailed by, and a princess kept hold of the other, so each got half, the princess the smaller, Hialmar the larger. At every castle little princes were keeping guard; they shouldered their golden scimitars, and showered down raisins and tin soldiers — these were real princes! Hialmar sailed sometimes through woods, sometimes through large halls, or the middle of a town. Among others, he passed through the town where his nurse lived — she who had brought him up from his infancy, and who loved him so much. She nodded and beckoned to him as he passed by, and sang the pretty verses she had herself composed and sent to him:

“How many, many hours I think of thee,  
My own dear Hialmar, still my pride and joy!  
How have I hung delighted over thee,  
Kissing thy rosy cheeks, my darling boy!

“Thy first low accents it was mine to hear,  
Today my farewell words to thee shall fly.  
Oh! may the Lord thy shield be ever near,  
And fit thee for a mansion in the sky!”

And all the birds sang with her, the flowers danced upon

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

their stalks, and the old trees nodded their heads, whilst the Dustman told stories to them also.

### WEDNESDAY

Oh, how the rain was pouring down! Hialmar could hear it even in his sleep, and when the Dustman opened the window the water came in upon the ledge; there was quite a lake in front of the house, and on it a splendid ship.

“Will you sail with me, little Hialmar?” said the Dustman; “if you will, you shall visit foreign lands tonight, and be here again by the morning.”

And now Hialmar, dressed in his Sunday clothes, was in the ship; the weather immediately cleared up, and they floated down the street, cruised round the church, and were soon sailing upon the wide sea. They quickly lost sight of land, and could see only a number of storks, who had all come from Hialmar's country, and were going to a warmer one. The storks were flying one after another, and were already very far from land. One of them, however, was so weary, that his wings could scarcely bear him up any longer; he was last in the train, and was soon far behind the others; he sank lower and lower, with his wings outspread; he still endeavored to move them, but in vain; his wings touched the ship's cordage, he slid down the sail, and — bounce! there he stood on the deck.

So the cabin boy put him into the place where the hens, ducks, and turkeys were kept; the poor stork stood amongst them quite confounded.



## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

“Only look, what a foolish fellow!” said all the hens. And the turkey cock made himself as big as he could, and asked him who he was; and the ducks waddled backwards and pushed each other, crying, “Quack, quack!”

The stork then told them about his warm Africa, about the pyramids, and about the ostrich, who races through the desert like a wild horse; but the ducks did not understand him, and again pushed each other, saying, “Do not we all agree in thinking him very stupid?”

“Yes, indeed, he is stupid!” said the turkey cock, and began to gobble.

So the stork was silent, and thought of his Africa.

“You have really very pretty slender legs!” said the turkey cock. “What did they cost you per yard?”

“Quack, quack, quack!” all the ducks began to titter; but the stork seemed not to have heard the question.

“You might just as well have laughed with them,” said the turkey cock to him, “for it was a capital joke! But perhaps it was not high enough for you. Ah! ah! he has very grand ideas; let us go on amusing ourselves.” And then he gobbled, the hens cackled, and the ducks quacked; they made a horrid noise with their amusements.

But Hialmar went to the hen house, opened the door, and called the stork, who immediately jumped on deck; he had now rested himself sufficiently, and bowed his head to Hialmar, as if to thank him. He then spread his wings and flew away — whilst the hens cackled, the ducks quacked, and the turkey cock turned red as fire.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"Tomorrow, we will have you all made into soup!" said Hialmar; whereupon he awoke, and found himself in his own little bed. A strange journey had the Dustman taken him that night!

### THURSDAY

"I'll tell you what!" said the Dustman, "do not be afraid, and you shall see a little mouse!" and he held out his hand, with the pretty little animal in it. "She is come to invite you to a wedding; there are two little mice here, who intend this very night to enter into matrimony. They live under the floor of the dining room; theirs must be such a pretty house!"

"But how can I get through the little hole?" asked Hialmar. "Let me take care of that," said the Dustman. "I will make you very little!" and he touched Hialmar with his magic wand, and he became smaller and smaller, till at last he was no larger than his own fingers. "Now you can borrow the tin soldier's clothes; I [think they will just fit you; and it looks so grand to wear uniform when you are in company."

"Ah, yes!" said Hialmar, and in another moment he was dressed like the prettiest little tin soldier.

"Will you have the goodness to sit down in your mother's thimble?" said the little mouse. "In that case, I shall feel honored by drawing you."

"What! will you really take so much trouble?" said Hialmar; and away they went to the mouse's wedding.

## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

They first came to a long passage, under the floor, which was high enough for the thimble to be drawn along through it, and was illuminated with lighted tinder throughout.

“Is there not a pleasant smell here!” said the mouse who was drawing the thimble. “The whole passage is covered with rind of bacon; there is nothing more delightful!”

They now entered the bridal apartment; the lady mice stood on the right-hand side, whispering together, seemingly very merry; on the left side stood the gentlemen mice, who were all stroking their whiskers with their paws. In the middle of the room the bride and bridegroom were seen, standing in the scooped-out rind of a cheese, and kissing each other incessantly, before the eyes of all present. They were already betrothed, and were to be married immediately. Strangers were arriving every moment; the mice almost trod each other to death; and the bridal pair had placed themselves just in the center of the doorway, so that one could neither get out nor in. The whole room was, like the passage, covered with the rind of bacon; this was all the entertainment given; for dessert, however, a pea was exhibited, in which a little mouse belonging to the family had bitten the initials of the married couple. Was not this an exquisite idea?

All the mice agreed that the wedding had been extremely genteel, and the conversation delightful.

So now Hjalmar returned home; he had certainly been in most distinguished company; but still, he felt as though he had rather lowered himself, by becoming so small, and wearing the uniform of one of his own tin soldiers.



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### FRIDAY

“It is incredible what a number of old people there are always wanting to have me with them,” said the Dustman, “especially those who have done anything wicked. ‘Dear, good Dustman,’ they say to me, ‘we cannot sleep a wink all night; we lie awake, and see all our bad deeds sitting on the edge of the bed, like little ugly goblins, and sprinkling scalding water over us. If you would but come and drive them away, so that we could have a little sleep,’ and then they sigh so deeply, ‘we will be sure to pay you well — good night, Dustman, the money is lying at the window.’ But I do not come for money,” added Ole Lucköie.

“What are we to do tonight?” asked Hialmar.

“Why, I do not know whether you would like to go again to a wedding? The one of which I am now speaking is quite of another kind from yesterday’s. Your sister’s great doll that looks like a man, and is called Herman, is going to marry the doll Bertha; moreover, it is a birthday; so they will doubtless receive a great many presents.”

“Oh, yes! I know that already,” said Hialmar; “whenever the dolls want new clothes, my sister calls it either their birthday or their wedding day. They must certainly have been married a hundred times already.”

“Yes, but tonight they will be married for the hundred-and-first time; and when it has come to that number, they can never be married again. So this time the wedding will be splendid! Only look!”

And Hialmar looked upon the table, where stood the little



## OLD LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

doll's house; the windows were lighted up and tin soldiers presented arms at the door. The bride and bridegroom were sitting on the ground, and leaning against the leg of the table; they seemed very thoughtful — there was, perhaps, good reason for being so. But the Dustman had, meanwhile, put on his grandmother's black gown, and married them. When the ceremony was over, all the Furniture in the room began singing the following pretty song, which had been written by the Lead-Pencil:

“Waft, gentle breeze, our kind farewell  
To the tiny house where the bridefolks dwell,  
With their skin of kid-leather fitting so well;  
They are straight and upright as a tailor's ell.  
Hurrah, hurrah for beau and belle!  
Let echo repeat our kind farewell!”

And now presents were brought to them; all eatables, however, they declined to accept: love was enough for them to live upon.

“Shall we go into the country, or make a tour in some foreign land?” asked the bridegroom. So the swallow, who had travelled a good deal, and the old hen, who had hatched five broods of chickens, were consulted. And the swallow spoke of those beautiful, warm countries, where bunches of grapes, large and heavy, hang on the vines; where the air is so balmy, and the mountains are tinged with various hues, such as are never known here.

“But then they have not our green cabbages!” said the

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

hen. "One summer, I and all my chickens lived in the country; there was a gravel pit, in which we might go and scrape about; besides, we had access to a garden full of green cabbages. Oh, how green they were! I cannot imagine anything more beautiful!"

"But one head of cabbage looks exactly like another," said the swallow; "and then we so often have wet weather here!"

"One gets accustomed to that," said the hen.

"But it is so cold, it freezes!"

"That is good for the cabbages," said the hen; "besides which it can be warm sometimes. Did we not, four years ago, have a summer which lasted five weeks? It was so hot, that one could hardly breathe. Then, too, we have not all the poisonous animals which they have in foreign countries; and we are free from robbers. He is a blockhead who does not think our country the most beautiful of all! he does not deserve to live here!" and at these words tears rolled down the hen's cheeks. "I, too, have travelled; I have been twelve miles in a coop. There is no pleasure at all in travelling."

"Yes, the hen is a sensible animal!" said the doll Bertha. "I do not wish to travel over the mountains; one is always going up and down! No, we will go to the gravel pit, and walk in the garden among the cabbages."

And so it was settled.

### SATURDAY

"Now may I have some stories?" asked little Hjalmar as soon as the Dustman had put him to sleep.



## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

“We shall have no time for them this evening,” said the Dustman, spreading his picture umbrella over him. “Look at these Chinese!” The umbrella resembled a large Chinese plate, with blue trees and pointed bridges; little Chinese men and women stood nodding their heads among them.

“By tomorrow morning all the world must be put in order,” said the Dustman; “it is a festival day — it is Sunday. I must go to the church tower, to see whether the little Nisses are rubbing the bells, so as to make them ring merrily. I must away to the fields, to see that the winds are sweeping the dust off the grass and leaves. I must take down the stars, in order to brighten them. I put them into my apron, but first they must be numbered; and the holes in which they fit, up in the sky, must be numbered also, that every one may return to his proper place; else they would not sit firmly, and we should have too many falling stars, one coming down after another.”

“Listen to me, good Mr. Ole Lucköie,” said an old portrait, which hung by the wall, near where Hialmar was sleeping. “Do you know that I am Hialmar’s great-grandfather? I am much obliged to you for telling the boy stories; but you must not puzzle him. Stars cannot be taken down and brightened; they are bodies like our earth.”

“Many thanks, old Great-grandfather!” said the Dustman, “many thanks! Thou art certainly very old, but I am older still! I am an old heathen; the Greeks and Romans called me the God of Dreams. I have been in families of the greatest distinction, and I go there still! I know how to deal



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with great and small! Now is thy turn; say what thou pleasest!”

“So one is no longer allowed to speak one's mind!” muttered the old portrait.

And presently Hialmar awoke.

### SUNDAY

“Good evening!” said the Dustman; and Hialmar nodded his head to him, and jumped up to turn his great-grandfather's portrait to the wall in order that he might not interrupt them, as yesterday.

“Now you shall tell me stories about the five green peas who all lived in one pod; and about the cock courting the hen; and about the darning needle who was so fine that she fancied herself a sewing needle.”

“One may have too much of a good thing!” said the Dustman. “I would rather show you something else; I will show you my brother. He never comes more than once to any one; and whomsoever he visits he takes on his horse, and tells him a story. He knows only two stories: the one unspeakably delightful, such as no one in the world can imagine; the other so dreadful, so horrible — it is not to be described.” And the Dustman lifted little Hialmar up to the window, saying, “There is my brother, the other Dustman; he is also called Death! You see he is not so frightful as he is represented in picture books, where he seems to be all bones; no, he wears clothes embroidered with silver; it is the gayest of uniforms! a mantle of black velvet flutters over his horse, behind him. See how he gallops!”

## OLE LUCKÖIE; OR, THE DUSTMAN

And Hjalmar saw the other Dustman ride on, and take old and young with him on his horse: some he placed in front, and others behind; but he always asked first what sort of a record they had to show.

“Good,” they all replied. “Yes, but let me see it,” said he; so they were obliged to show it to him; and all those who had “very good” written in it were put in front of the horse, and heard the story that was so delightful; but those who had “pretty good,” or “bad,” inscribed in their records, were obliged to get up behind, and listen to the horrible story. They trembled, and wept; they tried to jump down from the horse’s back; but that they could not do, for they were as firmly fixed on as if they had grown there.

“Death is a most beautiful Dustman,” said Hjalmar, “I am not afraid of him.”

“That you should not be,” said the Dustman; “only take care to have a good record to show.”

“Ah, this is very instructive!” muttered the great-grandfather’s portrait. “It is always of use to give one’s opinion.” He was now satisfied.

These are the stories of Ole Lucköie; perhaps he may tell you more this very evening.

## THE FLYING TRUNK

**T**HERE was once a merchant who was so rich that he could pave the whole avenue with silver coins, and then have almost enough left for a little side street. But he did not do that. He knew how to use his money differently. When he spent a penny he got back a dollar; that was the kind of merchant he was.

The merchant died and his son got all his money; and right merrily did he live. He went to mask balls every night, made paper kites out of dollar bills, and played at ducks and drakes on the beach with gold pieces instead of pebbles. In this way the money was quickly spent. At last there was nothing left but four pennies, and no clothes to wear but a pair of slippers and an old dressing gown. The friends of the spendthrift did not care about him any more. Of course they could not be expected to walk on the street with him now. One of them, however, who was good-natured, sent him an old trunk, and told him to "pack up!" That was all very well, of course, but there was nothing to pack up; and so he seated himself in the trunk.

It was a most peculiar trunk. So soon as any one pressed on the lock the trunk could fly. That is what it did now and — whisk! — away it flew with him up through the chimney and high over the clouds, far, far away. The bottom of the trunk snapped as if about to break, and he was in great fear



## THE FLYING TRUNK

lest it go to pieces, for then he would have turned a fine somersault in the air! Goodness me!

But the trunk did not break and he arrived in the land of the Turks. He hid the trunk in a wood under the dead leaves, and walked into the town; he could easily do that, as all the Turks wear dressing gowns and slippers, you know, just like his. He met a nurse with a baby. "I say, you Turkish nurse," said he, "what is that big palace close to the town, where all the windows are so high up?"

"That's where the king's daughter lives," said she; "it has been prophesied that she will be made very unhappy by a lover, so no one is allowed to visit her except when the king and the queen go with them."

"Thank you," said the merchant's son, and then he went back to the wood and got into his trunk again, and flew on to the roof of the palace, from whence he crept in at the princess's window.

She was lying on a sofa, fast asleep. She was so very beautiful that the merchant's son was driven to kiss her. She woke up and was dreadfully frightened, but he said that he was the Prophet of the Turks and he had flown down through the air to see her, and this pleased her very much.

They sat side by side and he told her stories about her eyes; he said they were like the most beautiful deep, dark lakes, in which her thoughts floated like mermaids; and then he told her about her forehead, that it was like a snow mountain, adorned with a series of pictures. And he told her all about the storks, which bring beautiful little children up out

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

of the rivers. No end of beautiful stories he told her, and then he asked her to marry him, and she at once said, "Yes." "But you must come here on Saturday," she said, "when the king and the queen drink tea with me. They will be very proud when they hear I am to marry a prophet; but mind you have a splendid story to tell them, for my parents are very fond of stories: my mother likes them to be grand and very proper, but my father likes them to be merry, so that he can laugh at them."

"Well, a story will be my only wedding gift!" he said, and then they separated; but the princess gave him a sword encrusted with gold. It was the kind of present he needed badly.

He flew away and bought himself a new dressing gown, and sat down in the wood to make up a new story; it had to be ready by Saturday, and it is not always so easy to make up a story.

However he had it ready in time, and Saturday came.

The king, the queen and the whole court were waiting for him round the princess's tea-table. He had a charming reception.

"Now will you tell us a story," said the queen, "one which is both thoughtful and instructive."

"But one that we can laugh at too," said the king.

"All right!" said he, and then he began: we must listen to his story attentively.

"There was once a bundle of matches, and they were frightfully proud because of their high origin. Their family



## THE FLYING TRUNK

tree, that is to say the great pine tree of which they were each a little splinter, had been the giant of the forest. The matches now lay on a shelf between a tinder box and an old iron pot, and they told the whole story of their youth to these two. ‘Ah, when we were a living tree,’ said they, ‘we were indeed a green branch! Every morning and every evening we had diamond tea, that was the dewdrops. In the day we had the sunshine, and all the little birds to tell us stories. We could see, too, that we were very rich, for most of the other trees were only clad in summer, but our family could afford to have green clothes both summer and winter. But then the woodcutters came, and there was a great revolution, and our family was sundered. The head of the tribe got a place as mainmast on a splendid ship, which could sail round the world if it chose; the other branches were scattered in different directions, and it is now our task to give light to the common herd, that is how such aristocratic people as ourselves have got into this kitchen.’

“‘Now my lot has been different!’ said the iron pot, beside which the matches lay. ‘Ever since I came into the world I have passed the time in being scoured and boiled, over and over again! Everything solid comes to me, and in fact I am the most important person in the house. My pleasure is, when the dinner is over, to lie clean and bright on the shelf, and to have a sensible chat with my companions; but with the exception of the water bucket, which sometimes goes down into the yard, we lead an indoor life. Our only newsmonger is the market basket, and it talks very wildly



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

about the government and the people. Why the other day an old pot was so alarmed by the conversation, that it fell down and broke itself to pieces! It was a Liberal you see!’

“‘You are talking too much,’ said the tinderbox, and the steel struck sparks on the flint. ‘Let us have a merry evening.’

“‘Yes, pray let us settle which is the most aristocratic among us,’ said the matches.

“‘No, I don’t like talking about myself,’ said the earthen pipkin, ‘let us have an evening of entertainment! I will begin. I will tell you the kind of things we have all experienced; they are quite easy to understand, and that is what we all like: By the eastern sea and Danish beaches —’

“‘That’s a nice beginning to make!’ said all the plates; ‘I am sure that will be a story I shall like!’

“‘Well, I passed my youth there, in a very quiet family; the furniture was bees-waxed, the floors washed, and clean curtains were put up once a fortnight!’

“‘What a good story-teller you are,’ said the broom; ‘one can tell directly that it’s a woman telling a story, a vein of cleanliness runs through it!’

“‘Yes, one feels that,’ said the water pail, and for very joy it gave a little hop which clashed on the floor.

“The pipkin went on with its story, and the end was much the same as the beginning.

“All the plates clattered with joy, and the broom crowned the pipkin with a wreath of parsley, because it knew it would annoy the others; and it thought, ‘If I crown her today, she will crown me tomorrow.’

## THE FLYING TRUNK

“‘Now I will dance,’ said the tongs, and began to dance; heaven help us! what a way into the air she could get her leg. The old chair cover in the corner burst when she saw it! ‘Mayn’t I be crowned too,’ said the tongs, so they crowned her.

“‘They’re only a rabble after all,’ said the matches.

“The tea urn was called upon to sing now, but it had a cold, it said; it couldn’t sing except when it was boiling; but that was all because it was stuck-up; it wouldn’t sing except when it was on the drawing room table.

“There was an old quill pen, along on the window sill which the servant used to write with; there was nothing extraordinary about it, except that it had been dipped too far into the ink pot, but it was rather proud of that. ‘If the tea urn won’t sing, we can leave it alone,’ it said. ‘There is a nightingale hanging outside in a cage; it can sing; it certainly hasn’t learnt anything special, but we needn’t mind that tonight.’

“‘I think it is most unsuitable,’ said the kettle, which was the kitchen songster, and half sister of the urn, ‘that a strange bird like that should be listened to! Is it patriotic? I will let the market basket judge.’

“‘I am very much annoyed,’ said the market basket. ‘I am more annoyed than any one can tell! Is this a suitable way to spend an evening? Wouldn’t it be better to put the house to rights? Then everything would find its proper place, and I would manage the whole party. Then we should get on differently!’

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

““Yes, let us make a row!’ they all said together.

“At that moment the door opened; it was the servant, and they all stood still; nobody uttered a sound. But not a pot among them which didn’t know its capabilities, or how distinguished it was; ‘If I had chosen, we might have had a merry evening, and no mistake,’ they all thought.

“The servant took the matches and struck a light; preserve us! how they spluttered and blazed up.

““Now every one can see,’ they thought, ‘ that we are the first. How brilliantly we shine! What a light we shed around!’ — And then they were burnt out.”

“That was a splendid story,” said the queen; “I quite felt that I was in the kitchen with the matches. Yes, indeed, you shall marry our daughter.”

“Certainly!” said the king. “Thou shalt marry her on Monday!”

So the wedding was decided upon, and the evening before the town was illuminated. Buns and cakes were scattered broadcast; the street boys stood on tiptoe and shouted hurrah, and whistled through their fingers. Everything was most gorgeous.

“I suppose I shall have to do something too,” said the merchant’s son; so he bought a lot of rockets, squibs, and all sorts of fireworks, put them in his trunk, and flew up into the air with them.

All the Turks jumped at the sight, so that their slippers flew up into the air, they had never seen a flight of meteors like that before. They saw now without doubt that it was



## THE FLYING TRUNK

the prophet himself, who was about to marry the princess.

As soon as the merchant's son got down again into the wood with his trunk, he thought, "I will just go into the town to hear what was thought of the display," and it was quite reasonable that he should do so.

Oh, how every one talked, every single man he spoke to had his own opinion about it, but that it had been splendid was the universal opinion.

"I saw the prophet myself," said one; "his eyes were like shining stars, and his beard like foaming water."

"He was wrapped in a mantle of fire," said another. "The most beautiful angels' heads peeped out among the folds." He heard nothing but pleasant things, and the next day was to be his wedding-day. He went back to the wood to get into his trunk — but where was it? The trunk was burned up. A spark from the fireworks had set fire to it and the trunk was burnt to ashes. He could not fly any more, or reach his bride. She sat all day on the roof waiting for him; she is waiting for him still, but he wanders round the world telling stories, only they are no longer so merry as the one he told about the matches.

## THE ROSE ELF

**I**N the middle of a garden grew a rose tree; it was full of roses, and in the loveliest of them all lived an elf. He was so tiny that no human eye could see him. He had a snug little room behind every petal of the rose. He was as well made and as perfect as any human child, and he had wings reaching from his shoulders to his feet. Oh, what a delicious scent there was in his room, and how lovely and transparent the walls were, for they were palest pink rose petals. All day he reveled in the sunshine, flew from flower to flower, and danced on the wings of fluttering butterflies. Then he would measure how many steps he would have to take to run along all the high roads and paths on a linden leaf. These paths were what we call veins, but they were endless roads to him. Before he came to the end of them the sun went down, for he had begun rather late.

It became very cold, the dew fell and the wind blew; it was high time for him to get home. He hurried as much as ever he could, but the rose had shut itself up, and he could not get in — not a single rose was open. The poor little rose elf was dreadfully frightened, he had never been out in the night before; he had always slept so safely behind his cozy rose leaves. Oh, it would surely be his death!

At the other end of the garden he knew there was an arbor covered with delicious honeysuckle; the flowers looked

## THE ROSE ELF

like beautiful painted horns. He would get into one of those and sleep till morning.

He flew along to it. Hush! There were already two people in the arbor, a young handsome man and a lovely maiden. They sat side by side and wished they might never more be parted, so tenderly did they love each other. They loved each other more dearly than the best child can ever love its father and mother.

“Still, we must part,” said the young man: “your brother is not friendly to us, therefore he sends me on such a distant errand, far away over mountains and oceans. Good-by, my sweetest bride, for you are that to me, you know!”

Then they kissed each other, and the young girl wept, and gave him a rose but before she gave it to him she pressed a kiss upon it, a kiss so tender and impassioned that the rose spread its petals. Then the little elf flew in and leant his head against the delicate fragrant walls, but he could hear them saying, “Farewell, farewell,” and he felt that the rose was placed upon the young man’s heart — Ah, how it beat! The little elf could not go to sleep because of its beating.

The rose did not remain long undisturbed on that beating heart; the young man took it out, as he walked alone through the dark wood, and kissed it passionately many, many times; the little elf thought he would be crushed to death. He could feel the young man’s burning lips through the leaves, and the rose opened as it might have done under the midday sun.

Then another man came up behind, dark and angry; he was the pretty girl’s wicked brother. He took out a long sharp



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

knife, and while the other was kissing the rose the bad man stabbed him. He cut off his head and buried it with the body in the soft earth under the linden tree.

“Now he is dead and done with,” thought the wicked brother. “He will never come back any more. He had a long journey to take over the mountains and oceans where one’s life may easily be lost, and he has lost his. He will never come back, and my sister will never dare to ask me about him.”

Then he raked up the dead leaves with his foot, over the earth where it had been disturbed, and went home again in the darkness of the night. But he was not alone, as he thought; the little elf went with him. He was hidden in a withered linden leaf which had fallen from the tree on to the bad man’s head while he was digging the grave. It was covered by his hat now, and it was so dark inside, where the little elf sat trembling with fear and anger at the wicked deed. The bad man got home in the early morning; he took off his hat, and went into his sister’s bedroom. There lay the pretty, blooming girl dreaming about her beloved, whom she thought was so far away, beyond mountains and woods. The wicked brother leant over her with an evil laugh, such as a fiend might laugh. The withered leaf fell out of his hair upon the counterpane; but he never noticed it, and went away to get a little sleep himself. But the elf crept out of the dead leaf, and into the ear of the sleeping girl, and told her, as in a dream the tale of the terrible murder. He described the place where her brother had committed the murder, and where

## THE ROSE ELF

he had laid the body; he told her about the flowering linden tree, and said, "So that you may not think all I have told you is a mere dream, you will find a withered leaf upon your bed."

This she found, as he had said, when she awoke. Oh! what bitter, bitter tears she shed. To no one did she dare betray her grief. Her window stood open all day, and the little elf could easily have got into the garden to the roses and all the other flowers, but he could not bear to leave the sorrowing girl. A monthly rosebush stood in the window, and he took up his place in one of the flowers, whence he could watch the poor girl. Her brother often came into the room; he was merry with an evil mirth, but she dared not say a word about the grief at her heart.

When night came she stole out of the house, and into the wood, to the place where the linden tree stood. She tore away the leaves from the ground and dug down into the earth, and at once found him who had been murdered. Oh how she wept and prayed to God, that she too might soon die. Gladly would she have taken the body home with her could she have done so. But she took the pale head with the closed eyes, kissed the cold lips and shook the earth out of his beautiful hair.

"This shall be mine!" she said, when she had covered up the body with earth and leaves. Then she took the head home with her and a little spray of the jasmine tree which flowered in the wood where he was killed.

As soon as she reached her room she brought the biggest



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

flower pot she could find, and laid the head of the dead man in it, covered it with earth, and planted the sprig of jasmine in the pot.

“Farewell, farewell!” whispered the little elf. He could no longer bear to look at such grief, so he flew away into the garden to his rose, but it was withered, and only a few faded leaves hung round the green calyx. “Alas! how quickly the good and the beautiful pass away!” sighed the elf. At last he found another rose, and made it his home. He could dwell in safety behind its fragrant petals.

Every morning he flew to the poor girl's window, and she was always there, weeping by the flower pot. Her salt tears fell upon the jasmine, and for every day that she grew paler and paler the sprig gained in strength and vigor. One shoot appeared after another, and then little white flower buds showed themselves, and she kissed them; but her wicked brother scolded her, and asked if she was crazy. He did not like to see, and could not imagine why, she was always hanging weeping over the flower pot. He did not know what eyes lay hidden there, closed for ever, nor what red lips had returned to dust within its depths. She leant her head against the flower pot, and the little elf found her there, fallen into a gentle slumber. He crept into her ear and whispered to her of that evening in the arbor, about the scented roses, and the love of the elves. She dreamt these sweet dreams, and while she dreamt her life passed away. She was dead — she had died a peaceful death, and had passed to heaven to her beloved! The jasmine opened its big white blossoms, and



## THE ROSE ELF

they gave out their sweetest scent. They had no other way of weeping over the dead.

The wicked brother saw the beautiful flowering plant, and he took it for himself as an inheritance. He put it into his own bedroom, close by his bedside, because it was so beautiful to look at, and smelt so sweet and fresh. The little rose elf accompanied it and flew from blossom to blossom; in each lived a little elf, and to each one he told the story of the murdered man, whose head now rested under the earth. He told them about the wicked brother and his poor sister.

“We know it,” said each little creature. “We know it; did we not spring from those murdered eyes and lips? We know it, we know it!” and then they nodded their heads so oddly.

The rose elf could not understand how they could be so quiet about it, and he flew to the bees who were gathering honey. He told them the story about the wicked brother, and the bees told it to their queen, who commanded them all to kill the murderer next morning.

But in the night, the first night after his sister's death, when the brother was asleep in his bed, close to the fragrant jasmine tree, every blossom opened wide its petals, and out of every flower stepped invisibly, but armed each with a tiny poisoned spear, the little spirits from the flower. First they took their places by his ear, and told him evil dreams; then they flew over his mouth and pierced his tongue with their poisoned darts.

“Now we have revenged the dead!” said they, and crept back again into the white bells of the jasmine.

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

When morning came, the window all at once flew open, and in flew the rose elf and all the swarm of bees with their queen to kill him.

But he was already dead; people stood round the bed and said, "The scent of the jasmine has killed him!"

Then the rose elf understood the vengeance of the flowers, and told it to the queen bee, and she with all her swarm buzzed round the flower pot; the bees would not be driven away. Then a man took up the flower pot, and one of the bees stung his hand, and he let the flower pot fall, and it was broken to bits.

Then they saw the whitened skull, and they knew that the dead man lying on the bed was a murderer. The queen bee hummed in the air, and sang about the vengeance of the flowers to the rose elf, and that behind each smallest leaf lurks a being who can discover and revenge every evil deed.

## THE SWINEHERD

**T**HERE was once a poor prince; he had only quite a tiny kingdom, but it was big enough to allow him to marry, and he was bent upon marrying.

Now, it certainly was rather bold of him to say to the emperor's daughter, "Will you have me?" He did, however, venture to say so, for his name was known far and wide; and there were hundreds of princesses who would have said "Yes," and "Thank you, kindly," but see if *she* would!

Let us hear about it.

A rose tree grew on the grave of the prince's father; it was such a beautiful rose tree; it only bloomed every fifth year, and then only bore one blossom; but what a rose that was! By merely smelling it one forgot all one's cares and sorrows.

Then he had a nightingale which sang as if every lovely melody in the world dwelt in her little throat. This rose and this nightingale were to be given to the princess, so they were put into great silver caskets and sent to her.

The emperor had them carried before him into the great hall where the princess was playing at "visiting" with her ladies-in-waiting; they had nothing else to do. When she saw the caskets with the gifts she clapped her hands with delight!



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"If it were only a little pussy-cat!" said she — but there was the lovely rose.

"Oh, how exquisitely it is made!" said all the ladies-in-waiting.

"It is more than beautiful," said the emperor; "it is neat."

But the princess touched it, and then she was ready to cry.

"Fie, papa!" she said; "it is not made, it is a real one!"

"Fie," said all the ladies-in-waiting; "it is a real one!"

"Well, let us see what there is in the other casket, before we get angry," said the emperor, and out came the nightingale. It sang so beautifully that at first no one could find anything to say against it.

"*Superbe! charmant!*" said the ladies-in-waiting, for they all had a smattering of French; one spoke it worse than the other.

"How that bird reminds me of our lamented empress's musical box," said an old courtier. "Ah, yes, they are the same tunes, and the same beautiful execution."

"So they are," said the emperor, and he cried like a little child.

"I should hardly think it could be a real one," said the princess.

"Yes, it is a real one," said those who had brought it.

"Oh, let that bird fly away then," said the princess, and she would not hear of allowing the prince to come. But he was not to be crushed; he stained his face brown and black, and, pressing his cap over his eyes, he knocked at the door.

## THE SWINEHERD

“Good morning, emperor,” said he; “can I be taken into service in the palace?”

“Well, there are so many wishing to do that,” said the emperor; “but let me see! — yes, I need somebody to look after the pigs, for we have so many of them.”

So the prince was made imperial swineherd. A dirty little room was given him near the pigsties, and here he had to live. He sat busily at work all day, and by the evening he had made a beautiful little cooking pot; it had bells all round it and when the pot boiled they tinkled delightfully and played the old tune:

“Ach du lieber Augustin,  
Alles ist weg, weg, weg!”<sup>1</sup>

But the greatest charm of all about it was, that by holding one's finger in the steam one could immediately smell all the dinners that were being cooked at every stove in the town. Now this was a very different matter from a rose.

The princess came walking along with all her ladies-in-waiting, and when she heard the tune she stopped and looked pleased for she could play “Ach du lieber Augustin” herself; it was her only tune, and she could only play it with one finger.

“Why, that is my tune,” she said; “this must be a cultivated swineherd. Go and ask him what the instrument costs.”

<sup>1</sup>Alas, dear Augustin,  
All is lost, lost, lost!

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

So one of the ladies-in-waiting had to go into his room, but she put slippers on first.

"How much do you want for the pot," she asked.

"I must have ten kisses from the princess," said the swineherd.

"Heaven preserve us!" said the lady.

"I won't take less," said the swineherd.

"Well, what does he say?" asked the princess.

"I really cannot tell you," said the lady-in-waiting, "it is so shocking."

"Then you must whisper it." And she whispered it.

"He is a wretch!" said the princess, and went away at once. But she had only gone a little way when she heard the bells tinkling beautifully:

"Ach du lieber Augustin."

"Go and ask him if he will take ten kisses from the ladies-in-waiting."

"No, thank you," said the swineherd; "ten kisses from the princess, or I keep my pot."

"How tiresome it is," said the princess. "Then you will have to stand round me, so that no one may see."

So the ladies-in-waiting stood round her and spread out their skirts while the swineherd took his ten kisses, and then the pot was hers.

What a delight it was to them. The pot was kept on the boil day and night. They knew what was cooking on every stove in the town, from the chamberlain's to the shoemaker's. The ladies-in-waiting danced about and clapped their hands.



## THE SWINEHERD

“We know who has sweet soup and pancakes for dinner, and who has cutlets; how amusing it is.”

“Highly interesting,” said the mistress of the robes.

“Yes, but hold your tongues, for I am the emperor’s daughter.”

“Heaven preserve us!” they all said.

The swineherd — that is to say, the prince, only nobody knew that he was not a real swineherd — did not let the day pass in idleness, and he now constructed a rattle. When it was swung round it played all the waltzes, galops and jig tunes which have ever been heard since the creation of the world.

“But this is *superbe!*” said the princess, as she walked by. “I have never heard finer compositions. Go and ask him what the instrument costs, but let us have no more kissing.”

“He wants a hundred kisses from the princess!” said the lady-in-waiting.

“I think he is mad!” said the princess, and she went away, but she had not gone far when she stopped.

“One must encourage art,” she said; “I am the emperor’s daughter. Tell him he can have ten kisses, the same as yesterday, and he can take the others from the ladies-in-waiting.”

“But we don’t like that at all,” said the ladies.

“Oh, nonsense! If I can kiss him you can do the same. Remember that I pay you wages as well as give you board and lodging.” So the lady-in-waiting had to go again.

“A hundred kisses from the princess, or let each keep his own.”

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"Stand in front of me," said she, and all the ladies stood round, while he kissed her.

"Whatever is the meaning of that crowd round the pigsties?" said the emperor as he stepped out on to the veranda; he rubbed his eyes and put on his spectacles. "Why it is the ladies-in-waiting; what game are they up to? I must go and see!" so he pulled up the heels of his slippers, for they were shoes which he had trodden down.

Bless us, what a hurry he was in! When he got into the yard, he walked very softly and the ladies were so busy counting the kisses, so that there should be fair play, and neither too few nor too many kisses, that they never heard the emperor. He stood on tiptoe.

"What is all this?" he said when he saw what was going on, and he hit them on the head with his slipper just as the swineherd was taking his eighty-sixth kiss.

"Out you go!" said the emperor, for he was furious, and both the princess and the prince were put out of his realm.

There she stood crying, and the swineherd scolded, and the rain poured down in torrents.

"Oh, miserable creature that I am! if only I had accepted the handsome prince. Oh, how unhappy I am!"

The swineherd went behind a tree, wiped the black and brown stain from his face, and threw away his ugly clothes. Then he stepped out dressed as a prince; he was so handsome that the princess could not help curtsying to him.

"I am come to despise thee," he said. "Thou wouldst not have an honorable prince, thou couldst not prize the

## THE SWINEHERD

rose or the nightingale, but thou wouldst kiss the swineherd for a trumpery musical box! As thou hast made thy bed, so must thou lie upon it!”

Then he went back into his own little kingdom and shut and locked the door. So she had to stand outside and sing in earnest —

“Ach du lieber Augustin,  
Alles ist weg, weg, weg!”



## THE BELL

**I**N the evening, at sunset, when glimpses of golden clouds could just be seen among the chimney pots, a curious sound would be heard, first by one person, then by another; it was like a church bell, but it only lasted a moment because of the rumble of vehicles and the street cries.

“There is the evening bell,” people would say; “the sun is setting.”

Those who went outside the town where the houses were more scattered, each with its garden or little meadow, saw the evening star and heard the tones of the bell much better. It seemed as if the sound came from a church buried in silent, fragrant woods, and people looked in that direction, feeling quite solemn.

Time passed, and still people said one to the other, “Can there be a church in the woods! that bell has such a wonderfully sweet sound; shall we go and look at it closer?” The rich people drove and the poor ones walked, but it was a very long way; when they reached a group of willows which grew on the outskirts of the wood, they sat down and looked up among the long branches, thinking that they were really in the heart of the forest. A confectioner from the town came out and pitched a tent there, and then another confectioner, and he hung a bell up over his tent. This bell was tarred so as to stand the rain, and the clapper was wanting.

## THE BELL

When people went home again they said it had been so romantic, and that meant something beyond mere tea. Three persons protested that they had penetrated right through the forest to the other side, and that they had heard the same curious bell all the time, but that then it sounded as if it came from the town.

One of them wrote a poem about it, and said that it sounded like a mother's voice to a beloved child; no melody could be sweeter than the chimes of this bell.

The emperor's attention was also drawn to it, and he promised that any one who really discovered where the sound came from should receive the title of "the world's bell-ringer," even if there was no bell at all.

A great many people went to the woods for the sake of earning an honest penny, but only one of them brought home any kind of explanation. No one had been far enough, not even he himself, but he said that the sound of the bell came from a very big owl in a hollow tree; it was a wise owl, which perpetually beat its head against a tree, but whether the sound came from its head or from the hollow tree he could not say with any certainty. All the same he was appointed "the world's bell-ringer," and every year he wrote a little book on the owl, but nobody was much the wiser for it.

Now on a certain Confirmation day the priest had preached a very moving sermon; all the young people about to be confirmed had been much touched by it; it was a very important day for them. They were leaving childhood behind and becoming grown-up persons; the child's soul was, as it were,

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

to be transformed into that of a responsible being. It was a beautiful sunny day and after the Confirmation the young people walked out of the town and they heard the sound of the unknown bell more than usually loud coming from the wood. On hearing it they all felt anxious to go farther and see it; all except three. The first of these had to go home to try on her ball dress; it was this very dress and this very ball which were the reason of her having been confirmed this time; otherwise it would have been put off. The second was a poor boy, who had borrowed his tail-coat and boots of the landlord's son and he had to return them at the appointed time. The third said that he had never been anywhere without his parents, that he had always been a good child and he meant to continue so, although he was confirmed; nobody ought to have made fun of this resolve; but he did not escape being laughed at.

So these three did not go; the others trudged off. The sun shone and the birds sang and the newly-confirmed young people took each other by the hand and sang with them; they had not yet received any position in life, they were all equal in the eye of the Lord on the day of their Confirmation. Soon two of the smallest ones got tired and they returned to town; two little girls sat down and made wreaths, so they did not go either. When the others reached the willows where the confectioners had their tents, they said, "Now, then, here we are; the bell doesn't exist, it is only something people imagine!"

Just then a bell was heard in the wood, with its deep rich



## THE BELL

notes; and four or five of them decided after all to penetrate farther into the wood. The underwood was so thick and close that it was quite difficult to advance. The woodruff grew almost too high, convolvulus and brambles hung in long garlands from tree to tree, where the nightingales sang and the sunbeams played. It was deliciously peaceful, but there was no path for the girls, their clothes would have been torn to shreds. There were great boulders overgrown with many-colored mosses, and fresh springs trickled among them with a curious little gurgling sound.

“Surely that cannot be the bell!” said one of the young people, as he lay down to listen.

“This must be thoroughly looked into.” So he stayed behind and let the others go on.

They came to a little hut made of bark, and branches overhung by a crab apple, as if it wanted to shake all its bloom over the roof, which was covered with roses. The long sprays clustered round the gable, and on it hung a little bell. Could this be the one they sought? Yes, they were all agreed that it must be, except one; he said it was far too small and delicate to be heard so far away as they had heard it, and that the tones which moved all hearts were quite different from these. He who spoke was a king’s son, and so the others said “that kind of fellow must always be wiser than any one else.”

So they let him go on alone, and as he went he was more and more overcome by the solitude of the wood; but he still heard the little bell with which the others were so pleased,

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and now and then when the wind came from the direction of the confectioners he could hear demands for tea.

But the deep-toned bell sounded above them all, and it seemed as if there was an organ playing with it, and the sounds came from the left, where the heart is placed.

There was a rustling among the bushes, and a little boy stood before the king's son; he had wooden shoes on, and such a small jacket that the sleeves did not cover his wrists. They knew each other, for he was the boy who had had to go back to return the coat and the boots to the landlord's son. He had done this, changed back into his shabby clothes and wooden shoes, and then, drawn by the deep notes of the bell, had returned to the wood again.

"Then we can go together," said the king's son.

But the poor boy in the wooden shoes was too bashful. He pulled down his short sleeves, and said he was afraid he could not walk quickly enough, besides which he thought the bell ought to be looked for on the right, because that side looked the most beautiful.

"Then we shan't meet at all," said the king's son, nodding to the poor boy, who went into the thickest and darkest part of the wood, where the thorns tore his shabby clothes and scratched his face, hands and feet till they bled. The king's son got some good scratches too, but he at least had the sun shining upon his path. We are going to follow him, for he is a bright fellow.

"I must and will find the bell," said he, "if I have to go to the end of the world."

## THE BELL

Some horrid monkeys sat up in the trees grinning and showing their teeth.

“Shall we pelt him?” said they. “Shall we thrash him; he is a king’s son.”

But he went confidently on farther and farther into the wood, where the most extraordinary flowers grew. There were white star-like lilies with blood-red stamens, pale blue tulips which glistened in the sun, and apple trees on which the apples looked like great shining soap bubbles. You may fancy how these trees glittered in the sun. Round about were beautiful green meadows, where stags and hinds gambled under the spreading oaks and beeches. Mosses and creepers grew in the fissures where the bark of the trees was broken away. There were also great glades with quiet lakes, where white swans swam about flapping their wings. The king’s son often stopped and listened, for he sometimes fancied that the bell sounded from one of these lakes; but then again he felt sure that it was not there, but farther in the wood.

Now the sun began to go down, and the clouds were fiery red; a great stillness came over the wood, and he sank upon his knees, sang his evening psalm, and said, “Never shall I find what I seek, now the sun is going down, the night is coming on — the dark night; perhaps I could catch one more glimpse of the round, red sun before it sinks beneath the earth. I will climb up on to those rocks; they are as high as the trees.”

He seized the roots and creepers, and climbed up the



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slippery stones where the water snakes wriggled and the toads seemed to croak at him; but he reached the top before the sun disappeared. Seen from this height, oh! what splendor lay before him! — the ocean, the wide, beautiful ocean, its long waves rolling towards the shore. The sun still stood like a great shining altar, out there where sea and sky met. Everything melted away into glowing colors; the wood sang, the ocean sang, and his heart sang with them. All nature was like a vast holy temple, where trees and floating clouds were the pillars, flowers and grass the woven tapestry, and the heaven itself a great dome. The red colors vanished as the sun went down, but millions of stars peeped out; they were like countless diamond lamps, and the king's son spread out his arms towards heaven, sea and forest. At that moment, from the right-hand path came the poor boy with the short sleeves and wooden shoes. He had reached the same goal just as soon by his own road. They ran towards each other, and clasped each other's hands in that great temple of nature and poetry, and above them sounded the invisible holy bell; happy spirits floated round it to the strains of a joyous hallelujah.

## LITTLE IDA'S FLOWERS

“**M**Y poor flowers are quite faded!” said little Ida. “Only yesterday evening they were so pretty, and now they are all drooping! What can be the reason of it?” asked she of the student, who was sitting on the sofa, and who was a great favorite with her, because he used to tell her stories, and cut out all sorts of pretty things for her in paper; such as hearts with little ladies dancing in them and high castles with open doors. “Why do these flowers look so deplorable?” asked she again, showing him a bouquet of faded flowers.

“Do you not know?” replied the student. “Your flowers went to a ball last night, and are tired; that is why they all hang their heads.”

“Surely flowers cannot dance!” exclaimed little Ida.

“Of course they can dance! When it is dark, and we are all gone to bed, they jump about as merrily as possible. They have a ball almost every night.”

“May their children go to the ball, too?” asked Ida.

“Yes,” said the student; “little daisies, and lilies of the valley.”

“And where do the prettiest flowers dance?”

“Have you never been in the large garden in front of the

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

king's beautiful summer palace, the garden so full of flowers? Surely you recollect the swans which come swimming up to you, when you throw them crumbs of bread? There you may imagine they have splendid balls."

"I was there yesterday with my mother," said Ida, "but there were no leaves on the trees, neither did I see a single flower. What could have become of them? There were so many in the summer time!"

"They are now at the palace," answered the student. "As soon as the king leaves his summer residence, and returns with all his court to the town, the flowers likewise hasten out of the garden and into the palace, where they enjoy themselves famously. Oh, if you could but see them! The two loveliest roses sit on the throne, and act king and queen. The red cockscombs then arrange themselves in rows before them, bowing very low; they are the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. After that the prettiest among the flowers come in, and open the ball. The blue violets represent midshipmen, and begin dancing with the hyacinths and crocuses, who take the part of young ladies. The tulips and the tall orange lilies are old dowagers, whose business it is to see that everything goes on with perfect propriety."

"But," asked the astonished little Ida, "may the flowers give their ball in the king's palace?"

"No one knows anything about it," replied the student. "Perhaps once during the night the old Castellan may come in, with his great bunch of keys, to see that all is right; but as soon as the flowers hear the clanking of the keys they are







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quite still, and hide themselves behind the long silk window curtains. 'I smell flowers here,' says the old Castellan, but he is not able to find them."

"That is very funny," said Ida, clapping her little hands; "but could not I see the flowers?"

"To be sure you can see them!" returned the student. "You have only to peep in at the window next time you go to the palace. I did so today, and saw a long yellow lily lying on the sofa. That was a court lady."

"Can the flowers in the Botanic Garden go there, too? Can they go so far?" asked Ida.

"Certainly, for flowers can fly if they wish it. The pretty red and yellow butterflies, that look so much like flowers, are in fact nothing else. They jump from their stalks, move their petals as if they were little wings, and fly about; as a reward for always behaving themselves well, they are allowed instead of sitting quietly on their stalks, to flutter hither and thither all day long, till wings actually grow out of their petals. You have often seen it yourself. For the rest, it may be that the flowers in the Botanic Garden have not heard what merry-making goes on every night at the palace; but I assure you, if next time you go into the garden, you whisper to one of the flowers, that a ball is to be given at night at Fredericksberg, the news will be repeated from flower to flower, and thither they will all fly to a certainty. Then, should the professor come into the garden, and find all his flowers gone, he will not be able to imagine what is become of them."

"Indeed!" said Ida; "and, pray, how can the flowers



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repeat to each other what I say to them? I am sure that flowers cannot speak."

"No, they cannot speak — you are right there," returned the student; "but they make themselves understood by pantomime. Have you never seen them move to and fro at the least breath of air? They can understand each other this way as well as we can by talking."

"And does the professor understand their pantomime?" asked Ida.

"Oh, certainly! One morning he came into the garden, and perceived that a tall nettle was conversing in pantomime with a pretty red carnation. 'Thou art so beautiful,' said he to the carnation, 'and I love thee so much!' But the professor could not allow such things, so he gave a rap at the nettle's leaves, which are his fingers, and in doing so he stung himself, and since then has never dared to touch a nettle."

"Ah, ah!" laughed little Ida; "that was very droll."

"What do you mean by this?" here interrupted the tedious counsellor, who had come on a visit; "putting such trash into the child's head!" He could not endure the student, and always used to scold when he saw him cutting out pasteboard figures; as for instance, a man on the gallows holding a heart in his hand, which was meant for a heart-stealer; or an old witch, riding on a broomstick, and carrying her husband on the tip of her nose. He used always to say then as now: "What do you mean by putting such trash into the child's head? It is all fantastical nonsense!"

However, little Ida thought what the student had told

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her about the flowers was very droll, and she could not cease thinking of it. She was now sure that her flowers hung their heads because they were tired with dancing so much the night before. So she took them to the pretty little table, where her playthings were arranged. Her doll lay sleeping in the cradle, but Ida said to her, "You must get up, Sophy, and be content to sleep tonight in the table drawer, for the poor flowers are ill, and must sleep in your bed: perhaps they will be well again by tomorrow." She then took the doll out of the bed; but the good lady looked vexed at having to give up her cradle to the flowers.

Ida then laid the faded flowers in her doll's bed, drew the covering over them, and told them to lie quite still, whilst she made some tea for them to drink, in order that they might be well again the next day. And she drew the curtains round the bed, that the sun might not dazzle their eyes.

All the evening she thought of nothing but the student's words, and just before she went to bed she ran up to the window, where her mother's tulips and hyacinths stood, behind the blinds, and whispered to them, "I know very well that you are going to a ball tonight." But the flowers moved not a leaf, and seemed not to have heard her.

After she was in bed, she thought for a long time how delightful it must be to see the flowers dancing in the palace, and said to herself, "I wonder whether my flowers have been there?" but before she could determine the point, she fell asleep. During the night she awoke; she had been dreaming of the student and the flowers, and of the counsellor, who



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told her that they were making game of her. All was still in the room, the night lamp was burning on the table, and her father and mother were both asleep.

“I wonder whether my flowers are still lying in Sophy’s bed?” said she. “I should very much like to know.” She raised herself a little, and looking towards the door, which stood half open, she saw that the flowers and all her playthings were just as she had left them. She listened, and it seemed to her as if some one must be playing on the harpsichord; but the tones were lower and sweeter than she had ever heard before.

“Now my flowers must certainly be dancing,” said she. “Oh, how I should like to see them!” but she dared not get up, for fear of waking her father and mother. “If they would only come in here!” Still the flowers did not come, and the music sounded so sweetly. At last she could restrain herself no longer, she must see the dancing. So she crept lightly out of the bed, and stole towards the door of the room. Oh, what wonderful things she saw then!

There was no night lamp burning here; however, it was quite light in the room, for the moon shone brightly through the windows on the floor. All the hyacinths and tulips stood there in two rows, whilst their empty pots might still be seen in front of the windows; they performed figures, and took hold of each other by the long green leaves. At the harpsichord sat a large yellow lily, which Ida fancied she must have seen before, for she remembered the student’s saying that this flower was exceedingly like Miss Laura, and how every



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one had laughed at his remark. Now she herself agreed that the lily did resemble this young lady, for she had exactly her way of playing, bowing her long yellow face now on one side, now on the other, and nodding her head to mark the time. A tall blue crocus now stepped forward, sprang upon the table on which lay Ida's playthings, went straight up to the bed, and drew back the curtains. There lay the sick flowers, but they rose immediately, and greeted the other flowers, who invited them to dance with them. The sick flowers appeared quite well again, and danced as merrily as the rest.

Suddenly a heavy noise, as of something falling from the table, was heard. Ida cast a glance that way, and saw that it was the rod which she had found on her bed on the morning of Shrove Tuesday, and seemed desirous of ranking itself among the flowers. It was certainly a very pretty rod, for a wax doll was fixed on the top, wearing a hat as broad-brimmed as the counsellor's, with a blue and red ribbon tied round it. It hopped upon its three red stilts in the middle of the flowers, and stamped the floor merrily with its feet. It was dancing the Mazurka, which the flowers could not dance; they were too light-footed to stamp.

All at once, the wax doll on the rod swelled out to a giant, tall and broad, and exclaimed in a loud voice: "What do you mean by putting such trash into the child's head? It is all fantastical nonsense!" And now the doll looked as much like the counsellor in his broad-brimmed hat, as one drop of water resembles another; her countenance looked as yellow and peevish as his: the paper flowers on the rod, however, pinched

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her thin legs, whereupon she shrunk up to her original size. The little Ida thought this scene so droll that she could not help laughing; the ball company, however, did not notice it, and the rod continued to stamp about, till at last the doll-counsellor was obliged to dance too, whether she would or no, and make herself now thin, now thick, now tall, now short, till at last the flowers interceded for her, and the rod then left her in peace.

A loud knocking was now heard from the drawer in which lay Ida's doll. It was Sophy who made the noise. She put her head out of the drawer and asked, in great astonishment: "Is there a ball here? Why has no one told me of it?"

"Will you dance with me?" asked the nutcrackers.

"Certainly you are a very fit person to dance with me!" said Sophy, turning her back upon him. She then sat down on the table, expecting that one of the flowers would come and ask her to dance, but no one came. — She coughed — "hem! hem!" Still no one came. Meantime the nutcracker danced by himself, and his steps were not at all badly made.

As no flowers came forward to ask Sophy to dance, all at once she let herself fall down upon the floor, which excited a general commotion, so that all the flowers ran up to ask her whether she had hurt herself. But she had received no injury. The flowers, however, were all very polite, especially Ida's flowers, who took the opportunity of thanking her for the comfortable bed in which they had slept so quietly, and then seized her hands to dance with her, whilst all the other flowers stood in a circle round them. Sophy was now quite happy,



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and begged Ida's flowers to make use of her bed again after the ball, as she did not at all mind sleeping one night in the table drawer.

But the flowers said, "We owe you many thanks for your kindness, we shall not live long enough to need it; we shall be quite dead by tomorrow; but request the little Ida to bury us in the garden near her canary bird, then we shall grow again next summer, and be even more beautiful than we have been this year."

"No, you must not die!" replied Sophy warmly, as she kissed the flowers. Just then the door was suddenly opened, and a number of flowers danced into the room. Ida could not imagine where these flowers came from, unless from the king's garden. First of all entered two beautiful roses wearing golden crowns, then followed stocks and pinks, bowing to the company on all sides. They had also a band of music with them; great poppies and peonies blew upon pea shells till they were quite red in the face, whilst blue and white campanulas rang a merry peal of bells. These were followed by an immense number of different flowers, all dancing; violets, daisies, lilies of the valley, narcissuses, and others, who all moved so gracefully that it was delightful to see them.

At last, these happy flowers wished one another "good night"; so little Ida once more crept into bed to dream of all the beautiful things she had seen.

The next morning, as soon as she was up and dressed, she went to her little table to see if her flowers were there. She drew aside the bed curtains — yes! there lay the flowers, but



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they were today much more faded than yesterday; Sophy too was lying in the drawer, but she looked uncommonly sleepy.

"Can you not remember what you have to say to me?" asked little Ida of her; but Sophy made a most stupid face, and answered not a syllable.

"You are not at all good!" said Ida; "and yet all the flowers let you dance with them." She then chose out from her playthings a little pasteboard box with birds painted on it, and therein she placed the faded flowers. "That shall be your coffin," said she, "and when my Norwegian cousins come to see me, they shall go with me to bury you in the garden, in order that next summer you may bloom again, and be still more beautiful than you have been this year."

The two Norwegian cousins, of whom she spoke, were two lively boys, called Jonas and Adolph. Their father had given them two new crossbows, which they brought with them to show to Ida. She told them of the poor flowers that were dead, and were to be buried in the garden. The two boys walked in front with their bows slung across their shoulders, and little Ida followed carrying the dead flowers in their pretty coffin. A grave was dug for them in the garden. Ida kissed the flowers once more, then laid the box down in the hollow, and Jonas and Adolph shot arrows over the grave with their crossbows, for they had neither guns nor cannon.

## THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY SWEEP

**H**AVE you ever seen an old wooden cupboard, quite black with age and decorated with carved flourishes and foliage? Just such a cupboard once stood in a living room. It was inherited from great-great-grandmother, and was carved from top to bottom with roses and tulips. There were some of the queerest flourishes imaginable, and among them stuck out little stags' heads with many antlers. But carved right in the center of the cupboard stood a whole man. He certainly was a comical sight. And laugh he did, though it could hardly be called a laugh. It was, rather, a very broad grin.

This man had goat's legs, little horns on his forehead, and a long beard. The children in the room always called him the Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant. That was a hard name to say and there are not many who get that title.

But then, too, the fact that he had been carved out, you see, was quite a distinction. So there he was.

He was always looking over at the table under the mirror, for there stood a lovely little porcelain shepherdess. Her shoes were gilded, and her dress prettily fastened up with a red rose. And she had a golden hat and a shepherd's crook. She really was very lovely! Close by her stood a little chimney sweep, also made of porcelain, but as black as coal. He

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

was just as clean and neat as anybody else, for it was only make-believe that he was a chimney sweep. The porcelain worker could just as well have made a prince out of him, for that was all the same!

There he stood with his ladder, very prettily, and with a face as white and red as any girl's; and that was really a fault for he might well have been just a little bit sooty. He stood quite close to the shepherdess. They had both been placed where they stood, and since they had been put so, they naturally had become engaged. They were suited to each other, they were young, they were made of the same kind of porcelain, and both were equally fragile.

Close by them stood still another figure that was three times as large as they. It was an old Chinaman, who could nod his head. He, too, was porcelain, and he maintained that he was grandfather to the little shepherdess. But that, of course, he could not prove. He insisted that he had authority over her, and for that reason he had nodded to the Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant, who was courting the little shepherdess.

"In him you will find a husband," said the old Chinaman, "a husband that I almost believe is of mahogany. He can make you Mrs. Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant. He has the whole cupboard full of silverware, besides what he keeps in secret places!"

"I will not go into that dark cupboard!" said the little shepherdess. "I have heard it said that he has eleven porcelain wives in there!"



## SHEPHERDESS AND CHIMNEY SWEEP

“Then you can be the twelfth!” said the Chinaman. “Tonight as soon as a snapping and cracking is heard in the old cupboard, you shall be married as sure as I am a Chinaman!” and then he nodded his head and fell asleep.

But the little shepherdess wept and looked at her heart’s best beloved, the porcelain chimney sweep.

“I think I will ask you,” she said, “to take me with you out into the wide world, for here we cannot stay!”

“I want to do everything that you want to do!” said the little chimney sweep. Let us go immediately. I know I can support you with my profession!”

“If we were only safely down off the table!” she said. “I shall not be happy until we are out in the wide world!”

He comforted her and showed her how she should put her little foot on the projecting points and the gilded foliage carved on the table leg. He also used his ladder to help her, and there they were, down on the floor. But when they looked over at the old cupboard there was such a commotion! All the carved stags stuck their heads farther out, raising their antlers and turning their necks. The Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant jumped high in the air, and shouted to the old Chinaman, “They are running away! They are running away!”

That made them a little frightened and they sprang up quickly into the drawer of the window seat.

There lay three or four decks of playing cards, which were not complete, and a little doll-theater, which had been raised up as well as was possible in the drawer. A play was being

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acted, and all the queens, diamonds and hearts, clubs and spades, sat in the first row fanning themselves. Behind them stood all the jacks, each with a head both above and below, just as playing cards have. The play was about a couple who could not have each other, and the shepherdess wept because it was so like her own story.

"I cannot bear to look at this!" she said. "I have to get out of the drawer!" But when they got down on the floor again they saw that the Chinaman was awake and was rocking back and forth with his whole body. You see, down below he was all one solid lump!

"Here comes the old Chinaman!" screamed the shepherdess, and then she fell right down on her fine porcelain knee, she was so unhappy.

"I have an idea!" said the chimney sweep. "Shall we crawl down into that big vase standing in the corner? There we could lie on roses and lavender and throw salt in his eyes when he comes."

"That is not enough!" she answered. "Besides, I know that the Chinaman and the vase have been engaged, and there is always a little kindly feeling left when people have been in such relations with each other! No, there is nothing left to do but to go out into the wide world!"

"Have you really the courage to go with me out into the wide world?" asked the chimney sweep. "Have you considered how great it is, and that we can never come back here again!"

"That I have!" she said.



## SHEPHERDESS AND CHIMNEY SWEEP

The chimney sweep looked straight into her eyes, and then he said, "My way lies through the chimney! Have you really the courage to crawl with me through the stove, through the fire box, and through the stove pipe? Then we get out into the chimney and there I know how to get along. We climb so high that they cannot reach us, and farthest up is a hole that leads out to the wide world!"

Then he led her over to the door of the stove.

"It looks black!" she said, but still she went with him, through the fire box and through the stove pipe, where it was as dark as the blackest night.

"Now we are in the chimney!" he said, "and look! look there! up yonder shines the most beautiful star!"

It was really one of the stars of the sky which was shining down on them as if to show them the way. Up they went. They crept and they crawled; it seemed a fearful distance, up, up, so very far. But he lifted and helped her, supporting her and showing her the best places to put her little porcelain feet. And then at last they reached the very edge of the chimney top. There they seated themselves, for they were really very tired, and well they might be.

The sky with all its stars was above them and all the roofs of the city lay below. They could look far around them out into the wide world. The poor shepherdess had never imagined it to be like that. She laid her little head against the chimney sweep and wept so that the gold cracked off her girdle.

"This is too much!" she said. "I cannot bear it! The world is much too large! If I were only back on the little



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

table below the mirror! I shall never be happy until I am back there again! I have followed you out into the wide world and now you ought to take me home again if you care anything at all for me!"

The chimney sweep talked sensibly to her; spoke about the old Chinaman and about the Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant. But she sobbed so dreadfully and kissed her little chimney sweep so tenderly, that he could not do otherwise than she wished, although it was foolish.

Then, with much difficulty, they crawled down the chimney again and crept through the stove pipe and the fire box — it was not at all pleasant — and there they were in the dark stove. They listened from behind the door to find out how matters stood in the room. It was very quiet. They peeped out — alas, there in the middle of the floor lay the old Chinaman. He had fallen off the table when he started after them, and there he lay, broken into three pieces. His back had come off in one piece, and his head had rolled away into a corner. The Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant stood where he always had, in deep meditation.

"It is terrible!" said the little shepherdess. "Old grandfather is broken to pieces, and it is our fault! I can never survive it!" and she wrung her tiny hands.

"He can still be mended!" said the chimney sweep. "He can be mended very easily and well! Calm yourself! When they glue up his back and put a good rivet in the back

## SHEPERDESS AND CHIMNEY SWEEP

of his head he will be as good as new again and be able to say many disagreeable things to us!”

“Do you think so?” she cried. Then they crept up again on to the table where they had stood before.

“See how far we got!” said the chimney sweep. “We might have saved ourselves all that trouble!”

“If only we had old grandfather riveted!” said the shepherdess. “Can it be so very expensive?”

And he really did get mended. The family had him glued up the back, a good rivet was placed in his neck, and then he was as good as new. But nod he could not.

“You have become quite haughty since you fell and broke to pieces!” said the Billy-Goat-Legs-Major-and-Lieutenant-General-War-Commander-Sergeant. “It does not appear to me to be anything to make so awfully much out of! Am I to have her or am I not to have her?”

Then the chimney sweep and the little shepherdess looked in such a distressed manner at the old Chinaman! They were afraid that he would nod, but that you know he could not do. And, besides, he found it unpleasant to tell a stranger that he had a rivet in the back of his neck. So the young porcelain people remained together and blessed grandfather’s rivet and loved one another till they broke.

## THE SNAIL AND THE ROSEBUSH

**A**ROUND a garden was a hedge of hazel bushes, and beyond that were broad fields and meadows with cows and sheep. But in the middle of the garden stood a rosebush in bloom, and under it lay a snail, who thought he had a great deal within him, since he had himself.

“Wait till my time comes,” he said; “I shall accomplish something more than to yield roses, or to bear hazelnuts, or to give milk as the cows and sheep do.”

“I expect a great deal from you,” said the rosebush. “May I ask, when it will appear?”

“I shall take my time about it,” said the snail. “But you are always in such great haste! And that never arouses curiosity or suspense as to what to expect.”

The following year the snail lay in about the same spot in the sunshine under the rosebush, which put forth its buds and unfolded its flowers, always fresh, always new. And the snail crept half out of its shell, stretched out its feelers, and then drew them back again.

“Everything looks just as it did last year. There has been no progress anywhere. The rosebush keeps to its roses, and beyond that it will never get!”

The summer passed, the autumn passed, and the rosebush yielded roses and buds steadily until the first snow fell. The weather became cold and raw; the rosebush bent down toward



## THE SNAIL AND THE ROSEBUSH

the ground, and the snail crept into the earth. Then a new year commenced; the roses bloomed anew, and the snail came forth.

“You are an old rosebush now,” it said. “It is about time you were withering away. You have given the world all that was in you. Whether that has been of any importance or not, is a question I have no time to think about. But one thing is plainly evident, you have not done the least for your own development; otherwise something very different would have come of you. Can you say anything in your own defense? You will soon be nothing more than a bare stick! Can you understand what I am saying?”

“You terrify me,” said the rosebush. “I had never thought of that.”

“No; it seems that you have never been much given to thinking! Have you never discovered or explained to yourself why you blossomed, and in what way the blossoming came about? just so, and not in some other way?”

“No!” said the rosebush. “I bloomed in gladness, for I could not do otherwise, the sun was so warm and the air so refreshing. I drank of the clear dew, and of the heavy rain; I breathed, I lived! From the ground a strength rose up within me, from above a strength came down to me. I felt a happiness, always new, always great, and therefore I always had to put forth buds and flowers. That was my life. I could not do otherwise!”

“You have led a very easy life,” said the snail.

“Yes, you are right. Everything was given to me,” said

## ANDERSEN FAIRY TALES

the rosebush; "but still more was given to you! You are one of those deep, meditative natures, one of the highly gifted that will astonish the world."

"I have no such design at all," said the snail. "The world is nothing to me! I have enough to do with myself, and I have enough in myself."

"But should not all of us here on earth give to others the best that is in us, bring what we can? Yes, it is true, I have given only roses! But you? You, who received so much, what have you given to the world? What will you give to it?"

"What have I given? What will I give? I spit upon it! It is worthless! It is nothing to me! Bear your roses; beyond that you cannot go! Let the hazel bush bear nuts! Let the cows and sheep give milk! They have each of them their public; I have mine within myself. I am going into myself, and there I shall stay. The world is nothing to me!" And forthwith the snail went into his house, and closed it up.

"How sad it is!" said the rosebush. "However much I might desire it, I cannot creep into myself. I must always spring forth, spring forth into roses. The petals fall, and the wind carries them away! But I saw one of my roses laid in the housewife's psalm book; one of my roses found a place on the breast of a young and beautiful girl, and another was kissed in joy by the lips of a child. It did so much good; it was a true blessing. That is my memory, my life!"

And the rosebush blossomed on in innocence, and the snail idled away in his house; the world was nothing to him.

And years rolled by.

## THE SNAIL AND THE ROSEBUSH

The snail was dust in the dust; the rosebush was earth in the earth. The rose of remembrance in the psalm book had fallen to dust — but in the garden bloomed new rosebushes, in the garden grew other snails. They crept into their houses, spat contemptuously — the world was nothing to them.



## THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

**T**HERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were brothers, for they had all been cast from an old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets and looked straight before them; and their uniforms were splendid in red and blue. The first thing they heard in the world, when the lid was taken off the box in which they lay, were the words "Tin Soldiers!" shouted by a little boy, as he clapped his hands in glee. The soldiers had been given to him on his birthday, and now he joyfully set them out on the table. Each soldier was exactly like every other, except one, and he had but one leg. He had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him, but he stood as firm on his one leg as the others on their two; and he is the very one that became remarkable.

On the table on which the soldiers had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a delightful castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could look straight into the rooms. Before the castle stood a number of little trees, round a little looking-glass which was to represent a lake. Wax swans swam on this lake and were mirrored in it. All this was very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady who stood in the open doorway of the castle. She, too, was cut out of paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue

## THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

ribbon, that looked like a scarf, over her shoulders; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as large as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and she lifted one leg so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one.

“That would be just the wife for me!” thought he; “but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, while I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us about that. It is no place for her! But still I must try and make her acquaintance!”

Then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which stood on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

Along in the evening all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at “visiting,” and at “war,” and at “having dances.” The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join the fun; but they could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the slate; there was so much noise that the canary awoke, and began to take part in the conversation, and that in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the tin soldier and the dancing lady; she stood straight up on the points of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; he was equally steady on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her a single moment.

The clock struck twelve—and, pop! the lid flew off the

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

snuff-box. There was no snuff in it, oh, no! but there was a little black goblin. It was a jack-in-the-box, you see.

“Tin soldier!” said the goblin. “Keep your eyes to yourself, will you!”

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear him.

“Just you wait till tomorrow!” said the goblin.

When morning came and the children were out of bed, the tin soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the goblin or a draft that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the soldier fell head over heels down from the third story. That was a terrible fall! His leg stuck straight up in the air, and thus he remained standing, with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant girl and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the soldier had shouted, “Here I am!” they would surely have found him; but he did not think it fitting that a soldier dressed in full uniform as he was should cry out loudly.

It now began to rain; the drops fell faster and faster, and soon it was streaming down. When the shower was over, two street boys came by.

“Look!” said one of them, “there lies a tin soldier. He must have a boat ride.”

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, put the tin soldier in the middle of it, and away he sailed down the gutter. The two boys ran along beside him and clapped their hands. How the waves rose in that gutter and what a current!



## THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

You see it had been a very heavy shower. The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes spun round so quickly that the tin soldier trembled; but he didn't move, and never changed countenance; he looked straight before him, holding his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as it had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, it is all the goblin's fault! Ah! If the little lady were only sitting here in the boat with me, it might be twice as dark for all I care."

Just then a great water rat, which lived in the drain, came up to the boat.

"Have you a passport?" asked the rat. "Out with your passport!"

But the tin soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat rushed on, and the rat after it. My! how he gnashed his teeth, and shouted to the straws and bits of wood:

"Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the current ran faster and faster. The tin soldier could already see the bright daylight where the drain ended; but he heard a terrible roaring noise that was indeed enough to frighten the bravest of men. Just think, where the tunnel ended, the drain dropped into a great canal; and for him that was as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

He was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat rushed out, the poor tin soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he had as much as blinked. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge. It would surely sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, the boat sank deeper and deeper, the paper grew more and more limp. Then the water closed over the soldier's head. He thought of the pretty little dancer, and that he would never see her again; and in the soldier's ears rang the song:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,  
For thou must die this day!

Then the paper boat went to pieces, and the tin soldier fell through; but at that moment he was swallowed up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was! It was worse even than in the drain; and it was very narrow, too. But the tin soldier remained calm, and lay at full length, gripping his musket.

The fish rushed about, making the most fearful movements, and then became quite still. After a long time something suddenly flashed through it like a gleam of lightning. It was now quite light, and a voice exclaimed loudly, "The Tin Soldier!"

The fish had been caught, carried to market, and sold. It had been taken into the kitchen, where the cook had cut it open with a large knife. She seized the soldier round the body with two fingers, and carried him into the living room.

## THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

All were anxious to see the remarkable man that had traveled about inside of a fish; but the tin soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and there — what curious things may happen in this world! The tin soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table; there was the pretty castle with the graceful little dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other high in the air. She, too, remained steadfast. That moved the tin soldier; he was very near weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her and she looked at him, but they said nothing.

Just then one of the little boys took the tin soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason at all for doing this. It must have been the fault of the goblin in the snuff-box.

The tin soldier stood there in the bright glow, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from the love within him he did not know. His colors had vanished; but whether that had happened on the journey or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, a draft of air caught the dancer, and she flew like a sylph right into the stove to the tin soldier; she flashed up in a flame, and was gone. Then the tin soldier melted into a lump; and next day, when the servant-maid took out the ashes, she found



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him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the dancer nothing remained except the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

## THE DAISY

**L**ISTEN to my story!

In the country, close by the roadside, there stands a summer-house — you must certainly have seen it. In front is a little garden full of flowers, enclosed by white palings; and on a bank outside the palings there grew, amidst the freshest green grass, a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon the daisy as upon the splendid large flowers within the garden, and therefore it grew hourly, so that one morning it stood fully open, with its delicate white gleaming leaves, which, like rays, surrounded the little yellow sun in their center.

It never occurred to the little flower that no one saw her, hidden as she was among the grass; she was quite contented: she turned towards the warm sun, looked at it, and listened to the lark who was singing in the air.

The daisy was as happy as if it were the day of some high festival, and yet it was only Monday. The children were at school; and whilst they sat upon their forms, and learned their lessons, the little flower upon her green stalk learned from the warm sun, and everything around her, how good God is. Meanwhile the little lark expressed clearly and beautifully all she felt in silence! And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird who could fly and sing; it did not distress her that she could not do the

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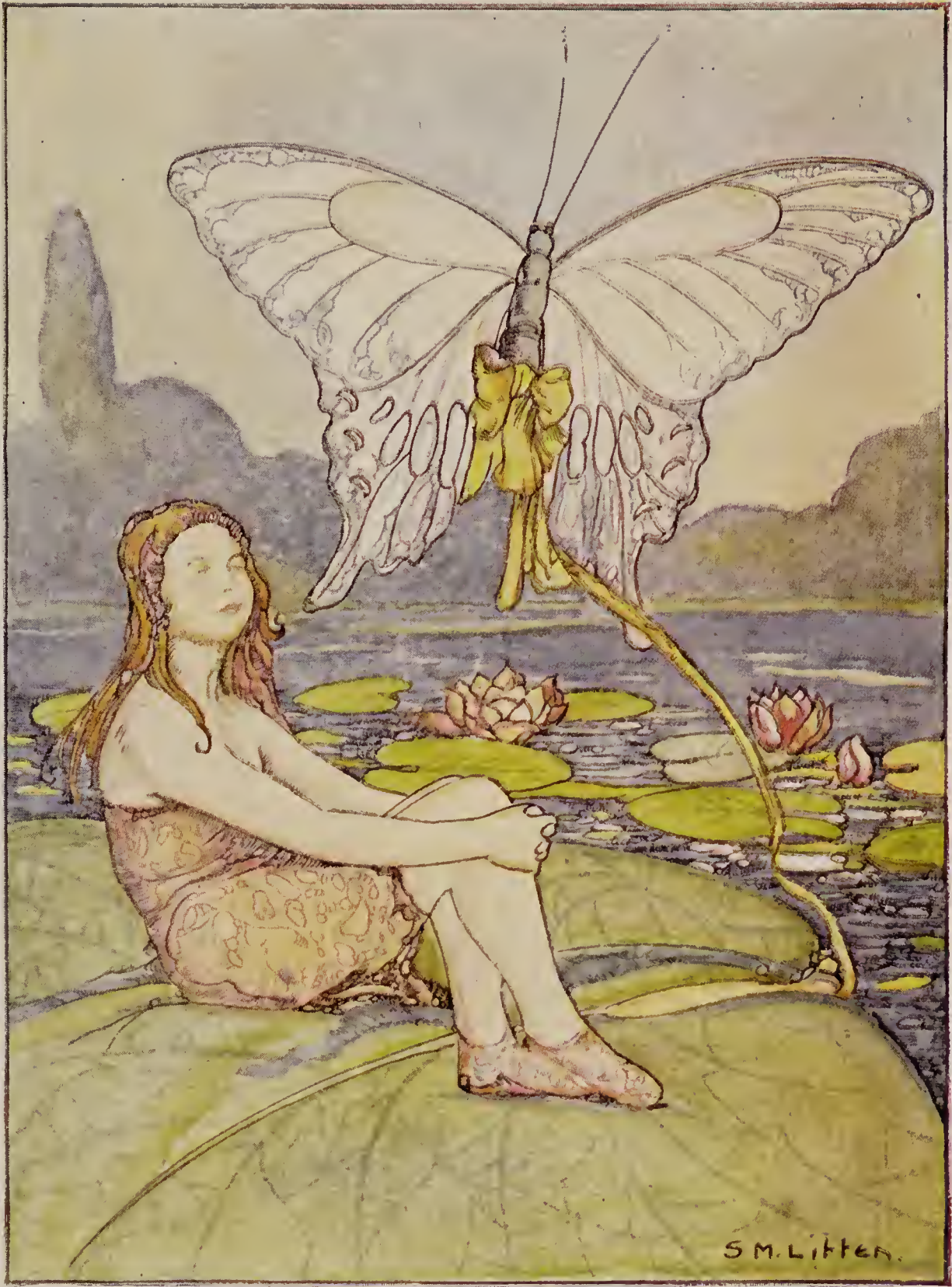
same. "I can see and listen," thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the wind kisses me. Oh! how richly am I blessed."

There stood within the palings several grand stiff-looking flowers; the less fragrance they had the more airs they gave themselves. The peonies puffed themselves out, in order to make themselves larger than the roses. The tulips had the gayest colors of all; they were perfectly aware of it, and held themselves as straight as a candle, that they might be the better seen. They took no notice at all of the little flower outside the palings; but she looked all the more upon them, thinking, "How rich and beautiful they are! Yes, that noble bird will surely fly down and visit them. How happy am I, who live so near them, and can see their beauty!" Just at that moment, "Quirrevit!" the lark did fly down, but he came not to the peonies or the tulips: no, he flew down to the poor little daisy in the grass, who was almost frightened from pure joy, and knew not what to think, she was so surprised.

The little bird hopped about, and sang, "Oh, how soft is this grass! and what a sweet little flower blooms here, with its golden heart and silver garment!" for the yellow center of the daisy looked just like gold, and the little petals around gleamed silver white.

How happy the little daisy was! no one can imagine how happy. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue sky. It was a full quarter of an hour ere the flower recovered herself. Half ashamed, and yet completely happy, she looked at the flowers in the garden; they must certainly be aware of the honor and happiness that







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had been conferred upon her, they must know how delighted she was. But the tulips held themselves twice as stiff as before, and their faces grew quite red with anger. As to the thick-headed peonies, it was, indeed, well that they could not speak, or the little daisy would have heard something not very pleasant. The poor little flower could see well that they were in an ill-humor, and she was much grieved at it. Soon after, a girl came into the garden with a knife sharp and bright; she went up to the tulips and cut off one after another. "Ugh! that is horrible," sighed the daisy; "it is now all over with them." The girl then went away with the tulips. How glad was the daisy that she grew in the grass outside the palings, and was a despised little flower! She felt really thankful; and when the sun set, she folded her leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed all night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

The next morning, when our little flower, fresh and cheerful, again spread out all her white leaves in the bright sunshine and clear blue air, she heard the voice of the bird; but he sang so mournfully. Alas! the poor lark had good reason for sorrow, he had been caught, and put into a cage close by the open window. He sang of the joys of a free and unrestrained flight; he sang of the young green corn in the fields, and of the pleasure of being borne up by his wings in the open air. The poor bird was certainly very unhappy — he sat a prisoner in his narrow cage!

The little daisy would so willingly have helped him, but how could she? Ah, that she knew not: she quite forgot how



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beautiful was all around her, how warmly the sun shone, how pretty and white were her leaves. Alas! she could only think of the imprisoned bird — who it was not in her power to help.

All at once two little boys came out of the garden; one of them had a knife in his hand, as large and as sharp as that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They went up straight to the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

“Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,” said one of the boys; and he began to cut deep all round the daisy, leaving her in the center.

“Tear out the flower,” said the other boy; and the little daisy trembled all over for fear; for she knew that if she were torn out she would die, and she wished so much to live, as she was to be put into the cage with the imprisoned lark.

“No, leave it alone!” said the first, “it looks so pretty”; and so she was let alone, and was put into the lark’s cage.

But the poor bird loudly lamented the loss of his freedom, and beat his wings against the iron bars of his cage; and the little flower could not speak — could not say a single word of comfort to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole morning.

“There is no water here!” sang the captive lark; “they have all gone out and forgotten me; not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! there is fire and ice within me, and the air is so heavy! Alas! I must die; I must leave the warm sunshine, the fresh green trees, and all the beautiful things which God has created!” And then he

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pierced his beak into the cool grass, in order to refresh himself a little — and his eye fell upon the daisy, and the bird bowed to her, and said, “Thou, too, wilt wither here, thou poor little flower! They have given me thee, and the piece of green around thee, instead of the whole world which I possessed before! Every little blade of grass is to be to me a green tree, thy every white petal a fragrant flower! Alas! thou only remindest me of what I have lost.”

“Oh! that I could comfort him!” thought the daisy; but she could not move a single petal; yet the fragrance which came from her delicate blossom was stronger than is usual with this flower; the bird noticed it, and although, panting with thirst, he tore the green blades in very anguish, he did not touch the flower.

It was evening, and yet no one came to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his slender wings, and shook them convulsively; his song was a mournful wail; his little head bent towards the flower, and the bird’s heart broke from thirst and desire. The flower could not now, as on the preceding evening, fold together her leaves and sleep: sad and sick, she drooped to the ground.

The boys did not come till the next morning; and when they saw the bird was dead, they wept bitterly. They dug a pretty grave, which they adorned with flower-petals; the bird’s corpse was put into a pretty red box; royally was the poor bird buried! Whilst he yet lived and sang they forgot him — left him suffering in his cage — and now he was highly honored and bitterly bewailed.

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

But the piece of turf with the daisy in it was thrown out into the street: no one thought of her who had felt most for the little bird, and who had so much wished to comfort him!



## FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL

**T**HERE were five peas in one shell: they were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green; and that was just as it should be. The shell grew and the peas grew; they accommodated themselves to circumstances, sitting all in a row. The sun shone without, and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and transparent. It was mild and agreeable in the bright day and in the dark night, just as it should be, and the peas as they sat there became bigger and bigger, and more and more thoughtful, for something they must do.

“Are we to sit here everlastingly?” asked one. “I’m afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside — I have a kind of inkling of it.”

And weeks went by. The peas became yellow, and the pod also.

“All the world’s turning yellow,” said they; and they had a right to say it.

Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. The shell was torn off, passed through human hands, and glided down into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

“Now we shall soon be opened!” they said; and that is just what they were waiting for.

“I should like to know who of us will get farthest!” said

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the smallest of the five. "Yes, now it will soon show itself."

"What is to be will be," said the biggest.

"Crack!" the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter; and he put one in directly and shot it out.

"Now, I'm flying out into the wide world, catch me if you can!" And he was gone.

"I," said the second, "I shall fly straight into the sun. That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

"We'll go to sleep wherever we arrive," said the two next, "but we shall roll on all the same." And they certainly rolled and tumbled down on the ground before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," said the last, as he was shot forth out of the pea-shooter; and he flew up against the old board under the garret window, just into a crack which was filled up with moss and soft mould; and the moss closed round him; there he lay a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by provident nature.

"What is to happen will happen," said he.

Within, in the little garret, lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, chop wood small, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong and industrious too. But she always remained poor; and at

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home in the garret lay her half-grown only daughter, who was very delicate and weak: for a whole year she had kept her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

“She is going to her little sister,” the woman said. “I had only the two children, and it was not an easy thing to provide for both, but the good God provided for one of them by taking her home to himself; now I should be glad to keep the other that was left me; but I suppose they are not to remain separated, and my sick girl will go to her sister in heaven.”

But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long, while her mother went to earn money out of doors. It was spring, and early in the morning, just as the mother was about to go out to work, the sun shone mildly and pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor; and the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane in the window.

“What may that green thing be that looks in at the window? It is moving in the wind.”

And the mother stepped to the window, and half opened it. “Oh!” said she, “on my word, that is a little pea which has taken root here, and is putting out its little leaves. How can it have got into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself.”

And the sick girl’s bed was moved nearer to the window, so that she could always see the growing pea; and the mother went forth to her work.

“Mother, I think I shall get well,” said the sick child in



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the evening. "The sun shone in upon me today delightfully warm. The little pea is prospering famously, and I shall prosper too, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine."

"God grant it," said the mother, but she did not believe it would be so; but she took care to prop with a little stick the green plant which had given her daughter the pleasant thoughts of life, so that it might not be broken by the wind. She tied a piece of string to the window-sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea might have something round which it could twine, when it shot up; and it did shoot up, indeed — one could see how it grew every day.

"Really, here is a flower coming!" said the woman, one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her sick daughter would recover. She remembered that lately the child had spoken much more cheerfully than before, that in the last few days she had risen up in bed of her own accord, and had sat upright, looking with delighted eyes at the little garden in which only one plant grew. A week afterward the invalid for the first time sat up for a whole hour. Quite happy, she sat there in the warm sunshine: the window was opened, and outside before it stood a pink pea blossom, fully blown. The sick girl bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was like a festival.

"The Heavenly Father himself has planted that pea, and caused it to prosper, to be a joy to you, and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been a good angel.

But about the other peas? Why, the one who flew out

## FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL

into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into the gutter on the roof, and found a home in a pigeon's crop; the two lazy ones got just as far, for they, too, were eaten up by pigeons, and thus, at any rate, they were of some real use; but the fourth, who wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and there he lay in the dirty water for weeks and weeks, and swelled prodigiously.

"How beautifully fat I'm growing!" said the pea. "I shall burst at last; and I don't think any pea can do more than that. I'm the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell."

And the sink said he was right.

But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the roseate hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked Heaven for it.

"I," said the sink, "stand up for my own pea."

## THE FIR TREE

**F**AR away in the deep forest there once grew a pretty fir tree; the situation was delightful, the sun shone full upon him, the breeze played freely around him, and in the neighborhood grew many companion fir trees, some older, some younger. But the little fir tree was not happy: he was always longing to be tall; he thought not of the warm sun and the fresh air; he cared not for the merry, prattling peasant children who came to the forest to look for strawberries and raspberries. Except, indeed, sometimes, when after having filled their pitchers, or threaded the bright berries on a straw, they would sit down near the little fir tree, and say, "What a pretty little tree this is!" and then the fir tree would feel very much vexed.

Year by year he grew, a long green shoot sent he forth every year; for you may always tell how many years a fir tree has lived by counting the number of joints in its stem.

"Oh, that I was as tall as the others are," sighed the little tree, "then I should spread out my branches so far, and my crown should look out over the wide world around! the birds would build their nests among my branches, and when the wind blew I should bend my head so grandly, just as the others do!"

He had no pleasure in the sunshine, in the song of the



## THE FIR TREE

birds, or in the red clouds that sailed over him every morning and evening.

In the winter time, when the ground was covered with the white, glistening snow, there was a hare that would come continually scampering about, and jumping right over the little tree's head — and that was most provoking! However, two winters passed away, and by the third the tree was so tall that the hare was obliged to run round it. "Oh! to grow, to grow, to become tall and old, that is the only thing in the world worth living for;" — so thought the tree.

The wood cutters came in the autumn and felled some among the largest of the trees; this happened every year, and our young fir, who was by this time a tolerable height, shuddered when he saw those grand, magnificent trees fall with a tremendous crash, crackling to the earth: their boughs were then all cut off. Terribly naked, and lanky, and long did the stems look after this — they could hardly be recognized. They were laid one upon another in wagons, and horses drew them away, far, far away, from the forest. Where could they be going? What might be their fortunes?

So next spring, when the swallows and the storks had returned from abroad, the tree asked them, saying, "Know you not whither they are taken? have you not met them?"

The swallows knew nothing about the matter, but the stork looked thoughtful for a moment, then nodded his head, and said: "Yes, I believe I have seen them! As I was flying from Egypt to this place I met several ships; those ships had splendid masts. I have little doubt that they were the trees

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

that you speak of; they smelled like fir wood. I may congratulate you, for they sailed gloriously, quite gloriously!”

“Oh, that I, too, were tall enough to sail upon the sea! Tell me what it is, this sea, and what it looks like.”

“Thank you, it would take too long, a great deal!” said the stork, and away he stalked.

“Rejoice in thy youth!” said the sunbeams; “rejoice in thy luxuriant youth, in the fresh life that is within thee!”

And the wind kissed the tree, and the dew wept tears over him, but the fir tree understood them not.

When Christmas approached, many quite young trees were felled — trees which were some of them not so tall or of just the same height as the young restless fir tree who was always longing to be away. These young trees were chosen from the most beautiful, their branches were not cut off, they were laid in a wagon, and horses drew them away, far, far away, from the forest.

“Where are they going?” asked the fir tree. “They are not larger than I am; indeed, one of them was much less. Why do they keep all their branches? Where can they be gone?”

“We know! we know!” twittered the sparrows. “We peeped in through the windows of the town below! we know where they are gone! Oh, you cannot think what honor and glory they receive! We looked through the window-panes and saw them planted in a warm room, and decked out with such beautiful things — gilded apples, sweetmeats, playthings, and hundreds of bright candles!”



## THE FIR TREE

“And then?” asked the fir tree, trembling in every bough; “and then? what happened then?”

“Oh, we saw no more. That was beautiful, beautiful beyond compare!”

“Is this glorious lot destined to be mine?” cried the fir tree, with delight. “This is far better than sailing over the sea. How I long for the time! Oh, that Christmas were come! I am now tall and full of branches, like the others which last year were carried away. Oh, that I were even now in the wagon! that I were in the warm room, honored and adorned! and then — yes, then, something still better must happen, else why should they take the trouble to decorate me? it must be that something still greater, still more splendid, must happen — but what? Oh, I suffer, I suffer with longing! I know not what it is that I feel!”

“Rejoice in our love!” said the air and the sunshine. “Rejoice in thy youth and thy freedom!”

But rejoice he never would: he grew and grew, in winter as in summer; he stood there clothed in green, dark green foliage; the people that saw him said, “That is a beautiful tree!” and, next Christmas, he was the first that was felled. The axe struck sharply through the wood, the tree fell to the earth with a heavy groan; he suffered an agony, a faintness, that he had never expected. He quite forgot to think of his good fortune, he felt such sorrow at being compelled to leave his home, the place whence he had sprung; he knew that he should never see again those dear old comrades, or the little bushes and flowers that had flourished under his shadow,



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perhaps not even the birds. Neither did he find the journey by any means pleasant.

The tree first came to himself when, in the courtyard to which he first was taken with the other trees, he heard a man say, "This is a splendid one, the very thing we want!"

Then came two smartly dressed servants, and carried the fir tree into a large and handsome saloon. Pictures hung on the walls, and on the mantel-piece stood large Chinese vases with lions on the lids; there were rocking-chairs, silken sofas, tables covered with picture-books, and toys that had cost a hundred [times a hundred dollars — at least so said the children. And the fir tree was planted in a large cask filled with sand, but no one could know that it was a cask, for it was hung with green cloth and placed upon a carpet woven of many gay colors. Oh, how the tree trembled! What was to happen next? A young lady, assisted by the servants, now began to adorn him.

Upon some branches they hung little nets cut out of colored paper, every net filled with sugar-plums; from others gilded apples and walnuts were suspended, looking just as if they had grown there; and more than a hundred little wax tapers, red, blue, and white, were placed here and there among the boughs. Dolls, that looked almost like men and women, — the tree had never seen such things before — seemed dancing to and fro among the leaves, and highest, on the summit, was fastened a large star of gold tinsel; this was, indeed, splendid, splendid beyond compare! "This evening," they said, "this evening it will be lighted up."

## THE FIR TREE

“Would that it were evening!” thought the tree. “Would that the lights were kindled, for then — what will happen then? Will the trees come out of the forest to see me? Will the sparrows fly here and look in through the windowpanes? Shall I stand here adorned both winter and summer?”

He thought much of it; he thought till he had bark ache with longing, and bark aches with trees are as bad as headaches with us. The candles were lighted — oh, what a blaze of splendor! The tree trembled in all his branches, so that one of them caught fire. “Oh, dear!” cried the young lady, and it was extinguished in great haste.

So the tree dared not tremble again; he was so fearful of losing something of his splendor, he felt almost bewildered in the midst of all this glory and brightness. And now, all of a sudden, both folding doors were flung open, and a troop of children rushed in as if they had a mind to jump over him. The older people followed more quietly; the little ones stood quite silent, but only for a moment! Then their jubilee burst forth afresh; they shouted till the walls re-echoed, they danced round the tree; one present after another was torn down.

“What are they doing?” thought the tree; “what will happen now!” And the candles burned down to the branches, so they were extinguished — and the children were given leave to plunder the tree. They rushed upon him in such riot that the boughs all crackled; had not his summit been festooned with the gold star to the ceiling he would have been overturned.

The children danced and played about with their beautiful



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

playthings; no one thought any more of the tree except the old nurse, who came and peeped among the boughs, but it was only to see whether perchance a fig or an apple had not been left among them.

“A story, a story!” cried the children, pulling a short, thick man towards the tree. He sat down, saying, “It is pleasant to sit under the shade of green boughs; besides, the tree may be benefited by hearing my story. But I shall only tell you one. Would you like to hear about Ivedy Avedy, or about Humpty Dumpty, who fell downstairs, and yet came to the throne and won the princess?”

“Ivedy Avedy!” cried some; “Humpty Dumpty!” cried others; there was a famous uproar; the fir tree alone was silent, thinking to himself, “Ought I to make a noise as they do? or ought I to do nothing at all?” for he most certainly was one of the company, and had done all that had been asked of him.

And the short, thick man told the story of Humpty Dumpty, who fell downstairs, and yet came to the throne and won the princess. And the children clapped their hands and called out for another; they wanted to hear the story of Ivedy Avedy also, but they did not get it. The fir tree stood meanwhile quite silent and thoughtful — the birds in the forest had never related anything like this. “Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and yet was raised to the throne and won the princess! Yes, yes, strange things come to pass in the world!” thought the fir tree, who believed it must all be true, because such a pleasant man had related it. “Ah,



## THE FIR TREE

ah! who knows but I may fall downstairs and win a princess?" And he rejoiced in the expectation of being next day again decked out with candles and playthings, gold and fruit.

"Tomorrow I will not tremble," thought he. "I will rejoice in my magnificence. Tomorrow I shall again hear the story of Humpty Dumpty, and perhaps that about Ivedy Avedy likewise." And the tree mused thereupon all night.

In the morning the maids came in.

"Now begins my state anew!" thought the tree. But they dragged him out of the room, up the stairs, and into an attic chamber, and there thrust him into a dark corner, where not a ray of light could penetrate. "What can be the meaning of this?" thought the tree. "What am I to do here? What shall I hear in this place?" And he leant against the wall, and thought, and thought. And plenty of time he had for thinking it over, for day after day, and night after night, passed away, and yet no one ever came into the room. At last somebody did come in, but it was only to push into the corner some old trunks; the tree was now entirely hidden from sight, and apparently entirely forgotten.

"It is now winter," thought the tree. "The ground is hard and covered with snow; they cannot plant me now, so I am to stay here in shelter till the spring. Men are so clever and prudent! I only wish it were not so dark and so dreadfully lonely! Not even a little hare! Oh, how pleasant it was in the forest, when the snow lay on the ground and the hare scampered about — yes, even when he jumped over my head, though I did not like it then. It is so terribly lonely here."

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"Squeak, squeak!" cried a little mouse, just then gliding forward. Another followed; they snuffed about the fir tree, and then slipped in and out among the branches.

"It is horribly cold!" said the little mice. "Otherwise it is very comfortable here. Don't you think so, you old fir tree?"

"I am not old," said the fir tree; "there are many who are much older than I am."

"How came you here?" asked the mice, "and what do you know?" They were most uncommonly curious. "Tell us about the most delightful place on earth. Have you ever been there? Have you been into the storeroom, where cheeses lie on the shelves, and bacon hangs from the ceiling; where one can dance over tallow candles; where one goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I know nothing about that," said the tree, "but I know the forest, where the sun shines and where the birds sing!" and then he spoke of his youth and its pleasures. The little mice had never heard anything like it before; they listened so attentively and said, "Well, to be sure! how much you have seen! how happy you have been!"

"Happy!" repeated the fir tree, in surprise, and he thought a moment over all that he had been saying — "Yes, on the whole, those were pleasant times!" He then told them about the Christmas eve, when he had been decked out with cakes and candles.

"Oh!" cried the little mice, "how happy you have been, you old fir tree!"

"I am not old at all!" returned the fir; "it is only this



## THE FIR TREE

winter that I have left the forest; I am just in the prime of life!”

“How well you can talk!” said the little mice; and the next night they came again, and brought with them four other little mice, who wanted also to hear the tree’s history; and the more the tree spoke of his youth in the forest, the more vividly he remembered it, and said, “Yes, those were pleasant times! but they may come again, they may come again! Humpty Dumpty fell downstairs, and for all that he won the princess; perhaps I, too, may win a princess”; and then the fir tree thought of a pretty little delicate birch tree that grew in the forest — a real princess, a very lovely princess, was she to the fir tree.

“Who is this Humpty Dumpty?” asked the little mice. Whereupon he related the tale; he could remember every word of it perfectly: and the little mice were ready to jump to the top of the tree for joy. The night following several more mice came, and on Sunday came also two rats; they, however, declared that the story was not at all amusing, which much vexed the little mice, who, after hearing their opinion, could not like it so well either.

“Do you know only that one story?” asked the rats.

“Only that one!” answered the tree; “I heard it on the happiest evening of my life, though I did not then know how happy I was.”

“It is a miserable story! Do you know none about pork and tallow? — no storeroom story?”

“No,” said the tree.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

“Well, then, we have heard enough of it!” returned the rats, and they went their ways.

The little mice, too, never came again. The tree sighed. “It was pleasant when they sat round me, those busy little mice, listening to my words. Now that, too, is all past! however, I shall have pleasure in remembering it, when I am taken away from this place.”

But when would that be? One morning, people came and routed out the lumber room; the trunks were taken away, the tree, too, was dragged out of the corner; they threw him carelessly on the floor, but one of the servants picked him up and carried him downstairs. Once more he beheld the light of day.

“Now life begins again!” thought the tree; he felt the fresh air, the warm sunbeams — he was out in the court. All happened so quickly that the tree quite forgot to look at himself — there was so much to look at all around. The court joined a garden; everything was so fresh and blooming, the roses clustered so bright and so fragrant round the trellis-work, the lime trees were in full blossom, and the swallows flew backwards and forwards, twittering, “Quirri-virri-vit, my beloved is come!” but it was not the fir tree whom they meant.

“I shall live! I shall live!” He was filled with delightful hope; he tried to spread out his branches, but, alas! they were all dried up and yellow. He was thrown down upon a heap of weeds and nettles. The star of gold tinsel that had been left fixed on his crown now sparkled brightly in the sunshine.

Some merry children were playing in the court, the same

## THE FIR TREE

who at Christmas time had danced round the tree. One of the youngest now perceived the gold star, and ran to tear it off.

“Look at it, still fastened to the ugly old Christmas tree!” cried he, trampling upon the boughs till they broke under his boots.

And the tree looked on all the flowers of the garden now blooming in the freshness of their beauty; he looked upon himself, and he wished from his heart that he had been left to wither alone in the dark corner of the lumber room: he called to mind his happy forest life, the merry Christmas eve, and the little mice who had listened so eagerly when he related the story of Humpty Dumpty.

“Past, all past!” said the poor tree. “Had I but been happy, as I might have been! Past, all past!”

And the servant came and broke the tree into small pieces, heaped them up and set fire to them. And the tree groaned deeply, and every groan sounded like a little shot; the children all ran up to the place and jumped about in front of the blaze, looking into it and crying, “Piff, piff!” But at each of those heavy groans the fir tree thought of a bright summer’s day, or a starry winter’s night in the forest, of Christmas eve, or of Humpty Dumpty, the only story that he knew and could relate. And at last the tree was burned.

The boys played about in the court; on the bosom of the youngest sparkled the gold star that the tree had worn on the happiest evening of his life; but that was past, and the tree was past, and the story also, past! past! for all stories must come to an end, some time or other.



## THE ELF-HILL

SOME lizards were nimbly running in and out of the clefts in an old tree. They understood each other very well, for they all spoke lizard language.

“What a rumbling and grumbling is going on inside the old elf-hill,” said one of the lizards. “I have not closed my eyes for the last two nights for the noise. I might just as well be having toothache, for all the sleep I get!”

“There is something up inside,” said the other lizard. “They propped up the top of the hill on four red posts till cockcrow this morning, to air it out thoroughly; and the elf-maidens had been learning some new dancing steps, which they are always practicing. There certainly must be something going on.”

“Yes, I was talking to an earthworm of my acquaintance about it,” said the third lizard. “He came straight up out of the hill, where he had been boring into the earth for days and nights. He had heard a good deal, for the miserable creature can’t see, but it can feel its way, and plays the part of eavesdropper to perfection. They are expecting visitors in the elf-hill, grand visitors; but who they are the earthworm refused to say or perhaps he did not know. All the will-o’-the-wisps are ordered for a procession of torches, as it is called; and the silver and gold plate, of which there is any amount in the hill, is all being polished up and put out in the moonlight.”



## THE ELF-HILL

“Whoever can the strangers be?” said all the lizards together.

“What on earth is happening? Hark! what a humming and buzzing.”

At this moment the elf-hill opened, and an elderly elf-maiden tripped out. She was hollow behind, but otherwise quite attractively dressed. She was the old elf-king’s house-keeper, and a distant relative. She wore an amber heart upon her forehead. She moved her legs at a great pace, “trip, trip.” Good heavens! how fast she tripped over the ground; she went right down to the night-jar in the swamp.

“You are invited to the elf-hill for tonight,” said she to him. “But will you be so kind as to charge yourself with the other invitations. You must make yourself useful in other ways, as you don’t keep house yourself. We are going to have some very distinguished visitors, goblins, who always have something to say, and so the old elf-king means to show what he can do.”

“Who is to be invited?” asked the night-jar.

“Well, everybody may come to the big ball, even human beings, if they can only talk in their sleep, or do something else after our fashion. But the choice is to be strictly limited for the grand feast. We will only have the most distinguished people. I have had a battle with the elf-king about it; because I hold that we mustn’t even include ghosts. The merman and his daughters must be invited first. I don’t suppose they care much about coming on dry land, but I shall see that they each have a wet stone to sit on, or something better; so

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

I expect they won't decline this time. All the old demons of the first class, with tails, the river-god, and the wood-sprites. And then I don't think we can pass over the grave-pig, the hell-horse, and the church-grim, although they belong to the clergy, who are not of our people; but that is merely on account of their office, and they are closely connected with us, and visit us very frequently."

"Croak," said the night-jar, and he flew off to issue the invitations.

The elf-maidens had already begun to dance, and they danced a scarf dance, with scarfs woven of mist and moonshine; these have a lovely effect to those who care for that kind of thing. The great hall in the middle of the elf-hill had been thoroughly polished up for the occasion. The floor was washed with moonshine, and the walls were rubbed over with witches' fat, and this made them shine with many colors, like a tulip petal. The kitchen was full of frogs on spits, stuffed snake skins, and salads of toadstool spawn, mouse snouts and hemlock. Then there was beer brewed by the marsh witch, and sparkling saltpeter wine from the vaults—everything of the best, and rusty nails and church window-panes among the kickshaws.

The old elf-king had his golden crown polished with pounded slate pencil, and it was a head boy's slate pencil too, and they are not so easy to get. They hung up fresh curtains in the bedroom, and fixed them with the slime of snails. Yes, indeed, there was a humming and a buzzing.



## THE ELF-HILL

“Now we will fumigate with horsehair and pig’s bristles, and then I can do no more!” said the old elf-servant.

“Dear father! ’ said the youngest of the daughters, “are you not going to tell me who these grand strangers are?”

“Well, well,” he said, “I suppose I must tell you now. Two of my daughters must prepare themselves to be married — two will certainly make marriages. The old trolld chieftain from Norway, that lives on the Dovrefield, among his many rock castles and fastnesses and gold works, which are better than you would expect, is coming down here with his two sons. They are coming to look for wives. The old trolld is a regular honest Norwegian veteran, straightforward and merry. I used to know him in the olden days, when we drank to our good fellowship. He came here to fetch a wife, but she is dead now. She was a daughter of the king of the chalk cliffs at Möen. As the saying is, ‘he took his wife on the chalk,’ viz., bought her on tick. I am quite anxious to see the old fellow. The sons, they say, are a pair of overgrown, ill-mannered cubs; but perhaps they are not so bad; I dare say they will improve as they grow older. See if you can’t lick them into shape a bit.”

“And when do they come?” asked one of the daughters.

“That depends upon wind and weather,” said the elf-king. “They travel economically, and they will take their chance of a ship. I wanted them to come round by Sweden, but the old fellow can’t bring himself to that yet. He doesn’t march with the times, but I don’t hold with that!”

At this moment two will-o’-the-wisps came hopping



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

along, one faster than the other, so of course one arrived before the other.

"They are coming, they are coming!" they cried.

"Give me my crown, and let me stand in the moonlight," said the elf-king.

The daughters raised [their scarfs and curtsied to the ground.

There stood the trolld chieftain from the Dovrefield; he wore a crown of hardened icicles and polished fir cones, and besides this, he had on a bearskin coat and snowshoes. His sons, on the other hand, had bare necks and wore no braces, because they were strong men.

"Is that a hill?" asked the youngest of the brothers, pointing to the elf-hill. "We should call it a hole in Norway."

"Lads!" cried the old man, "holes go inwards, hills go upwards! Haven't you got eyes in your heads?"

The only thing that astonished them, they said, was that they understood the language without any trouble.

"Don't make fools of yourselves," said the old man; "one might think you were only half baked."

Then they went into the elf-hill, where the company was of the grandest, although they had been got together in such a hurry; you might almost say they had been blown together. It was all charming, and arranged to suit everyone's taste. The merman and his daughters sat at table in great tubs of water, and said it was just like being at home. Everybody had excellent table manners, except the two young Norwegian trollds; they put their feet up on the

## THE ELF-HILL

table, but then they thought anything they did was right.

“Take your feet out of the way of the dishes,” said the old trolld, and they obeyed him, but not at once. They tickled the ladies they took in to dinner with fir cones out of their pockets; then they pulled off their boots, so as to be quite comfortable, and handed the boots to the ladies to hold. Their father, the old trolld chieftain, was very different; he told no end of splendid stories about the proud Norwegian mountains, and the waterfalls dashing down in white foam with a roar like thunder. He told them about the salmon leaping up against the rushing water, when the nixies played their golden harps. Then he went on to tell them about the sparkling winter nights when the sledge bells rang and the lads flew over the ice with blazing lights, the ice which was so transparent that you could see the startled fish darting away under your feet. Yes, indeed, he could tell stories, you could see and hear the things he described; the saw mills going, the men and maids singing their songs and dancing the merry Halling dance. Huzza! All at once the old trolld gave the elf-housekeeper a smacking kiss, such a kiss it was, and yet they were not a bit related. Then the elf-maidens had to dance, first plain dancing, and then step dancing, and it was most becoming to them. Then came a fancy dance.

Preserve us! how nimble they were on their legs; you couldn't tell where they began, or where they ended, you couldn't tell which were arms and which were legs; they were all mixed up together like shavings in a saw pit. They twirled round and round so often that it made the hell-horse



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

feel quite giddy and unwell and he had to leave the table.

“Prrrrr!” said the old trolld. “There is some life in those legs, but what else can they do besides dancing and pointing their toes and all those whirligigs?”

“We will soon show you!” said the elf-king, and he called out his youngest daughter; she was thin and transparent as moonshine, and was the most ethereal of all the daughters. She put a little white stick in her mouth and vanished instantly; this was her accomplishment.

But the trolld said he did not like that accomplishment in a wife, nor did he think his boys would appreciate it. The second one could walk by her own side as if she had a shadow, and no elves have shadows.

The third was quite different; she had studied in the marsh witches' brewery, and understood larding alder stumps with glowworms.

“She will be a good housewife,” said the trolld, and then he saluted her with his eyes instead of drinking her health, for he did not want to drink too much.

Now came the turn of the fourth; she had a big golden harp to play, and when she touched the first string everybody lifted up their left legs (for all the elfin folk are left legged). But when she touched the second string everybody had to do what she wished.

“She is a dangerous woman!” said the trolld, but both his sons left the hill, for they were tired of it all.

“And what can the next daughter do?” asked the old trolld.



## THE ELF-HILL

“I have learned to like the Norwegians,” she said, “and I shall never marry unless I can go to Norway!”

But the smallest of the sisters whispered to the trolld, “that is only because she once heard a song which said that when the world came to an end, the rocks of Norway would still stand, and that is why she wants to go there, she is so afraid of being exterminated.”

“Ho, ho!” said the trolld, “so that slipped out. But what can the seventh do?”

“The sixth comes before the seventh,” said the elf-king, for he could reckon, but she would not come forward.

“I can only tell people the truth,” she said. “Nobody cares for me, and I have enough to do in making my winding sheet.”

Now came the seventh and last; what could she do? Well she could tell stories, as many as ever she liked.

“Here are my five fingers,” said the old trolld, “tell me a story for each one.”

The elf-maiden took hold of his wrist, and he chuckled and laughed till he nearly choked. When she came to the fourth finger, which had a gold ring on it, as if it knew there was to be a betrothal, the trolld said, “Hold fast what you have got, the hand is yours, I will have you for a wife myself!” The elf-maiden said that the stories about Gulbrand, the fourth finger, and little Peter Playman, the fifth, had not yet been told.

“Never mind, keep those till winter. Then you shall tell us about the fir, and the birch, and the fairy gifts, and the

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

tingling frost. You shall have every opportunity of telling us stories; nobody up there does it yet. We will sit in the stone hall, where the pine logs blaze, and drink mead out of the golden horns of the old Norwegian kings. The river-god gave me a couple. When we sit there the mountain sprite comes to pay us a visit, and he will sing you the songs of the Sæter girls. The salmon will leap in the waterfalls, and beat against the stone wall, but it won't get in. Ah, you may believe me when I say that we lead a merry life there in good old Norway. But where are the lads?"

Yes, where were the lads? They were running about the fields, blowing out the will-o'-the-wisps, who came so willingly for the torchlight procession.

"Why do you gad about out there?" said the trolld. "I have taken a mother for you, now you can come and take one of the aunts."

But the lads said they would rather make a speech, and drink toasts; they had no wish to marry. Then they made their speeches, and drank toasts and tipped their glasses up to show that they had emptied them. After that they pulled off their coats and went to sleep on the table, to show that they were quite at home. But the old trolld danced round and round the room with his young bride, and exchanged boots with her, which was grander than exchanging rings.

"There is the cock crowing!" said the old housekeeper. "Now we must shut the shutters, so that the sun may not burn us up."

Then the hill closed up. But the lizards went on running

## THE ELF-HILL

up and down the clefts of the tree; and they said to each other. "Ah, how much I liked the old trolld."

"I liked the boys better," said the earthworm, but then it couldn't see, poor, miserable creature that it was.



## THE REAL PRINCESS

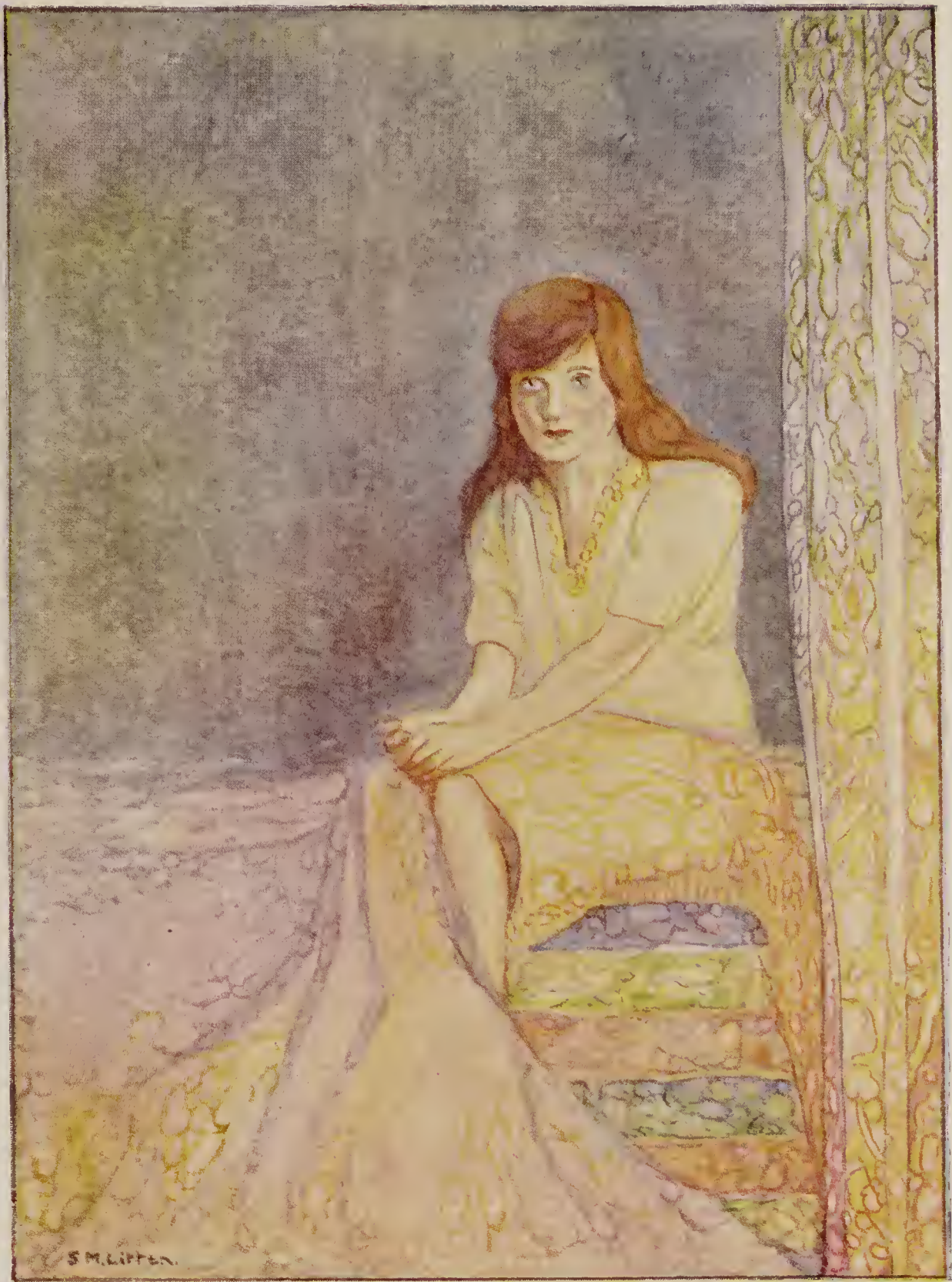
**T**HERE was once a prince, and he wanted a princess, but then she must be a *real* princess. He traveled right round the world to find one, but there was always something wrong. There were plenty of princesses, but whether they were real princesses he had great difficulty in discovering; there was always something which was not quite right about them. So at last he had to come home again, and he was very sad because he wanted a real princess so badly.

One evening there was a terrible storm; it thundered and lightened and the rain poured down in torrents; indeed it was a fearful night.

In the middle of the storm somebody knocked at the town gate, and the old king himself went to open it.

It was a princess who stood outside, but she was in a terrible state from the rain and the storm. The water streamed out of her hair and her clothes; it ran in at the top of her shoes and out at the heel, but she said that she was a real princess.

“Well we shall soon see if that is true,” thought the old queen, but she said nothing. She went into the bedroom, took all the bedclothes off and laid a pea on the bedstead: then she took twenty mattresses and piled them on the top of the pea, and then twenty feather beds on the top of the mattresses. This was where the princess was to sleep that







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night. In the morning they asked her how she had slept.

“Oh, terribly badly!” said the princess. “I have hardly closed my eyes the whole night! Heaven knows what was in the bed. I seemed to be lying upon some hard thing, and my whole body is black and blue this morning. It is terrible!”

They saw at once that she must be a real princess when she had felt the pea through twenty mattresses and twenty feather beds. Nobody but a real princess could have such a delicate skin.

So the prince took her to be his wife, for now he was sure that he had found a real princess, and the pea was put into a museum, where it may still be seen if no one has stolen it.

Now this is a true story.

## THE RED SHOES

**T**HERE was once a little girl; she was a tiny, delicate little thing, but she always had to go about barefoot in summer, because she was very poor. In winter she only had a pair of heavy wooden shoes, and her ankles were terribly chafed.

An old mother shoemaker lived in the middle of the village, and she made a pair of little shoes out of some strips of red cloth. They were very clumsy, but they were made with the best intention, for the little girl was to have them. Her name was Karen.

These shoes were given to her, and she wore them for the first time on the day her mother was buried; they were certainly not mourning, but she had no others, and so she walked barelegged in them behind the poor deal coffin.

Just then a big old carriage drove by, and a big old lady was seated in it; she looked at the little girl, and felt very, very sorry for her, and said to the parson, "Give the little girl to me and I will look after her and be kind to her." Karen thought it was all because of the red shoes, but the old lady said they were hideous, and they were burnt. Karen was well and neatly dressed, and had to learn reading and sewing. People said she was pretty, but her mirror said, "You are more than pretty, you are lovely."

At this time the queen was taking a journey through the

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country and she had her little daughter the princess with her. The people, and among them Karen, crowded round the palace where they were staying, to see them. The little princess stood at a window to show herself. She wore neither a train nor a golden crown, but she was dressed all in white with a beautiful pair of red morocco shoes. They were indeed a contrast to those the poor old mother shoemaker had made for Karen. Nothing in the world could be compared to these red shoes.

The time came when Karen was old enough to be confirmed; she had new clothes, and she was also to have a pair of new shoes. The rich shoemaker in the town was to take the measure of her little foot; his shop was full of glass cases of the most charming shoes and shiny leather boots. They looked beautiful, but the old lady could not see very well, so it gave her no pleasure to look at them. Among all the other shoes there was one pair of red shoes like those worn by the princess; oh, how pretty they were! The shoemaker told them that they had been made for an earl's daughter, but they had not fitted. "I suppose they are patent leather," said the old lady, "they are so shiny."

"Yes, they do shine," said Karen, who tried them on. They fitted and were bought; but the old lady had not the least idea that they were red, or she would never have allowed Karen to wear them for her Confirmation. This she did however.

Everybody looked at her feet, and when she walked up the church to the chancel, she thought that even the old



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pictures, those portraits of dead and gone priests and their wives, with stiff collars and long black clothes, fixed their eyes upon her shoes. She thought of nothing else when the priest laid his hand upon her head and spoke to her of holy baptism, the covenant with God, and that from henceforth she was to be a responsible Christian person. The solemn notes of the organ resounded, the children sang with their sweet voices, the old precentor sang, but Karen only thought about her red shoes.

By the afternoon the old lady had been told on all sides that the shoes were red, and she said it was very naughty and most improper. For the future, whenever Karen went to the church, she was to wear black shoes, even if they were old. Next Sunday there was Holy Communion, and Karen was to receive it for the first time. She looked at the black shoes and then at the red ones — then she looked again at the red, and at last put them on.

It was beautiful, sunny weather; Karen and the old lady went by the path through the cornfield, and it was rather dusty. By the church door stood an old soldier, with a crutch; he had a curious long beard; it was more red than white; in fact it was almost quite red. He bent down to the ground and asked the old lady if he might dust her shoes. Karen put out her little foot too. "See, what beautiful dancing shoes!" said the soldier. "Mind you stick fast when you dance," and as he spoke he struck the soles with his hand. The old lady gave the soldier a copper and went into the church with Karen. All the people in the church looked at Karen's red shoes, and

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all the portraits looked too. When Karen knelt at the altar-rails and the chalice was put to her lips, she only thought of the red shoes; she seemed to see them floating before her eyes. She forgot to join in the hymn of praise, and she forgot to say the Lord's Prayer.

Now everybody left the church, and the old lady got into her carriage. Karen lifted her foot to get in after her, but just then the old soldier, who was still standing there, said, "See what pretty dancing shoes!" Karen couldn't help it; she took a few dancing steps, and when she began her feet continued to dance; it was just as if the shoes had a power over them. She danced right round the church; she couldn't stop; the coachman had to run after her and take hold of her, and lift her into the carriage; but her feet continued to dance, so that she kicked the poor lady horribly. At last they got the shoes off, and her feet had a little rest.

When they got home the shoes were put away in a cupboard, but Karen could not help going to look at them.

The old lady became very ill; they said she could not live; she had to be carefully nursed and tended, and no one was nearer than Karen to do this. But there was to be a grand ball in the town, and Karen was invited. She looked at the old lady, who after all could not live; she looked at the red shoes; she thought there was no harm in doing so. She put on the red shoes, and then she went to the ball and began to dance! The shoes would not let her do what she liked: when she wanted to go to the right, they danced to the left; when she wanted to dance up the room, the shoes danced down the



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room, then down the stairs, through the streets and out of the town gate. Away she danced, and away she had to dance right away into the dark forest. Something shone up above the trees, and she thought it was the moon, for it was a face, but it was the old soldier with the red beard, and he nodded and said, "See what pretty dancing shoes!"

This frightened her terribly and she wanted to throw off the red shoes, but they stuck fast. She tore off her stockings but the shoes had grown fast to her feet, and off she danced, and off she had to dance over fields and meadows, in rain and sunshine, by day and by night, but at night it was fearful.

She danced into the open churchyard but the dead did not join her dance; they had something much better to do. She wanted to sit down on a pauper's grave where the bitter wormwood grew, but there was no rest nor repose for her. When she danced towards the open church door, she saw an angel standing there in long white robes and wings which reached from his shoulders to the ground; his face was grave and stern, and in his hand he held a broad and shining sword.

"Dance you shall!" said he, "you shall dance in your red shoes till you are pale and cold, till your skin shrivels up and you are a skeleton! You shall dance from door to door, and wherever you find proud vain children, you must knock at the door so that they may see you and fear you. Yea, you shall dance —"

"Mercy!" shrieked Karen, but she did not hear the angel's answer, for the shoes bore her through the gate into



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the fields over roadways and paths; ever and ever she was forced to dance.

One morning she danced past a door she knew well; she heard the sound of a hymn from within, and a coffin covered with flowers was being carried out. Then she knew that the old lady was dead, and it seemed to her that she was forsaken by all the world.

On and ever on she danced; dance she must even through the dark nights. The shoes bore her away over briars and stubble till her feet were torn and bleeding; she danced away over the heath till she came to a little lonely house. She knew the executioner lived here, and she tapped with her fingers on the windowpane and said:

“Come out! come out! I can’t come in for I am dancing!”

The executioner said, “You can’t know who I am? I chop the bad people’s heads off, and I see that my axe is quivering.”

“Don’t chop my head off,” said Karen, “for then I can never repent of my sins, but pray, pray chop my feet off with the red shoes!”

Then she confessed all her sins, and the executioner chopped off her feet with the red shoes, but the shoes danced right away with the little feet into the depths of the forest.

Then he made her a pair of wooden legs and crutches, and he taught her a psalm, the one penitents always sing; and she kissed the hand which had wielded the axe, and went away over the heath.

“I have suffered enough for those red shoes!” said she. “I will go to church now, so that they may see me!” and she

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went as fast as she could to the church door. When she got there, the red shoes danced up in front of her, and she was frightened and went home again.

She was very sad all the week, and shed many bitter tears, but when Sunday came, she said, "Now then, I have suffered and struggled long enough; I think I am quite as good as many who sit holding their heads so high in church!" She went along quite boldly, but she did not get further than the gate before she saw the red shoes dancing in front of her; she was more frightened than ever, and turned back, this time with real repentance in her heart. Then she went to the parson's house, and begged to be taken into service; she would be very industrious and work as hard as she could, she didn't care what wages they gave her, if only she might have a roof over her head and live among kind people. The parson's wife was sorry for her, and took her into her service; she proved to be very industrious and thoughtful. She sat very still, and listened most attentively in the evening when the parson read the Bible. All the little ones were very fond of her, but when they chattered about finery and dress, and about being as beautiful as a queen, she would shake her head.

Next Sunday they all went to church, and they asked her if she would go with them; but she looked sadly, with tears in her eyes, at her crutches, and they went without her to hear the Word of God, and she sat in her little room alone. It was only big enough for a bed and a chair; she sat there with her prayer book in her hand, and as she read it with a



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humble mind, she heard the notes of the organ, borne from the church by the wind; she raised her tear-stained face and said, "Oh, God help me!"

Then the sun shone brightly round her, and the angel in the white robes whom she had seen on yonder night, at the church door, stood before her. He no longer held the sharp sword in his hand, but a beautiful green branch, covered with roses. He touched the ceiling with it and it rose to a great height, and wherever he touched it a golden star appeared. Then he touched the walls and they spread themselves out, and she saw and heard the organ. She saw the pictures of the old parsons and their wives; the congregation were all sitting in their seats singing aloud — for the church itself had come home to the poor girl, in her narrow little chamber, or else she had been taken to it. She found herself on the bench with the other people from the parsonage. And when the hymn had come to an end they looked up and nodded to her and said, "It was a good thing you came after all, little Karen!"

"It was through God's mercy!" she said. The organ sounded, and the children's voices echoed so sweetly through the choir. The warm sunshine streamed brightly in through the window, right up to the bench where Karen sat; her heart was so over-filled with the sunshine, with peace, and with joy that it broke. Her soul flew with the sunshine to heaven, and no one there asked about the red shoes.



## THUMBELISA

**T**HERE was once a woman who wished very much for a little tiny child. But she did not know where she could get one, and so she went to an old witch.

“I would so love to have a little child!” she said to the witch. “Will you please tell me where I can get one?”

“Oh yes, that can easily be managed,” said the witch. “Here is a barleycorn; but it is not at all the kind that grows in the farmer’s field, or is fed to the chickens. Plant it in a flowerpot, and see what happens!”

“Thank you,” said the woman, and she gave the witch twelve bright shillings.

Then she went home and planted the barleycorn, and immediately up sprang a great, beautiful flower which looked exactly like a tulip; but the petals were tightly closed, as though the flower were still a bud.

“That is a lovely flower,” said the woman; and she kissed its beautiful red and yellow cup. Just as she kissed it the flower opened with a loud pop! It was a real tulip, as one could see; but in the middle of the flower upon the green stamens sat a tiny little maiden, wonderfully delicate and beautiful. She was not over half a thumb’s length in height, and so she was called Thumbelisa.

She was given a beautifully polished walnut shell for a cradle, with blue violet leaves for mattresses, and a rose leaf

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for a coverlet. There she slept at night; but in the daytime she played about on the table, where the woman had set a plate with a wreath of flowers all around it, their stalks standing in water. On the water in this plate floated a great tulip leaf, and on this the little maiden could sail from one side of the plate to the other. She had two white horse hairs with which to row, and a very pretty sight it all made, indeed! She could sing also, and so delicately and sweetly that nothing like it had ever before been heard in this world.

One night, as she lay in her pretty bed, an old toad came hopping in through the window, where a pane had been broken out. The toad was very ugly, big, and damp, and it hopped right down on the table where Thumbelisa lay sleeping under the red rose leaf.

“That would be a lovely wife for my son!” said the toad, and without more ado she seized the walnut shell in which Thumbelisa slept, and hopped away with it through the broken windowpane down into the garden.

There flowed a great, broad brook; the ground at the edge of the water was swampy and soft, and here lived the toad and her son. Ugh! he was ugly and repulsive; he looked just like his mother.

“Croak! croak! brek-ke-ke-kex!” That was all he could say when he saw the pretty little maiden in the walnut shell.

“Don’t talk so loud, or she will wake up!” said the old toad. “She could run away from us yet, for she is as light as a bit of swan’s-down! We must put her out in the brook on one of the broad water lily leaves. It will seem just like

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an island to her, she is so small and light. Then she cannot run away while we are getting the parlor in order under the soft mud, where you two are to keep house together."

Out in the brook grew many water lilies. Their broad green leaves looked as if they were floating on top of the water. The leaf farthest out in the brook was the largest. So the old toad swam out and on it laid the walnut shell with Thumbelisa still asleep.

Early in the morning the poor little maid awoke, and when she saw where she was she began to cry bitterly, for there was water on all sides of the great green leaf, and she could not get to land.

The old toad sat in the marsh, decking out her room with marsh grasses and yellow weeds — it was to be made very pretty for the new daughter-in-law; then she swam out, with her ugly son, to the leaf where Thumbelisa stood. They had come to fetch her pretty bed, which was to be placed in the bridal chamber before she herself entered it. The old toad bowed low in the water before her and said:

"This is my son; he is to be your husband, and you shall live splendidly together down in the mud."

"Croak! croak! brek-ke-ke-kex!" was all the son could say.

Then they took the dainty little bed and swam away with it, leaving Thumbelisa all alone on the great leaf. She wept, for she did not want to live with the nasty toad or have her ugly son for a husband. The little fishes swimming in the water below had seen the toad and heard what she had said; so



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they put their heads out of the water, for they wanted to get a look at the little girl. When they saw how wonderfully pretty she was, they felt very sorry that she should have to go down to live with the ugly toad. No, that must never be! They crowded round the green stalk which held the leaf on which the little maiden stood, and gnawed it off with their teeth. Away floated the leaf, far down the stream, with Thumbelisa — far away, where the toad could not get her.

Thumbelisa sailed on and on; the little birds that sat in the bushes saw her, and sang, "What a lovely little maiden!" Farther and farther floated the leaf, and thus out of the country traveled Thumbelisa.

A beautiful little white butterfly kept fluttering round her, and at last alighted on the leaf, for it liked Thumbelisa very much; she, too, was pleased and happy, for now the toad could not get her, and everything was so beautiful about her as she floated along. The sun shone upon the water, which glistened like the brightest gold. Then she took her girdle and bound one end of it round the butterfly, fastening the other end of the ribbon to the leaf. The leaf now glided onward much faster, and Thumbelisa, too, for she was standing on the leaf, you know.

Just then a big beetle came flying along; he saw her and immediately clasped his claw round her slender waist, and flew with her up into a tree. The green leaf went floating away down the brook, and the butterfly with it, for you know he was fastened to the leaf, and could not get loose.

My! how frightened poor little Thumbelisa was when the

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beetle carried her off into the tree! But she was most sorry for the beautiful white butterfly that she had bound to the leaf; if he could not free himself, he would have to starve to death. The beetle, however, did not trouble himself at all about that. He seated himself with her on the biggest green leaf of the tree, gave her the honey of flowers to eat, and declared that she was very pretty, though she did not in the least resemble a beetle. Later, all the other beetles who lived in the tree came to pay a visit. They looked at Thumbelisa, and all the young lady beetles shrugged their shoulders.

“Why,” they said, “she has only two legs! What a wretched appearance!”

“She has no feelers!” they cried.

“Her waist is quite slender — fie! she looks just like a human being — how ugly she is!” said all the lady beetles.

And yet Thumbelisa was so very, very pretty. That, too, was the opinion of the beetle who had found and seized her. But when all the others declared she was ugly, he, too, believed it at last, and would not have her at all — she might go where she pleased.

They flew down from the tree with her, and set her upon a daisy, and she wept because she was so ugly that the beetles would not have her. And yet she was the loveliest little being one could imagine, and as fine and delicate as a rose leaf.

All the summer through poor Thumbelisa lived quite alone in the great wood. She wove herself a bed out of blades of grass, and hung it under a large burdock leaf, which protected her from the rain; she gathered the honey from the



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flowers for food, and drank of the dew which every morning lay on the leaves.

Thus summer and autumn passed. But now came winter, the cold, long winter. All the birds that had sung for her so sweetly flew away; trees and flowers lost their leaves; the great leaf under which she had lived shriveled up, and nothing remained of it but a withered stalk. She was dreadfully cold, for her clothes were torn and she herself was so frail and delicate. Poor little Thumbelisa! She would surely freeze to death.

Now it began to snow, and every snowflake that fell upon her was like a whole shovelful thrown upon one of us, for we are tall, and she was only an inch long. Then she wrapped herself in a withered leaf, but it would not warm her and she shivered with the cold.

Close to the wood where the beetle had left her lay a great cornfield; but the corn had long since been cut and only the naked dry stubble stood up out of the frozen ground. To her it seemed just like wandering through a great forest; and, oh! how she trembled with cold. Then she came to the door of the field mouse, a little hole under the stubble. There, warm and comfortable, the field mouse lived, with a whole roomful of corn, a glorious kitchen, and a pantry. Poor Thumbelisa stood at the door just like a poor beggar girl, and asked for a tiny piece of barleycorn, for she had not had the smallest morsel to eat for two whole days.

“You poor little creature,” said the field mouse — for after all she was a good old field mouse — “come into my warm room and dine with me.”



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She was much pleased with Thumbelisa.

"If you like," she said, "you may stay with me through the winter, but you must keep my room clean and neat, and tell me stories, for of them I am very fond."

So Thumbelisa did as the kind old field mouse bade her, and lived very comfortably and well.

"I am expecting a visit very soon," said the field mouse one day. "My neighbor is in the habit of coming to see me once a week. He is even better off than I am, has great rooms, and wears a beautiful black velvety fur coat. If you could only get him for a husband you would be well off. But he cannot see. You must tell him the prettiest stories you know."

Thumbelisa, however, did not care about this; she thought nothing of the neighbor, for he was a mole. He came and paid his visits in his black velvet coat. The field mouse told how rich and how learned he was, and how his house was more than twenty times larger than hers; he possessed great learning, but did not like the sun and beautiful flowers, for he had never seen them.

Thumbelisa had to sing, and she sang both "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home," and "When the parson goes a-field." The mole fell in love with her, because of her beautiful voice; but he said nothing, so sedate was he.

A short time before, the mole had dug a long passage in the ground from his own house to theirs, and Thumbelisa and the field mouse received permission to walk here whenever they pleased. But he begged them not to be afraid of

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the dead bird that lay in the passage. It was a real bird with wings and beak. It certainly must have died only a short time before, and was now buried just where the mole had made his tunnel.

The mole took a bit of decayed wood in his mouth, for, you see, it glimmers like fire in the dark, and walked ahead, lighting them through the long, dark passage. When they came to where the dead bird lay, the mole thrust his nose against the ceiling and made a great hole through which the daylight could shine. In the middle of the floor lay a dead swallow, his beautiful wings pressed close against his sides, and his head and feet drawn in under his feathers; the poor bird had certainly died of cold. Thumbelisa was so very sorry for him! She was very fond of all the little birds; they had sung and twittered so prettily for her all through the summer. But the mole gave it a push with his short legs, and said, "Now he doesn't squeak any more. It must be miserable to be born a little bird. I'm thankful that can happen to none of my children; such a bird has nothing but his 'twee-tweet,' and has to starve in the winter!"

"Yes, as a clever man you may well say that," observed the field mouse. "Of what use is all this 'twee-tweet' to a bird when the winter comes? He must starve and freeze. But they say that's very aristocratic!"

Thumbelisa said nothing; but when the two others turned their backs to the bird, she bent down, put aside the feathers which covered its head, and kissed the closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was he who sang so prettily to me last sum-



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mer," she thought. "How much pleasure he gave me, the dear, beautiful bird!"

The mole now closed up the hole through which the daylight shone, and accompanied the ladies home. But during the night Thumbelisa could not sleep; so she got out of bed and wove a large, beautiful carpet out of hay. This she carried down and spread over the dead bird, and laid soft cotton, which she had found in the field mouse's room, around him, so that he might lie soft and warm in the cold ground.

"Farewell, you pretty little bird!" said she. "Farewell! and thanks to you for your beautiful song last summer when all the trees were green and the sun shone warm upon us." Then she laid her head on the bird's breast.

As she did so she was frightened, for it seemed as if something was knocking inside there. It was the bird's heart. He was not dead; he was only numb with the cold. Now he had been warmed, and had come to life again.

In autumn all the swallows fly away to the warm countries; but if one happens to be belated, it gets so cold that it drops down as if dead, lies where it falls, and is covered by the cold snow.

Thumbelisa trembled exceedingly, so startled was she; for the bird was large, very large compared with her, who was only an inch in height. But she took courage, laid the cotton closer round the poor swallow, and brought a leaf that she had used as her own coverlet, and laid it over the bird's head.

The next night she crept out to him again, and now he



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was alive, but quite weak; he could only open his eyes for a moment and look at Thumbelisa, as she stood before him with a bit of decayed wood in her hand, for she had no lantern.

“I thank you, pretty little child,” said the sick swallow; “I have been warmed. Soon my strength will return, and I shall be able to fly about again in the warm sunshine.”

“Oh!” she said, “it is so cold outside. It is snowing and freezing. Stay in your warm bed, and I will nurse you.”

Then she brought water in the petal of a flower; and the swallow drank, and told her how he had torn one of his wings in a thorn-bush and so had not been able to fly so fast as the other swallows, that were flying away, far away, to the warm countries. At last he had fallen to the ground. He could remember nothing more, and did not in the least know how he had come where she had found him.

The swallow remained there all winter, and Thumbelisa was good to him and loved him very much. Neither the field mouse nor the mole got to know a thing about him, for they did not like the poor swallow. As soon as spring came, and the sun warmed down into the earth, the swallow said good-by to Thumbelisa. She had opened the hole which the mole had made in the ceiling, and the sun shone brightly in upon them. The swallow asked if Thumbelisa did not want to go with him; she could sit on his back, and they would fly far away into the greenwood. But Thumbelisa knew that the old field mouse would be grieved if she left her thus.

“No, I cannot!” said Thumbelisa.

“Farewell then, farewell, you dear, sweet girl!” said the

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bird as he flew out into the sunshine. Thumbelisa stood looking after him and the tears came into her eyes, for she was very fond of the poor swallow.

“Twee-tweet! twee-tweet!” sang he, and flew away into the green forest.

Thumbelisa was very sad. She was not permitted to get out into the warm sunshine. The corn which was sown in the field over the house of the field mouse grew high into the air. It was like a great thick forest for the poor little girl who, you know, was only an inch in height.

“You must get your wedding outfit made this summer, Thumbelisa,” said the field mouse. You see, their neighbor, the tiresome mole in the fur coat, had courted her. “You must have woolen and linen clothes both! You must lack nothing when you become the mole’s wife!”

Thumbelisa had to turn the spindle, and the mole hired four spiders to spin and weave for her day and night. Every evening he paid her a visit; and was constantly saying that when the summer was over, the sun would not shine nearly so hot; now it burned the earth as hard as a stone. Yes, when the summer was over, then he would wed Thumbelisa. But she was not at all happy, for she did not like the tiresome mole in the black fur coat. Every morning when the sun rose, and every evening when it set, she crept out to the door; and when the wind blew the tops of the corn stalks apart, so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was out there, and wished heartily she could see her dear swallow again. But he would never come back, she



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thought. He was doubtless flying far away in the fair green forest.

When autumn came Thumbelisa had her whole wedding outfit ready.

“In four weeks you are to be married,” said the field mouse to her. But Thumbelisa wept, and declared she would not have the tiresome mole.

“Nonsense!” said the field mouse. “Don’t be obstinate, or I will bite you with my white teeth. Why, it is a lovely man you are getting. The queen herself has nothing like his black velvet furs; and his kitchen and cellar are full. Be thankful for your good fortune.”

Now came the day the wedding was to take place. The mole had already come to fetch Thumbelisa; she was to live with him, deep under the earth, and never come out into the warm sunshine. He did not like the sunshine, you know. The poor child was very sorrowful; she was now to say good-by to the glorious sun, which, after all, she had been allowed by the field mouse to look at from the threshold of the door.

“Farewell, thou bright sun!” she said, stretching out her arms toward it, and walking out a little way from the house of the field mouse. The corn had now been reaped, and only the dry stubble remained in the fields. “Farewell!” she repeated, and flung her arms round a little red flower which bloomed there. “Greet the little swallow from me, if you see him again.”

“Twee-tweet! twee-tweet!” a voice suddenly sounded over her head. She looked up and there was the little swallow



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just flying by. He was very happy to see Thumbelisa. Then she told him how unwilling she was to have the ugly mole for her husband, and that she would have to live deep under the earth, where the sun never shone. And she could not keep from weeping as she told it.

“The cold weather is coming,” said the swallow, “and I am going to fly away to the warm countries. Will you come with me? You can sit on my back! Just tie yourself fast with your girdle, and then we shall fly away from the ugly mole and his dark room, far away, over the mountains to the warm countries, where the sun shines brighter than it does here; where it is always summer and lovely flowers always bloom. Do fly with me, dear little Thumbelisa, you who saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark underground passage.”

“Yes, I will go with you!” said Thumbelisa. She seated herself on the bird’s back, with her feet on his outspread wings, and tied her girdle fast to one of his strongest feathers. Then the swallow flew high in the air, over forests and over seas, high up over the great mountains where the snow always lies; and Thumbelisa felt cold in the bleak air. But then she crept under the bird’s warm feathers, and only stuck out her little head to admire all the wonders below her.

Then they arrived in the warm countries. There the sun shone far brighter than in the cold North; the sky seemed twice as high; and in the ditches and on the hedges grew the most beautiful blue and green grapes. In the woods hung lemons and oranges; and the air was fragrant with myrtle

## THUMBELISA

and balsams. On the roads the loveliest children ran about, playing with great bright-colored butterflies. But the swallow flew still farther, and it became more and more beautiful. Under some of the most majestic green trees by the blue sea stood an ancient palace of dazzling white marble. Vines clustered around the lofty pillars; at the very top were many swallows' nests, and in one of these lived the swallow who carried Thumbelisa.

“Here is my house,” said the swallow; “now select for yourself one of the pretty flowers which grow down yonder, and I will set you down on it. There you shall have everything just as you wish.”

“That is lovely!” she cried, and clapped her little hands.

A great marble pillar was lying on the ground broken into three pieces; between these pieces grew the most beautiful large white flowers. The swallow flew down with Thumbelisa and set her on one of the broad petals. But what was the little maid's surprise! There in the midst of the flower sat a little man, as white and transparent as if he had been made of glass. He wore the most beautiful of golden crowns on his head, and the loveliest wings on his shoulders; and he was no bigger than Thumbelisa. He was the angel of the flower. In each of the flowers dwelt such a little man or woman, but this one was king over them all.

“My! how beautiful he is!” whispered Thumbelisa to the swallow.

The little prince was very much frightened at sight of the swallow, for it was quite a giant beside him, who was so

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

small. But when he saw Thumbelisa, he was very glad. She was the very prettiest maiden he had ever seen, and so he took his golden crown from his head and placed it on hers, asked her name, and if she would be his wife; then she should be queen of all the flowers. Now this was truly a different kind of man from the son of the toad, and the mole with the black velvet fur. So she said "Yes" to the charming prince. And out of every flower came a lady or gentleman, so dainty that they were a delight to behold. Each one brought Thumbelisa a present; and the best gift of all was a pair of beautiful wings which had belonged to a great white fly. These were fastened to Thumbelisa's back, and now she also could fly from flower to flower. Then there was great rejoicing, and the little swallow sat up above in his nest and sang for them, as well as he could. Yet in his heart he was sad, for he was so fond, so fond of Thumbelisa, and would have liked never to part from her.

"You should not be called Thumbelisa," said the Flower Angel to her; "that is an ugly name, and you are so beautiful. We will call you Maia."

"Good-by, good-by," said the little swallow as he set out on his return to the northern lands. There in Denmark above the window of the room where lives the man who knows how to tell stories, he had a little nest. To this man the swallow sang "twee-tweet, twee-tweet!" and that is how we got the whole story.



## THE TINDER-BOX

A SOLDIER came marching along the highway — left, right! left, right! He had his knapsack on his back and his sword at his side, for he had been in the wars, and was now making his way home. As he marched along he met an old witch on the road. She was very hideous, her under lip hanging way down to her breast. “Good evening, soldier,” she said. “What a fine sword you have, and what a big knapsack! You certainly are a real soldier. For that you shall have all the money you could wish for.”

“Thank you, old witch!” said the soldier.

“Do you see that great tree?” said the witch, pointing to the tree that stood beside them. “It is hollow. You must climb to the top. There you’ll see a hole, where you can slip through and get deep down into the tree. I’ll tie a rope round your waist, so I can pull you up again when you call me.”

“But what am I to do down in the tree?” asked the soldier.

“Get money,” replied the witch. “Listen to me. When you reach the bottom of the tree, you will find yourself in a great passageway; it is brightly lighted, for more than a hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors; you can open them, for the keys are in the locks. If you enter the first chamber you’ll see a great chest in the middle of the floor. On this chest sits a dog, and he has a pair of eyes

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

as big as teacups. But don't let that bother you! I'll give you my blue-checked apron, which you must spread out on the floor; then go quickly, seize the dog, and set him on my apron; then open the chest and take as many shillings as you like. They are all of copper. Now if you would rather have silver, you must go into the next room. There sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as mill-wheels. But do not mind that! Set him on my apron, and take all you want of the money. If you want gold, you can have that, too — in fact, as much as you can carry — by going into the third chamber. But the dog that sits on the money chest there has two eyes, each as big as the Round Tower. He is quite a dog, you may be sure. But don't let that bother you in the least, just set him on my apron and he won't hurt you; then you may take as much gold out of the chest as you like."

"That's not so bad," said the soldier. "But what am I to give you, old witch? For there must be something you want out of it, I fancy."

"No," replied the witch, "not a single shilling will I take. All I want you to bring me is an old tinder-box my grandmother forgot when she was down there last."

"Well, then, tie the rope around my waist," cried the soldier.

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here's my blue-checked apron."

Then the soldier climbed the tree and let himself down into the hole, and there he stood, as the witch had said, in the great hall where the many lamps were burning.



## THE TINDER-BOX

He opened the first door. Ugh! There, staring straight at him, sat the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups.

“You’re a fine fellow!” exclaimed the soldier as he placed him on the witch’s apron. Then he took as many copper shillings as his pockets would hold, locked the chest, put the dog on it again, and went into the second chamber.

Whew! There sat the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels.

“Don’t stare so hard at me,” said the soldier; “you might strain your eyes!” Then he set the dog on the witch’s apron. But when he saw the silver money in the chest, he threw away all the copper money he had taken, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with silver only. Then he went into the third chamber. Oh, but that was truly too fearful to look at! The dog there really had eyes as big as the Round Tower, and they turned round and round in his head like wheels.

“Good evening!” said the soldier, touching his cap, for he had never before seen such a dog. But when he had looked at him a little while, he thought, “Well, here goes,” so he set the dog on the apron and opened the chest. My! what a quantity of gold was there! He could buy the whole city with it, the cake woman’s entire stock of sweets, and all the tin soldiers, whips, and rocking-horses in the whole world. What a quantity of money! The soldier threw away all the silver coins with which he had filled his pockets and his knapsack, and replaced them with gold; he filled even his boots and his cap, so that he could scarcely walk. Now, indeed, he had plenty of money. He put the dog back on the chest,



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slammed the door, and then called up through the tree, "Now pull me up, old witch."

"Are you bringing the tinder-box?" asked the witch.

"That's so!" exclaimed the soldier. "I forgot it completely." And back he went and found it.

The witch then drew him up, and there he stood on the highroad with pockets, boots, knapsack, and cap full of gold.

"What do you want with the tinder-box?" asked the soldier.

"That's nothing to you," replied the witch. "You have your money — now give me the tinder-box."

"Nonsense!" said the soldier. "Tell me directly what you want with it, or I'll draw my sword and cut off your head."

"No!" cried the witch.

So the soldier struck off her head and there she lay. Then he tied up all his money in her apron, took it on his back like a sack, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and went straight off to the city.

That certainly was a splendid town! The soldier put up at the very best inn, asked for the finest rooms, and ordered his favorite dishes, for now with all his money he was very rich. The servant who had to clean his boots thought them a remarkably old pair for such a rich gentleman, but you see he had not yet bought any new ones. The next day he procured proper boots and handsome clothes. Thus our soldier had become a fine gentleman; and the people told him of all the noted sights of their city, about the king, and about the beauty of the king's daughter.

## THE TINDER-BOX

“How can one get to see her?” asked the soldier.

“She is not to be seen at all,” said they; “she lives in a great copper castle with many towers, surrounded by high walls. No one but the king may go in and out, for it has been told in her fortune that the princess will marry a common soldier, and the king intends to prevent that.”

“I’d like to get a look at her,” thought the soldier, though that, he knew, was entirely out of the question. He lived a merry life, went to the theater, drove in the king’s garden, and gave much money to the poor; and that was very nice of him. He remembered how hard it had once been when he had not a single penny. Now he was rich and had fine clothes. He won many friends, who all said he was a rare fellow and a true gentleman; and that pleased the soldier very much.

But, as he spent money every day and never earned any, he had at last only two pennies left and was obliged to move out of the fine rooms in which he had lived, to a little tiny garret way up under the roof. He had to clean his own boots, and mend them with a darning needle, and none of his former friends came to see him, for there were so many stairs to climb.

One dark evening he could not even buy a candle. Then it occurred to him that there was a little piece of candle in the tinder-box that he had taken out of the hollow tree into which the witch had helped him. He brought out the tinder-box and found the candle-end. But as soon as he struck fire and the sparks flew from the flint, the door burst open, and the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups, the dog he had seen under the tree, stood before him.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

“What are my lord’s commands?” said the dog.

“What’s that!” exclaimed the soldier. “This is certainly a wonderful tinder-box, if I can get everything I want with it! Bring me some money,” said he to the dog. Whisk! the dog was gone; and whisk! he was back again, with a great bag full of copper shillings in his mouth.

Now the soldier knew what a valuable tinder-box it was. If he struck once, the dog that sat on the chest of copper money would come; if he struck twice, the dog that watched the silver came; and if he struck three times, then appeared the dog that guarded the gold. Now the soldier moved back into the fine rooms, and appeared again in handsome clothes. Immediately all his friends knew him and thought very much of him, indeed.

“It is a very strange thing that one cannot get to see the princess,” he thought one day. “Everybody says that she is very beautiful; but what good is that if she has to sit locked up in that great copper castle with the many towers? Can I not manage to see her somehow? Where is my tinder-box?” He struck fire, and whisk! there was the dog with eyes as big as tea-cups.

“I admit that it is rather late at night,” said the soldier, “but I should very much like to see the princess for just a moment.”

The dog was out of the door in a flash and, before the soldier had time to think, he saw it returning with the princess. She was seated on the dog’s back, and she was so lovely that any one could see she was a real princess. The soldier could not



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refrain from kissing her, for, you see, he was a thorough soldier.

The dog ran back again with the princess, but when morning came, and the king and queen were drinking tea, the princess told them she had had such a strange dream during the night, about a dog and a soldier; that she had ridden upon the dog, and that the soldier had kissed her.

“That is a fine state of affairs!” said the queen.

So one of the old court ladies was ordered to watch by the princess’ bed the next night, to see if this was really a dream, or what it could be.

The soldier felt a great longing to see the lovely princess again; so the dog came during the night, took her away, and ran as fast as he could. But the old lady put on water-boots, and ran just as fast after him. When she saw that they entered a great house, she thought, “Now I know where it is”; and with a piece of chalk she made a large cross on the door. Then she went home and to bed, and the dog returned with the princess, also. But when he saw that there was a cross drawn on the door where the soldier lived, he, too, took a piece of chalk and marked all the doors in the town with crosses. That was a clever thing to do, for now the Court lady could not find the right door, since there were crosses on them all.

Early in the morning the king and the queen, the old Court lady, and all the officers went out to see where the princess had been.

“Here it is!” said the king, when he saw the first door with a cross upon it.

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"No, my dear husband, it is here!" said the queen, who, saw another door which also showed a cross.

"But there is one, and there is one!" they all cried; wherever they looked were crosses on the doors. Then they knew that it would do no good to seek farther.

But the queen was an exceedingly clever woman, who could do more than ride in a coach. She took her great gold scissors, cut a large piece of silk into pieces, and made a lovely little bag; this bag she filled with fine buckwheat grains, and tied it on the princess' back; when that was done, she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the grains would run out all along the way wherever the princess might be carried.

In the night the dog came again, took the princess on his back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and would so gladly have been a prince, that he might have her for his wife.

The dog did not notice how the grain ran out in a stream from the castle to the windows of the soldier's house, where he ran up the wall with the princess. In the morning the king and queen saw well enough where their daughter had been, and they arrested the soldier and put him in prison.

There he sat. Oh, how dark and disagreeable it was! "Tomorrow you are to be hanged," they told him. That was not an amusing thing to hear, and, worst of all, he had left his tinder-box at the inn. In the morning, between the iron bars of the little window he saw the people hurrying out of the town to see him nanged. He heard the drums beat and saw the soldiers marching. Everybody was running, and



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among them a shoemaker's boy, wearing his leather apron and slippers. He went at such a gallop that one of his slippers flew off, and struck right against the wall where the soldier sat looking through the bars.

"Halloo, boy! you needn't be in such a hurry," cried the soldier. "Nothing will happen until I arrive. Look here, if you will run to the place where I used to live, and bring me my tinder-box, you shall have four shillings; but you must put your best leg foremost."

The shoemaker's boy wanted the four shillings, so away he went after the tinder-box, brought it to the soldier and — well, now just listen!

Outside the town a great gallows had been erected, and around it stood the soldiers and many hundred thousand people. The king and queen sat on a splendid throne, opposite the judges and the whole council. The soldier already stood on the platform; but as they were about to put the rope round his neck, he said that always, before a poor sinner suffered his punishment, any innocent request of his was granted. He wanted very much to smoke a pipe of tobacco, as it would be the last pipe he would smoke in this world.

The king would not say "No" to this, so the soldier took his tinder-box and struck fire. One — two — three! and there stood all the dogs — the one with eyes as big as tea-cups, the one with eyes like mill-wheels, and the one whose eyes were as big as the Round Tower.

"Now help me, so I won't have to be hanged," said the soldier. And the dogs fell upon the judges and all the council,



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seized one by the leg and another by the nose, and tossed them many feet into the air, so they fell down and were broken all to pieces.

“I will not!” cried the king; but the biggest dog took both him and the queen and threw them after the others. Then the soldiers were afraid, and all the people cried, “Little soldier, you shall be our king; and marry the beautiful princess!”

So they put the soldier into the king's coach, and all three dogs danced ahead of it shouting “Hurrah!” The boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess came out of the copper castle and became queen, and she liked that very much. The wedding festivities lasted a week, and the three dogs sat at the table, too, and made big eyes.

## THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

**M**ANY years ago there lived an emperor who was so inordinately fond of fine new clothes that he paid out all his money for the sole purpose of being particularly well dressed. He cared nothing for his soldiers, he cared not a whit about the theater, or for driving in the park, except alone that he might show off his new clothes. He had a garment for every hour of the day, and just as they usually say of a king, "He is in the council chamber," they always said of this emperor, "He is in his clothes cabinet."

The great city in which he lived was very gay, and every day visitors came in large numbers. One day two swindlers, who gave themselves out as weavers, arrived, saying that they knew how to weave the loveliest cloth that any one could imagine. Not only were the colors and the pattern something extraordinarily beautiful, but the clothes which were made of the cloth they wove had this wonderful property: they became invisible to every person who was unfit for his office or was too stupid for any use.

"They would certainly be fine clothes to have," thought the emperor; "by wearing them, I could find out what men in my empire were not fit for the positions they hold; I could tell the wise from the stupid! By all means, that cloth must be woven for me at once." And he gave the two rogues a great deal of ready money with which to begin their work.

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They immediately set up two looms and pretended to be working. But they had nothing at all on the frame. They called continually for the finest silks and the purest and brightest gold. This they put into their own pockets and worked away at the empty looms, even keeping it up far into the night.

"I should really like to know how they are getting on with the cloth!" thought the emperor. But he had a slightly uneasy feeling in the region of his heart when he remembered that any one who was stupid or was ill suited to his office would not be able to see it. Of course he was sure that he needed to have no fears about himself, but still he wanted to send some one first, to see how matters stood.

Everybody in the whole city heard of the wonderful power that lay in the cloth, and everybody was eager to see how bad or how stupid his neighbor was.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers!" thought the emperor. "He can best see how the fabric looks, for he has sense and intelligence, and no one fulfills his duties better than he!"

So the good old minister entered the room where the two rascals sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes wide, "I can't see a thing!"

But he didn't say it aloud.

Both the rascals begged him to come nearer and asked if he didn't think the pattern was beautiful and the colors lovely. Then they pointed to the empty frame and the poor



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old minister stared and stared and opened his eyes still wider. But he could see nothing, for there *was* nothing.

“Good gracious,” he thought, “is it possible that I am stupid! I never have thought so, and I am certain no one else thinks so! Is it possible I am not fit for my office! No, no, it certainly would never do to say I cannot see the cloth.”

“Well, sir, you haven’t said anything about it!” said the rascal who had continued to weave.

“Oh, it is beautiful! Perfectly lovely!” said the old minister, looking through his spectacles. “What a pattern, and what colors! — yes, yes, I shall tell the emperor that it pleases me beyond measure!”

“Well, we are glad to hear that!” said both the weavers.

Then they named all the colors, one by one, and described that ghostly pattern. The old minister listened closely, so that he would be able to repeat it exactly when he got back to the emperor. And repeat it he did.

Now the swindlers demanded more money, and more silk and gold, which they had to use in their work, they said. All of this, too, went into their own pockets. Not a single thread was ever put on the looms, but still they continued to weave, as before, at the empty loom.

The emperor sent another faithful official to see how the weaving was progressing and if the fabric would soon be finished. With him it fared as it had with the minister. He looked and stared, and looked again, but as there was nothing but the empty loom, he, of course, saw nothing.

“Now isn’t that a beautiful piece of cloth?” asked both

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the rogues, and they pointed out the beauties of the pattern which was not there at all.

"Stupid I am not!" thought the man. "It must be that I am not fit for my good office! It is certainly very queer! But of course I must not give myself away!"

Then he praised the cloth he did not see, and assured the weavers of his delight at the exquisite colors and the artistic pattern.

"It is just too dear for anything," he told the emperor.

Everybody in town talked about the splendid fabric. And now the emperor wanted to see it himself while it was still on the loom. So, accompanied by a whole train of chosen men, among whom were the two honest old officials who had been there before, he went to visit the crafty rascals, who were weaving with might and main, without the smallest bit of a thread.

"Isn't it magnificent!" cried the two honest officials. "Just look, your majesty, what a splendid pattern! What wonderful colors!" and they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought the others surely would be able to see the cloth.

"What's this!" thought the emperor. "I don't see anything! This is dreadful! Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be emperor? This is the most dreadful thing that could happen to me!"

"Oh, it is very beautiful indeed!" said the emperor aloud. "It has my unqualified approval!"

He nodded his head in a satisfied manner and regarded the empty loom, for never would he say that he could not



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see anything. The whole retinue that had followed him stared and stared, but with no better results than the others had. Yet, although they saw nothing, they all exclaimed just as the emperor had done, "Oh, it is very beautiful, indeed!" They advised him urgently to have clothes made of this splendid new cloth, and to wear them for the first time in the great procession which was soon to take place.

"That is magnificent, wonderful, superb!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. Everybody was perfectly pleased with the suggestion. Both the rascals were knighted by the emperor, who gave each of them a cross to wear in his buttonhole and bestowed on them the title of knight weavers.

All night before the day the procession was to take place the two rogues sat up at their work. They had more than sixteen candles lighted, and people could see that they must be very busy and hurrying to get the emperor's new clothes ready for the morrow.

They pretended to take the fabric from the loom; they cut in the empty air with great shears; they stitched away with threadless needles; and finally they said, "At last the clothes are ready!"

The emperor himself, accompanied by his most distinguished courtiers, now arrived, and each of the rogues lifted one arm in the air as if he were holding up something for inspection.

"See," they said, "here are the trousers! Here is the coat! Here is the mantle!" and so forth and so on. "It is as



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

light as gossamer! A person would think that he had on nothing at all; but that is its greatest merit!”

“Of course!” said all the courtiers. But they could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

“Will your imperial majesty now graciously condescend to take off your clothes?” said the rogues. “Then we shall put on the new ones for you, over here before this big mirror!”

The emperor took off all his clothes, and the rascals acted as if they were handing him, piece by piece, the new suit which they pretended to have woven. They reached around his waist and pretended to fasten something. It was the train, they said, and the emperor turned and twisted in front of the mirror as if to view the effect from all sides.

“My, how becoming they are! How well they fit!” said everybody. “What a pattern! What colors! What splendid garments they are!”

“They are waiting at the door with the canopy which is to be carried over your majesty in the procession!” said the master-in-chief of ceremonies.

“Well, I am all ready, you see!” said the emperor. “Don’t they hang well?” And he turned around once more before the mirror! For he wanted it to appear as if he were looking closely at all his finery.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train fumbled on the floor with their hands as if they were picking it up. Then they walked along holding their hands high. They did not dare let it be known that they could see nothing.

And so the emperor marched in the procession under the

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beautiful canopy and everybody on the street and in the windows cried out: "The emperor's new clothes are peerless! What a beautiful train! How wonderfully they fit!"

No one would let it be known that he saw nothing, for that would have meant that he was unfit for his office, or else that he was very stupid. No clothes that the emperor had ever worn had been such a success.

"But he has nothing on!" said a little child.

"Just listen to the innocent!" said the child's father. But one person whispered to another what the child had said.

"He has nothing on; a little child says he has nothing on!"

"But he really hasn't anything on!" at last shouted all the people. The emperor had a creepy feeling, for it seemed to him that they were right. But then he thought within himself, "I must carry the thing out and go through with the procession."

So he bore himself still more proudly, and the chamberlains walked along behind him carrying the train which was not there at all.

# THE SNOW QUEEN

## IN SEVEN PARTS

### PART THE FIRST

WHICH TREATS OF THE MIRROR AND ITS FRAGMENTS

**L**ISTEN! We are beginning our story! When we arrive at the end of it we shall, it is to be hoped, know more than we do now.

There was once a magician! a wicked magician!! a most wicked magician!!! Great was his delight at having constructed a mirror possessing this peculiarity, viz., that everything good and beautiful, when reflected in it, shrank up almost to nothing, whilst those things that were ugly and useless were magnified, and made to appear ten times worse than before. The loveliest landscapes reflected in this mirror looked like boiled spinach, and the handsomest persons appeared odious, or as if standing upon their heads, their features being so distorted that their friends could never have recognised them. Moreover, if one of them had a freckle, he might be sure that it would seem to spread over the nose and mouth; and if a good or pious thought glanced across his mind, a wrinkle was seen in the mirror. All this the magician thought highly entertaining, and he chuckled with delight at his own clever invention. Those who fre-



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quented the school of magic where he taught spread abroad the fame of this wonderful mirror, and declared that, by its means, the world and its inhabitants might be seen now, for the first time, as they really were. They carried the mirror from place to place, till at last there was no country nor person that had not been misrepresented in it. Its admirers now must needs fly up to the sky with it, to see if they could not carry on their sport even there. But the higher they flew the more wrinkled did the mirror become, — they could scarcely hold it together. They flew on and on, higher and higher, till at last the mirror trembled so fearfully that it escaped from their hands, and fell to the earth, breaking into millions, billions, and trillions of pieces. And then it caused far greater unhappiness than before, for fragments of it, scarcely so large as a grain of sand, would be flying about in the air, and sometimes get into people's eyes, causing them to view everything the wrong way, or to have power to see only what was perverted and corrupt, each little fragment having retained the peculiar properties of the entire mirror. Some people were so unfortunate as to receive a little splinter into their hearts, — that was terrible! The heart became cold and hard, like a lump of ice. Some pieces were large enough to be used as window-panes, but it was of no use to look at one's friends through such panes as those. Other fragments were made into spectacles, and then what trouble people had with setting and resetting them! The wicked magician was greatly amused with all this, and he laughed till his sides ached.

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There are still some little splinters of this mischievous mirror flying about in the air; we shall hear more about them very soon.

# THE SNOW QUEEN

## PART THE SECOND

### A LITTLE BOY AND A LITTLE GIRL

**I**N a large town, where there are so many houses and inhabitants that there is not room enough for all the people to possess a little garden of their own, and therefore many are obliged to content themselves with keeping a few plants in pots, there dwelt two poor children whose garden was somewhat larger than a flower-pot. They were not brother and sister, but they loved each other as much as if they had been, and their parents lived in two attics exactly opposite. The roof of one neighbour's house nearly joined the other, the gutter ran along between, and there was in each roof a little window, so that you could stride across the gutter from one window to the other.

The parents of each child had a large wooden box in which grew herbs for kitchen use, and they had placed these boxes upon the gutter, so near that they almost touched each other. A beautiful little rose tree grew in each box, scarlet-runners entwined their long shoots over the windows, and, uniting with the branches of the rose trees, formed a flowery arch across the street. The boxes were very high, and the children knew that they might not climb over them, but they often obtained leave to sit on their little stools under the rose trees, and thus they passed many a delightful hour.

But when winter came there was an end to these pleasures.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

The windows were often quite frozen over, and then they heated half-pence on the stove, held the warm copper against the frozen pane, and thus made a little round peep-hole, behind which would sparkle a bright gentle eye, one from each window.

The little boy was called Kay, the little girl's name was Gerda. In summer time they could get out of the window and jump over to each other; but in winter there were stairs to run down, and stairs to run up, and sometimes the wind roared, and the snow fell without doors.

"Those are the white bees swarming there!" said the old grandmother.

"Have they a queen bee?" asked the little boy, for he knew that the real bees have one.

"They have," said the grandmother. "She flies yonder where they swarm so thickly; she is the largest of them, and never remains upon the earth, but flies up again into the black cloud. Sometimes, on a winter's night, she flies through the streets of the town, and breathes with her frosty breath upon the windows, and then they are covered with strange and beautiful forms, like trees and flowers."

"Yes, I have seen them!" said both the children — they knew that this was true.

"Can the snow queen come in here?" asked the little girl.

"If she does come in," said the boy, "I will put her on the warm stove, and then she will melt."

And the grandmother stroked his hair and told him some stories.

## THE SNOW QUEEN

That same evening, after little Kay had gone home, and was half-undressed, he crept upon the chair by the window and peeped through the little round hole. Just then a few snowflakes fell outside, and one, the largest of them, remained lying on the edge of one of the flower-pots. The snowflake appeared larger and larger, and at last took the form of a lady dressed in the finest white *crêpe*, her attire being composed of millions of star-like particles. She was exquisitely fair and delicate, but entirely of ice, — glittering, dazzling ice. Her eyes gleamed like two bright stars, but there was no rest nor repose in them. She nodded at the window, and beckoned with her hand. The little boy was frightened and jumped down from the chair. He then fancied he saw a large bird fly past the window.

There was a clear frost next day, and soon afterwards came spring. The trees and flowers budded, the swallows built their nests, the windows were opened, and the little children sat once more in their little garden upon the gutter that ran along the roofs of the houses.

The roses blossomed beautifully that summer, and the little girl had learned a hymn in which there was something about roses: it reminded her of her own.

And the little ones held each other by the hand, kissed the roses, and looked up into the blue sky, talking away all the time. What glorious summer days were those! How delightful it was to sit under those lovely rose trees, which seemed as if they never intended to leave off blossoming! One day Kay and Gerda were sitting looking at their picture-

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book, full of birds and animals, when suddenly — the clock on the old church-tower was just striking five — Kay exclaimed, “Oh, dear! what was that shooting pain in my heart! and now again, something has certainly got into my eye!”

The little girl turned and looked at him! he winked his eyes — no, there was nothing to be seen.

“I believe it is gone,” said he; but gone it was not. It was one of those glass splinters from the magic mirror, — the wicked glass which made everything great and good reflected in it to appear little and hateful, and which magnified everything ugly and mean. Poor Kay had also received a splinter in his heart, — it would now become hard and cold, like a lump of ice. He felt the pain no longer, but the splinter was there.

“Why do you cry?” asked he; “you look so ugly when you cry! there is nothing the matter with me. Fie!” exclaimed he again, “this rose has an insect in it, and just look at this! after all they are ugly roses! and it is an ugly box they grow in!” Then he kicked the box and tore off the roses.

“Oh, Kay, what are you doing?” cried the little girl, but when he saw how it grieved her, he tore off another rose, and jumped down through his own window, away from his once dear little Gerda.

Ever afterwards, when she brought forward the picture-book, he called it a baby's book; and when her grandmother told stories, he interrupted her with a but, and sometimes, whenever he could manage it, he would get behind her, put







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on her spectacles, and speak just as she did; he did this in a very droll manner, and so people laughed at him. Very soon he could mimic everybody in the street. All that was singular and awkward about them could Kay imitate, and his neighbors said, "What a remarkable head that boy has!" But no, it was the glass splinter which had fallen into his eye, the glass splinter which had pierced into his heart. It was these which made him regardless whose feelings he wounded, and even made him tease the little Gerda who loved him so fondly.

His games were now quite different from what they used to be — they were so rational! One winter's day, when it was snowing, he came out with a large burning glass in his hand, and holding up the skirts of his blue coat, let the snowflakes fall upon them.

"Now, look through the glass, Gerda!" said he, returning to the house. Every snowflake seemed much larger, and resembled a splendid flower, or a star with ten points; they were quite beautiful. "See, how curious!" said Kay; "these are far more interesting than real flowers; there is not a single blemish in them. They would be quite perfect, if only they did not melt."

Soon after this, Kay came in again, with thick gloves on his hands, and his sledge slung across his back. He called out to Gerda, "I have got leave to drive on the great square where the other boys play!" and away he went.

The boldest boys in the square used to fasten their sledges firmly to the wagons of the country people, and thus drive a



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good way along with them; this they thought particularly pleasant. Whilst they were in the midst of their play, a large sledge, painted white, passed by; in it sat a person wrapped in a rough white fur, and wearing a rough white cap. When the sledge had driven twice round the square, Kay bound to it his little sledge, and was carried on with it. On they went, faster and faster, into the next street. The person who drove the large sledge turned round and nodded kindly to Kay, just as if they had been old acquaintances, and every time Kay was going to loose his little sledge, turned and nodded again, as if to signify that he must stay. So Kay sat still, and they passed through the gates of the town. Then the snow began to fall so thickly that the little boy could not see his own hand, but he was still carried on. He tried hastily to unloose the cords and free himself from the large sledge, but it was of no use, — his little carriage could not be unfastened, and glided on as swift as the wind. Then he cried out as loud as he could, but no one heard him — the snow fell and the sledge flew; every now and then it made a spring, as if driving over hedges and ditches. He was very much frightened, he would have repeated "Our Father," but he could remember nothing but the multiplication table.

The snowflakes seemed larger and larger; at last they looked like great white fowls. All at once they fell aside, the large sledge stopped, and the person who drove it arose from the seat. He saw that the cap and coat were entirely of snow, that it was a lady, tall and slender, and dazzlingly white — it was the Snow Queen!

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“We have driven fast!” said she, “but no one likes to be frozen — creep under my bear-skin.” And she seated him in the sledge by her side, and spread her cloak around him: he felt as if he were sinking into a drift of snow.

“Are you still cold?” asked she, and then she kissed his brow. Oh! her kiss was colder than ice, it went to his heart, although that was half frozen already. He thought he should die, — it was, however, only for a moment, — directly afterwards he was quite well, and no longer felt the intense cold around.

“My sledge! do not forget my sledge!” — he thought first of that — it was fastened to one of the white fowls which flew behind with it on his back. The Snow Queen kissed Kay again, and he entirely forgot little Gerda, her grandmother, and all at home.

“Now you must have no more kisses!” said she, “else I should kiss thee to death.”

Kay looked at her, she was so beautiful; a more intelligent, more lovely countenance, he could not imagine; she no longer appeared to him ice, cold ice, as at the time when she sat outside the window and beckoned to him. In his eyes she was perfect, he felt no fear, he told her how well he could reckon in his head, even fractions; that he knew the number of square miles of every country, and the number of the inhabitants contained in different towns. She smiled, and then it occurred to him that, after all, he did not yet know so very much; he looked up into the wide, wide space, and she flew with him high up into the black cloud while the storm was

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raging; it seemed now to Kay as though singing songs of olden time.

They flew over woods and over lakes, over sea and over land; beneath them the cold wind whistled, the wolves howled, the snow glittered, and the black crow flew cawing over the plain, whilst above them shone the moon, so clear and tranquil.

Thus did Kay spend the long, long winter night; all day he slept at the feet of the Snow Queen.



# THE SNOW QUEEN

## PART THE THIRD

### THE ENCHANTED FLOWER GARDEN

**B**UT how fared it with little Gerda, when Kay never returned? Where could he be? No one knew, no one could give any account of him. The boys said that they had seen him fasten his sledge to another larger and very handsome one, which had driven into the street, and thence through the gates of the town. No one knew where he was, and many were the tears that were shed; little Gerda wept much and long, for the boys said he must be dead. He must have been drowned in the river that flowed not far from the town. Oh, how long and dismal the winter days were now!

At last came the spring, with its warm sunshine.

“Alas, Kay is dead and gone!” said little Gerda.

“That I do not believe,” said the sunshine.

“He is dead and gone,” said she to the swallows.

“That we do not believe,” returned they, and at last little Gerda herself did not believe it.

“I will put on my new red shoes,” said she, one morning, “those which Kay has never seen, and then I will go down to the river and ask after him.”

It was quite early; she kissed her old grandmother, who was still sleeping, put on her red shoes, and went alone through the gates of the town towards the river.

“Is it true,” said she, “that thou hast taken my little

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playfellow away? I will give thee my red shoes, if thou wilt restore him to me!"

And the wavelets of the river flowed towards her in a manner which she fancied was unusual; she fancied that they intended to accept her offer. So she took off her red shoes, though she prized them more than anything else she possessed, and threw them into the stream; but they fell near the shore, and the little waves bore them back to her, as though they would not take from her what she most prized, as they had not got little Kay. However, she thought she had not thrown the shoes far enough, so she stepped into a little boat which lay among the reeds by the shore, and, standing at the farthest end of it, threw them from thence into the water. The boat was not fastened, and her movements in it caused it to glide away from the shore. She saw this, and hastened to get out, but, by the time she reached the other end of the boat, it was more than a yard distant from the land; she could not escape, and the boat glided on.

Little Gerda was much frightened and began to cry, but no one besides the sparrows heard her, and they could not carry her back to the land; however, they flew along the banks, and sang as if to comfort her, "Here we are, here we are!" The boat followed the stream, little Gerda sat in it quite still; her red shoes floated behind her, but they could not overtake the boat, which glided along faster than they did.

Beautiful were the shores of that river, — lovely flowers, stately old trees, and bright green hills dotted with sheep and cows, were seen in abundance, but not a single human being.

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“Perhaps the river may bear me to my dear Kay,” thought Gerda, and then she became more cheerful, and amused herself for hours with looking at the lovely country around her. At last she glided past a large cherry garden, wherein stood a little cottage, with thatched roof and curious red and blue windows; two wooden soldiers stood at the door, who presented arms when they saw the little vessel approach.

Gerda called to them, thinking that they were alive, but they, naturally enough, made no answer. She came close up to them, for the stream drifted the boat to the land.

Gerda called still louder, whereupon an old lady came out of the house, supporting herself on a crutch; she wore a large hat, with most beautiful flowers painted on it.

“Thou poor little child!” said the old woman, “the mighty flowing river has indeed borne thee a long, long way.” And she walked right into the water, seized the boat with her crutch, drew it to land, and took out the little girl.

Gerda was glad to be on dry land again, although she was a little afraid of the strange old lady.

“Come and tell me who thou art, and how thou camest hither,” said she.

And Gerda told her all, and the old lady shook her head, and said, “Hem! hem!” And when Gerda asked if she had seen little Kay, the lady said that he had not arrived there yet, but that he would be sure to come soon, and that in the meantime Gerda must not be sad; that she might stay with her, might eat her cherries, and look at her flowers, which were prettier than any picture-book, and could each tell her a story.



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She then took Gerda by the hand; they went together into the cottage, and the old lady shut the door. The windows were very high, and their panes of different colored glass, red, blue, and yellow, so that when the bright daylight streamed through them, various and beautiful were the hues reflected upon the room. Upon a table in the center was placed a plate of very fine cherries, and of these Gerda was allowed to eat as many as she liked; and whilst she was eating them, the old dame combed her hair with a golden comb, and the bright flaxen ringlets fell on each side of her pretty, gentle face, which looked as round and as fresh as a rose.

"I have long wished for such a dear little girl," said the old lady. "We shall see if we cannot live very happily together." And, as she combed little Gerda's hair, the child thought less and less of her foster brother Kay, for the old lady was an enchantress. She did not, however, practise magic for the sake of mischief, but merely for her own amusement. And now she wished very much to keep little Gerda to live with her. So, fearing that if Gerda saw her roses, she would be reminded of her own flowers and of little Kay, and that then she might run away, she went out into the garden, and extended her crutch over all her rose bushes, upon which, although they were full of leaves and blossoms, they immediately sank into the black earth, and no one would have guessed that such plants had ever grown there.

Then she led Gerda into this flower garden. Oh, how beautiful and how fragrant it was! Flowers of all seasons and all climes grew there in fulness of beauty; certainly no picture-

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book could be compared with it. Gerda bounded with delight, and played among the flowers, till the sun set behind the tall cherry trees; after which a pretty little bed, with crimson silk cushions, stuffed with blue violet leaves, was prepared for her, and here she slept so sweetly, and had such dreams as a queen might have on her bridal eve.

The next day she again played among the flowers in the warm sunshine, and many more days were spent in the same manner. Gerda knew every flower in the garden, but numerous as they were, it seemed to her that one was wanting — she could not tell which. She was sitting one day looking at her hostess's hat, which had flowers painted on it, and behold, the loveliest among them was a rose! The old lady had entirely forgotten the painted rose on her hat, when she made the real roses to disappear from her garden and sink into the ground. This is often the case when things are done hastily.

“What!” cried Gerda, “are there no roses in the garden?” And she ran from one bed to another: sought and sought again, but no rose was to be found. She sat down and wept, and it so chanced that her tears fell on a spot where a rose tree had formerly stood, and as soon as her warm tears had moistened the earth, the bush shot up anew, as fresh and as blooming as it was before it had sunk into the ground. And Gerda threw her arms around it, kissed the blossoms, and immediately recalled to memory the beautiful roses at home, and her little playfellow Kay.

“Oh, how could I stay here so long?” exclaimed the little maiden; “I left my home to seek for Kay. Do you not know



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where he is?" she asked of the roses; "think you that he is dead?"

"Dead he is not," said the roses; "we have been down in the earth; the dead are there, but not Kay."

"I thank you," said little Gerda; and she went to the other flowers, bent low over their cups, and asked, "Know you not where little Kay is?"

But every flower stood in the sunshine dreaming its own little tale; they related their stories to Gerda, but none of them knew anything of Kay.

"And what think you?" said the tiger-lily.

"Listen to the drums beating, boom! boom! they have but two notes, always boom! boom! Listen to the dirge the women are singing! listen to the chorus of the priests! Enveloped in her long red robes stands the Hindoo wife on the funeral pile, the flames blaze around her and her dead husband, but the Hindoo wife thinks not of the dead. She thinks only of the living, and the anguish which consumes her spirit is keener than the fire which will soon reduce her body to ashes. Can the flame of the heart expire amid the flames of the funeral pile?"

"I do not understand that at all!" said little Gerda.

"That is my tale!" said the tiger-lily.

"What says the convolvulus?"

"Hanging over a narrow mountain causeway behold an ancient baronial castle, thick evergreens grow amongst the time-stained walls, their leafy branches entwine about the balcony, and there stands a beautiful maiden. She bends over



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the balustrades and fixes her eyes with eager expectation on the road winding beneath. The rose hangs not fresher and lovelier on its stem than she; the apple-blossom which the wind threatens every moment to tear from its branch is not more fragile and trembling. Listen to the rustling of her rich silken robe! Listen to her half-whispered words, 'He comes not yet!'"

"Is it Kay you mean?" asked little Gerda.

"I do but tell you my tale — my dream," replied the convolvulus.

"What says the little snowdrop?"

"Between two trees hangs a swing; two pretty little maidens, their dress as white as snow, and long green ribands fluttering from their hats, sit and swing themselves in it; their brother stands up in the swing, — he has thrown his arms round the ropes to keep himself steady, for in one hand he holds a little cup, in the other a pipe made of clay — he is blowing soap-bubbles. The swing moves, and the bubbles fly upwards with bright, ever changing colors; the last hovers on the edge of the pipe, and moves with the wind. The swing is still in motion, and a little black dog, almost as light as the soap-bubbles, rises on his hind feet, and tries to get into the swing also; away goes the swing, the dog falls, is out of temper, and barks; he is laughed at, and the bubbles burst. A swinging-board, a frothy, fleeting image, is my song."

"What you describe may be all very pretty, but you speak so mournfully, and there is nothing about Kay.

"What say the hyacinths?"

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“There were three fair sisters — transparent and delicate they were; the kirtle of the one was red, that of the second blue, of the third pure white. Hand in hand they danced in the moonlight, beside the quiet lake; they were not fairies, but daughters of men. Sweet was the fragrance when the maidens vanished into the wood; the fragrance grew stronger; three biers, whereon lay the fair sisters, glided out from the depths of the wood and floated upon the lake, the glow-worms flew shining around like little hovering lamps. Sleep the dancing maidens, or are they dead? The odor from the flowers tells us they are corpses. The evening bells peal out their dirge.”

“You make me quite sad,” said little Gerda. “Your fragrance is so strong I cannot help thinking of the dead maidens; alas! and is little Kay dead? The roses have been under the earth, and they say ‘No.’”

“Ding dong! ding dong!” rang the hyacinth bells. “We toll not for little Kay — we know him not. We do but sing our own song — the only one we know.”

And Gerda went to the buttercup, which shone so brightly from among her smooth green leaves.

“Thou art like a little bright sun,” said Gerda; “tell me, if thou canst, where I may find my play-fellow.”

And the buttercup glittered so brightly, and looked at Gerda. What song could the buttercup sing? Neither was hers about Kay.

“One bright spring morning the sun shone warmly upon a little courtyard, the bright beams streamed down the white



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walls of a neighboring house, and close by grew the first yellow flower of spring, glittering like gold in the warm sunshine. An old grandmother sat without in her arm-chair; her granddaughter, a pretty, lowly maiden, had just returned home from a short visit; she kissed her grandmother, — there was gold, pure gold, in that loving kiss:

“Gold was the flower!

Gold the fresh, bright morning hour!

“That is my little story,” said the buttercup.

“My poor old grandmother!” sighed Gerda. “Yes, she must be wishing for me, just as she wished for little Kay. But I shall soon go home again, and take Kay with me. It is of no use to ask the flowers about him, they only know their own song, they can give me no information.” And she folded her little frock round her, that she might run the faster; but, in jumping over the narcissus, it caught her foot, as if wishing to stop her. So she turned and looked at the tall yellow flower, saying, “Have you any news to give me?” She bent over the narcissus, waiting for an answer. And what said the narcissus?

“I can look at myself, I can see myself! Oh, how sweet is my fragrance! Up in the little attic chamber stands a little dancer. She rests sometimes on one leg, sometimes on two. She has trampled the whole world under her feet: she is nothing but an illusion. She pours water from a teapot upon a piece of cloth she holds in her hand — it is her bodice; cleanliness is a fine thing! — her white dress hangs on the



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hook; that has also been washed by the water from the teapot, and dried on the roof of the house. She puts it on, and wraps a saffron-colored handkerchief round her neck; it makes the dress look all the whiter. With one leg extended, there she stands, as though on a stalk. I can look at myself — I see myself!”

“I don't care if you do,” said Gerda. “You need not have told me that;” and away she ran to the end of the garden.

The gate was closed, but she pressed upon the rusty lock till it broke; the gate sprang open, and little Gerda, with bare feet, ran out into the wide world. Three times she looked back; there was no one following her; she ran till she could run no longer, and then sat down to rest upon a large stone. Casting a glance around, she saw that the summer was past, that it was now late in the autumn. Of course, she had not remarked this in the enchanted garden, where there were sunshine and flowers all the year round.

“How long I must have stayed there!” said little Gerda. “So it is now autumn! Well, then, there is no time to lose”; and she rose to pursue her way.

Oh, how sore and weary were her little feet! and all around looked so cold and barren; the long willow leaves had already turned yellow, and the dew trickled down from them in large drops. The leaves fell off the trees, one by one; the sloe alone bore fruit, and its berries were so sharp and bitter! Cold, and grey, and sad, seemed the world to her that day.

## THE SNOW QUEEN

### PART THE FOURTH

#### THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS

GERDA was again obliged to stop and take rest. Suddenly a large raven hopped upon the snow in front of her, saying, “Caw! Caw! Good-day! Good-day!” He had sat for some time on the withered branch of a tree just opposite, eying the little maiden, and wagging his head; and he now came forward to make acquaintance, and to ask her whither she was going all alone. That word “alone” Gerda understood right well — she felt how sad a meaning it has. She told the raven the history of her life and fortunes, and asked if he had seen Kay.

And the raven nodded his head, half doubtfully, and said, “That is possible! — possible!”

“Do you think so?” exclaimed the little girl, and she kissed the raven so vehemently, that it is a wonder she did not squeeze him to death.

“More moderately! — moderately!” said the raven. “I think I know; I think it may be little Kay; but he has certainly forsaken thee for the princess.”

“Dwells he with a princess?” asked Gerda.

“Listen to me,” said the raven; “but it is so difficult to speak your language! Do you understand Ravenish? If so, I can tell you much better.”

“No, I have never learned Ravenish,” said Gerda, “but

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my grandmother knew it, and Pye-language also. Oh, how I wish I had learned it!"

"Never mind," said the raven, "I will relate my story in the best manner I can, though bad will be the best"; and he told all he knew.

"In the kingdom wherein we are now sitting there dwells a princess, a most uncommonly clever princess. All the newspapers in the world has she read, and forgotten them again, so clever is she. It is not long since she ascended the throne, which I have heard is not quite so agreeable a situation as one would fancy; and immediately after she began to sing a new song, the burden of which was this, 'Why should I not marry me?' 'There is some sense in this song!' said she, and she determined she would marry; but at the same time declared that the man whom she would choose must be able to answer sensibly whenever people spoke to him, and must be good for something else besides merely looking grand and stately. The ladies of the court were then all drummed together, in order to be informed of her intentions, whereupon they were highly delighted; and one exclaimed, 'That is just what I wish'; and another, that she had lately been thinking of the very same thing. Believe me," continued the raven, "every word I say is true, for I have a tame beloved who hops at pleasure about the palace, and she has told me all this."

Of course, the "beloved" was also a raven, for birds of a feather flock together.

"Proclamations, adorned with borders of hearts, were



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immediately issued, wherein, after enumerating the style and titles of the princess, it was set forth that every well-favoured youth was free to go to the palace and converse with the princess; and that whoever should speak in such wise as showed that he felt himself at home, there would be the one the princess would choose for her husband.

“Yes, indeed,” continued the raven, “you may believe me; all this is as true as that I sit here. The people all crowded to the palace; there was famous pressing and squeezing; but it was all of no use, either the first or the second day. The young men could speak well enough while they were outside the palace gates, but when they entered, and saw the royal guard in silver uniform, and the lackeys on the staircase in gold, and the spacious saloon all lighted up, they were quite confounded. They stood before the throne where the princess sat; and when she spoke to them, they could only repeat the last word she had uttered, which, you know, it was not particularly interesting for her to hear over again. It was just as though they had been struck dumb the moment they entered the palace; for as soon as they got out, they could talk fast enough. There was a regular procession constantly moving from the gates of the town to the gates of the palace. I was there, and saw it with my own eyes,” said the raven. “They grew both hungry and thirsty whilst waiting at the palace, but no one could get even so much as a glass of water. To be sure, some of them, wiser than the rest, had brought with them slices of bread and butter; but none would give any to his neighbor, for he thought to himself, ‘Let him look

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hungry, and then the princess will be sure not to choose him.'"

"But Kay, little Kay, when did he come?" asked Gerda; "was he among the crowd?"

"Presently, presently! we have just come to him. On the third day arrived a youth with neither horse nor carriage; gaily he marched up to the palace; his eyes sparkled like yours; he had long, beautiful hair, but was very meanly clad."

"That was Kay!" exclaimed Gerda. "Oh, then I have found him!" and she clapped her hands with delight.

"He carried a knapsack on his back," said the raven.

"No, not a knapsack," said Gerda, "a sledge, for he had a sledge with him when he left home."

"It is possible," rejoined the raven; "I did not look very closely; but this I heard from my beloved, that when he entered the palace gates and saw the royal guard in silver and the lackeys in gold upon the staircase, he did not seem in the least confused, but nodded pleasantly, and said to them, 'It must be very tedious standing out here; I prefer going in.' The halls glistened with light; cabinet councillors and excellencies were walking about barefooted, and carrying golden keys. It was just the place to make a man solemn and silent; and the youth's boots creaked horribly, yet he was not at all afraid."

"That most certainly was Kay!" said Gerda; "I know he had new boots; I have heard them creak in my grandmother's room."

"Indeed they did creak!" said the raven; "but merrily went he up to the princess, who was sitting upon a pearl as



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large as a spinning-wheel, whilst all the ladies of the court, with the maids of honor and their handmaidens ranged in order, stood on one side, and all the gentlemen in waiting, with their gentlemen, and their gentlemen's gentlemen, who also kept pages, stood ranged in order on the other side, and the nearer they were to the door the prouder they looked. The gentlemen's gentlemen's page, who always wears slippers, one dare hardly look at, so proudly he stands at the door."

"That must be dreadful!" said little Gerda. "And has Kay really won the princess?"

"Had I not been a raven I should have won her myself, notwithstanding my being betrothed. The young man spoke as well as I speak when I converse in Ravenish; that I have heard from my tame beloved. He was handsome and lively. 'He did not come to woo her,' he said; 'he had only come to hear the wisdom of the princess;' and he liked her much, and she liked him in return."

"Yes, to be sure, that was Kay," said Gerda; "he was so clever, he could reckon in his head even fractions! Oh, will you not take me into the palace?"

"Ah! that is easily said," replied the raven; "but how is it to be done? I will talk it over with my tame beloved; she will advise us what to do, for I must tell you that such a little girl as you are will never gain permission to enter publicly."

"Yes, I shall!" cried Gerda. "When Kay knows that I am here, he will immediately come out and fetch me."

"Wait for me at the trellis yonder," said the raven. He wagged his head, and away he flew.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

The raven did not return till late in the evening. "Caw, caw!" said he. "My tame beloved greets you kindly, and sends you a piece of bread which she took from the kitchen; there is plenty of bread there, and you must certainly be hungry. It is not possible for you to enter the palace, for you have bare feet; the royal guard in silver uniform, and the lackeys in gold, would never permit it; but do not weep, thou shalt go there. My beloved knows a little back-staircase leading to the sleeping apartments, and she knows also where to find the key."

And they went into the garden, down the grand avenue, where the leaves dropped upon them as they passed along, and, when the lights in the palace one by one had all been extinguished, the raven took Gerda to a back-door, which stood half open. Oh, how Gerda's heart beat with fear and expectation! It was just as though she was about to do something wrong, although she only wanted to know whether Kay was really there. Yes, it must be he! she remembered so well his bright eyes and long hair. She would see if his smile were the same it used to be when they sat together under the rose trees. He would be so glad to see her; to hear how far she had come for his sake; how all at home mourned his absence. Her heart trembled with fear and joy.

They went up the staircase; a small lamp, placed on a cabinet, gave a glimmering light; on the floor stood the tame raven, who first turned her head on all sides, and then looked at Gerda, who made her curtsy, as her grandmother had taught her.

## THE SNOW QUEEN

“My betrothed has told me much about you, my good young maiden,” said the tame raven; “your adventures, too, are extremely interesting! If you will take the lamp, I will show you the way. We are going straight on — we shall not meet any one now.”

“It seems to me as if some one were behind us,” said Gerda; and, in fact, there was a rushing sound as of something passing; strange-looking shadows flitted rapidly along the wall; horses with long, slender legs and fluttering manes; huntsmen, knights, and ladies.

“These are only dreams!” said the raven; “they come to amuse the great personages here at night; you will have a better opportunity of looking at them when you are in bed. I hope that when you arrive at honors and dignities, you will show a grateful heart.”

“Do not talk of that!” said the wood raven.

They now entered the first saloon; its walls were covered with rose-colored satin, embroidered with gold flowers. The dreams rustled past them, but with such rapidity that Gerda could not see them. The apartments through which they passed vied with each other in splendor, and at last they reached the sleeping hall. In the center of this room stood a pillar of gold, resembling the stem of a large palm tree, whose leaves of glass — costly glass — formed the ceiling, and depending from the tree, hung near the floor, on thick golden stalks, two beds in the form of lilies. The one was white, wherein reposed the princess; the other was red, and here must Gerda seek her playfellow Kay. She bent aside one of



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

the red leaves, and saw a brown neck. Oh, it must be Kay! She called him by his name aloud — held the lamp close to him; the dreams again rushed by; he awoke, turned his head, and, behold! it was not Kay.

The prince resembled him only about the throat; he was, however, young and handsome. And the princess looked out from the white lily petals, and asked what was the matter. Then little Gerda wept and told her whole story, and what the ravens had done for her.

“Poor child!” said the prince and princess; and they praised the ravens, and said they were not at all angry with them. Such liberties must never be taken again in their palace, but this time they should be rewarded.

“Would you like to fly away free to the woods?” asked the princess, addressing the ravens; “or to have the appointment secured to you as court ravens, with the perquisites belonging to the kitchen, such as crumbs and leavings?”

And both the ravens bowed low and chose the appointment at court, for they thought of old age, and said it would be so comfortable to be well provided for in their declining years.

Then the prince arose, and made Gerda sleep in his bed; and she folded her little hands, thinking, “How kind both men and animals are to me!” She closed her eyes and slept soundly and sweetly, and all the dreams flitted about her; they looked like angels from heaven, and seemed to be drawing a sledge, whereon Kay sat and nodded to her; but this was only fancy, for as soon as she awoke all the beautiful visions had vanished.



## THE SNOW QUEEN

The next day she was dressed from head to foot in silk and velvet. She was invited to stay at the palace and enjoy all sorts of diversions; but she begged only for a little carriage and a horse, and a pair of little boots. All she desired was to go again into the wide world to seek Kay.

And they gave her the boots, and a muff besides. She was dressed so prettily; and as soon as she was ready, there drove up to the door a new carriage of pure gold, with the arms of the prince and princess glittering upon it like a star, the coachman, footman, and outriders all wearing gold crowns. The prince and princess themselves helped her into the carriage and wished her success. The wood raven, who was now married, accompanied her the first three miles; he sat by her side, for riding backwards was a thing he could not bear. The other raven stood at the door flapping her wings; she did not go with them on account of a headache she had felt ever since she had received her appointment, in consequence of eating too much. The carriage was well provided with sugar plums, fruit, and gingerbread nuts.

“Farewell, farewell!” cried the prince and princess; little Gerda wept, and the raven wept out of sympathy. But his farewell was a far sorer trial; he flew up to the branch of a tree, and flapped his black wings at the carriage till it was out of sight.

# THE SNOW QUEEN

## PART THE FIFTH

### THE LITTLE ROBBER MAIDEN

**T**HEY drove through the dark, dark forest, the carriage shone like a torch; unfortunately, its brightness attracted the eyes of the robbers who dwelt in the forest shades: they could not bear it.

“That is gold! gold!” cried they; forward they rushed, seized the horses, stabbed the outriders, coachman, and footman to death, and dragged little Gerda out of the carriage.

“She is plump, she is pretty, she has been fed on nut kernels!” said the old robber wife, who had a long, bristly beard, and eyebrows hanging like bushes over her eyes. “She is like a little fat lamb! and how smartly she is dressed!” and she drew out her bright dagger, glittering most terribly.

“Oh, oh!” cried the woman; for at the very moment she had lifted her dagger to stab Gerda, her own wild and wilful daughter jumped upon her back and bit her ear violently. “You naughty child!” said the mother.

“She shall play with me” said the little robber maiden. “She shall give me her muff and her pretty frock, and sleep with me in my bed!” And then she bit her mother again, till the robber wife sprang up and shrieked with pain, whilst the robbers all laughed, saying, “Look at her playing with her young one!”

“I will get into the carriage!” and so [spoiled] and [wayward]

## THE SNOW QUEEN

was the little robber maiden, that she always had her own way, and she and Gerda sat together in the carriage, and drove over stock and stone, farther and farther into the wood. The little robber maiden was about as tall as Gerda, but much stronger; she had broad shoulders, and a very dark skin; her eyes were quite black, and had an expression almost melancholy. She put her arm round Gerda's waist, and said: "She shall not kill thee so long as I love thee 'Art thou not a princess?"

"No," said Gerda; and then she told her all that had happened to her, and how much she loved little Kay.

The robber maiden looked earnestly in her face, shook her head, and said, "She shall not kill thee, even if I do quarrel with thee; then, indeed, I would rather do it myself!" And she dried Gerda's tears, and put both her hands into the pretty muff that was so soft and warm.

The carriage at last stopped in the middle of the courtyard of the robbers' castle. This castle was half ruined; crows and ravens flew out of the openings, and some fearfully large bulldogs, looking as if they could devour a man in a moment, jumped round the carriage; they did not bark, for that was forbidden.

The maidens entered a large, smoky hall, where a tremendous fire was blazing on the stone floor; the smoke rose up to the ceiling, seeking a way of escape, for there was no chimney. A large cauldron, full of soup, was boiling over the fire, whilst hares and rabbits were roasting on the spit.

"Thou shalt sleep with me and my little pets tonight!"



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said the robber maiden. Then they had some food, and afterwards went to a corner, wherein lay straw and a piece of carpet. Nearly a hundred pigeons were perched on staves and laths around them; they seemed to be asleep, but were startled when the little maidens approached.

"These all belong to me!" said Gerda's companion; and seizing hold of one of the nearest, she held the poor bird by the feet, and swung it. "Kiss it," said she, flapping it into Gerda's face. "The rabble from the wood sit up there," continued she, pointing to a number of laths fastened across a hole in the wall. "Those are wood pigeons; they would fly away if I did not keep them shut up. And here is my old favorite!" She pulled forward by the horn a reindeer, who wore a bright copper ring round his neck, by which he was fastened to a large stone. "We are obliged to chain him up, or he would run away from us; every evening I tickle his neck with my sharp dagger, it makes him fear me so much!" and the robber maiden drew out a long dagger from a gap in the wall, and passed it over the reindeer's throat. The poor animal struggled and kicked, but the girl laughed, and then she pulled Gerda into bed with her.

"Will you keep the dagger in your hand whilst you sleep?" asked Gerda, looking timidly at the dangerous plaything.

"I always sleep with my dagger by my side," replied the little robber maiden. "One never knows what may happen. But now tell me all over again what you told me before about Kay, and the reason of your coming into the wide world all by yourself." And Gerda again related her history, and the

## THE SNOW QUEEN

wood pigeons imprisoned above listened, but the others were fast asleep. The little robber maiden threw one arm round Gerda's neck, and holding the dagger with the other, was also soon asleep. One could hear her heavy breathing, but Gerda could not close her eyes throughout the night; she knew not what would become of her, whether she would even be suffered to live. The robbers sat round the fire drinking and singing. Oh, it was a dreadful night for the poor little girl!

Then spoke the wood pigeons: "Coo, coo, coo! We have seen the little Kay. A white fowl carried his sledge; he himself was in the snow queen's chariot, which passed through the wood whilst we sat in our nest. She breathed upon us young ones as she passed, and all died of her breath excepting us two, — coo, coo, coo!"

"What are you saying?" cried Gerda; "where was the snow queen going? Do you know anything about it?"

"She travels most likely to Lapland, where ice and snow abide all the year round. Ask the reindeer bound to the rope there."

"Yes, ice and snow are there all through the year. It is a glorious land!" said the reindeer; "there, free and happy, one can roam through the wide, sparkling valleys! There the snow queen has her summer tent; her strong castle is very far off, near the North Pole, on the island called Spitzbergen."

"Oh, Kay, dear Kay!" sighed Gerda.

"You must lie still," said the robber maiden, "or I will thrust my dagger into your side."



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

When morning came Gerda repeated to her what the wood pigeons had said, and the little robber maiden looked grave for a moment, then nodded her head, saying: "No matter! no matter! Do you know where Lapland is?" asked she of the reindeer.

"Who should know but I?" returned the animal, his eyes kindling. "There was I born and bred, there how often have I bounded over the wild icy plains!"

"Listen to me!" said the robber maiden to Gerda. "You see all our men are gone; my mother is still here, and will remain; but towards noon she will drink a little out of the great flask, and after that she will sleep; then I will do something for you!" And so saying she jumped out of bed, sprung upon her mother, pulled her by the beard, and said, "My own dear marm, good morning!" and the mother caressed her so roughly that she was red and blue all over; however, it was from pure love.

When her mother was fast asleep, the robber maiden went up to the reindeer and said, "I should have great pleasure in stroking you a few more times with my sharp dagger, for then you look so droll; but never mind, I will unloose your chain and help you to escape, on condition that you run as fast as you can to Lapland, and take this little girl to the castle of the snow queen, where her playfellow is. You must have heard her story, for she speaks loud enough, and you know well how to listen."

The reindeer bounded with joy, and the robber maiden lifted Gerda on his back, taking the precaution to bind her



## THE SNOW QUEEN

on firmly, as well as to give her a little cushion to sit on. "And here," said she, "are your fur boots, you will need them in that cold country. The muff I must keep myself, it is too pretty to part with; but you shall not be frozen; here are my mother's huge gloves — they reach up to the elbow — put them on. Now your hands look as clumsy as my old mother's!"

And Gerda shed tears of joy. "I cannot bear to see you crying!" said the little robber maiden; "you ought to look glad. See, here are two loaves and a piece of bacon for you, that you may not be hungry on the way." She fastened this provender also on the reindeer's back, opened the door, called away the great dogs, and then cutting asunder with her dagger the rope which bound the reindeer, shouted to him, "Now, then, run! but take good care of the little girl."

And Gerda stretched out her hands to the robber maiden, and bade her farewell, and the reindeer fled through the forest, — over stock and stone, over desert and heath, over meadow and moor. The wolves howled and the ravens shrieked. "Isch, isch!" a red light flashed; one might have fancied the sky was sneezing.

"Those are my dear old Northern Lights!" said the reindeer; "look at them, how beautiful they are!" And he ran faster than ever; night and day he ran. The loaves were eaten, so was the bacon; at last they were in Lapland.

## THE SNOW QUEEN

### PART THE SIXTH

#### THE LAPLAND WOMAN, AND THE FINMARK WOMAN

**T**HEY stopped at a little hut — a wretched hut it was; the roof very nearly touched the ground, and the door was so low, that whoever wished to go either in or out was obliged to crawl upon hands and knees. No one was at home except an old Lapland woman, who was busy boiling fish over a lamp filled with train-oil. The reindeer related to her Gerda's whole history, not, however, till after he had made her acquainted with his own, which appeared to him of much more importance. Poor Gerda, meanwhile, was so overpowered by the cold that she could not speak.

“Ah, poor things!” said the Lapland woman, “you have still a long way before you! you have a hundred miles to run before you can arrive in Finmark. The snow queen dwells there, and burns blue lights every evening. I will write for you a few words on a piece of dried stock-fish — paper I have — and you may take it with you to the wise Finmark woman who lives there; she will advise you better than I can.”

So when Gerda had well warmed herself and taken some food, the Lapland woman wrote a few words on a dried stock-fish, bade Gerda take care of it, and bound her once more firmly on the reindeer's back. Onward they sped; the wondrous Northern Lights, now of the loveliest, brightest blue color, shone all through the night; and amidst these splendid



## THE SNOW QUEEN

illuminations they arrived in Finmark, and knocked at the chimney of the wise woman, for door to her house she had none.

Hot, very hot was it within, so much so that the wise woman wore scarcely any clothing; she was low in stature, and very dirty. She immediately loosened little Gerda's dress, took off her fur boots and thick gloves, laid a piece of ice on the reindeer's head, and then read what was written on the stock-fish. She read it three times; after the third reading she knew it by heart, and threw the fish into the porridge-pot, for it might make a very excellent supper, and she never wasted anything.

The reindeer then repeated his own story, and when that was finished he told of little Gerda's adventures, and the wise woman twinkled her wise eyes, but spoke not a word.

"Thou art so powerful," continued the reindeer, "that I know thou canst twist all the winds of the world into a rope, of which if the pilot loosen one knot, he will have a favorable wind; if he loosen the second, it will blow sharp; and if he loosen the third, so tremendous a storm will arise that the trees of the forest will be uprooted, and the ship wrecked. Wilt thou not mix for this little maiden that wonderful draught which will give her the strength of twelve men, and thus enable her to overcome the Snow Queen?"

"The strength of twelve men!" repeated the wise woman; "that would be of much use, to be sure!" and she walked away, drew forth a large parchment roll from a shelf, and began to read. What strange characters were seen inscribed on the scroll, as the wise woman slowly unrolled it! She read



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so intently, that the perspiration ran down her forehead.

But the reindeer pleaded so earnestly for little Gerda, and Gerda's eyes were raised so entreatingly and tearfully, that at last the wise woman's eyes began to twinkle again out of sympathy, and she drew the reindeer into a corner, and putting a fresh piece of ice upon his head, whispered thus:

"Little Kay is still with the Snow Queen, in whose abode everything is according to his taste, and, therefore, he believes it to be the best place in the world. But that is because he has a glass splinter in his heart, and a glass splinter in his eye; until he has got rid of them he will never feel like a human being, and the Snow Queen will always maintain her influence over him."

"But canst thou not give something to little Gerda whereby she may overcome all these evil influences?"

"I can give her no power so great as that which she already possesses. Seest thou not how strong she is? Seest thou not that both men and animals must serve her — a poor little girl, wandering barefoot through the world? Her power is greater than ours; it proceeds from her heart — from her being a loving and innocent child. If this power, which she already possesses, cannot give her access to the Snow Queen's palace, and enable her to free Kay's eye and heart from the glass fragment, we can do nothing for her! Two miles hence is the Snow Queen's garden, thither thou canst carry the little maiden; put her down close by the bush bearing red berries and half covered with snow. Lose no time, and hasten back to this place!"

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And the wise woman lifted Gerda on the reindeer's back, and away they went.

"Oh, I have left my boots behind! I have left my gloves behind!" cried little Gerda, when it was too late. The cold was piercing, but the reindeer dared not stop; on he ran until he reached the bush with the red berries. Here he set Gerda down, kissed her, the tears rolling down his cheeks the while, and ran fast back again, which was the best thing he could do. And there stood poor Gerda, without shoes, without gloves, alone in that barren region — that terribly ice-cold Finmark.

She ran on as fast as she could — a whole regiment of snow-flakes came to meet her. They did not fall from the sky, which was cloudless and bright with the Northern Lights, they ran straight along the ground, and the farther Gerda advanced the larger they grew. Gerda then remembered how large and curious the snow-flakes had appeared to her when one day she had looked at them through a burning-glass; these, however, were very much larger — they were living forms; they were, in fact, the Snow Queen's guards. Their shapes were the strangest that could be imagined, some looked like great ugly porcupines, others like snakes rolled into knots with their heads peering forth, and others like little fat bears with bristling hair, — all, however, were alike dazzlingly white, — all were living snow-flakes.

Little Gerda began to repeat "Our Father." Meanwhile, the cold was so intense that she could see her own breath, which, as it escaped her mouth, ascended into the air like

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vapor; more dense grew this vapor, and at length shaped itself into the forms of little bright angels, which, as they touched the earth, became larger and more distinct. They wore helmets on their heads, and carried shields and spears in their hands. Their number increased so rapidly that, by the time Gerda had finished her prayer, a whole legion stood around her. They thrust with their spears against the horrible snowflakes, which fell into thousands of pieces, and little Gerda walked on, unhurt and undaunted. The angels touched her hands and feet, and then she scarcely felt the cold, and boldly approached the Snow Queen's palace.

But before we accompany her there, let us see what Kay is doing. He is certainly not thinking of little Gerda, least of all can he imagine that she is now standing at the palace gate.



# THE SNOW QUEEN

## PART THE SEVENTH

WHICH TREATS OF THE SNOW QUEEN'S PALACE, AND OF  
WHAT CAME TO PASS THEREIN

**T**HE walls of the palace were formed of the driven snow, its doors and windows of the cutting winds; there were above a hundred halls, the largest of them many miles in extent, all illuminated by the Northern Lights; all alike vast, empty, icily cold, and dazzlingly white. No sounds of mirth ever resounded through these dreary spaces; no cheerful scene refreshed the sight — not even so much as a bear's ball, such as one might imagine sometimes takes place; the tempest forming a band of musicians, and the polar bears standing on their hind-paws and exhibiting themselves in the oddest positions. Nor was there ever a card-assembly, wherein the cards might be held in the mouth, and dealt out by the paws; nor even a small select coffee party for the white young lady foxes. Vast, empty, and cold were the Snow Queen's chambers, and the Northern Lights flashed now high, now low, in regular gradations. In the midst of the empty, interminable snow-saloon lay a frozen lake; it was broken into a thousand pieces; but these pieces so exactly resembled each other, that the breaking of them might well be deemed a work of more than human skill. The Snow Queen, when at home, always sat in the center of this lake; she used to say that she was then sitting on the Mirror of

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

Reason, and that hers was the best — indeed, the only one — in the world.

Little Kay was quite blue, nay, almost black with cold; but he did not observe it, for the Snow Queen had kissed away the shrinking feeling he used to experience, and his heart was like a lump of ice. He was busied among the sharp icy fragments, laying and joining them together in every possible way, just as people do with what are called Chinese Puzzles. Kay could form the most curious and complete figures, — this was the ice-puzzle of reason, — and in his eyes these figures were of the utmost importance. He often formed whole words; but there was one word he could never succeed in forming — it was Eternity. The Snow Queen had said to him, “When thou canst put that figure together, thou shalt become thine own master, and I will give thee the whole world, and a new pair of skates besides.” But he could never do it.

“Now I am going to the warm countries,” said the Snow Queen; “I shall flit through the air, and look into the black cauldrons” — she meant the burning mountains, Etna and Vesuvius. “I shall whiten them a little; that will be good for the citrons and vineyards.” So away flew the Snow Queen, leaving Kay sitting all alone in the large, empty hall of ice. He looked at the fragments, and thought and thought till his head ached: he sat so still and so stiff that one might have fancied that he, too, was frozen.

Cold and cutting blew the winds when little Gerda passed through the palace gates, but she repeated her evening prayer,



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and they immediately sank to rest. She entered the large, cold, empty hall. She saw Kay, she recognized him, she flew upon his neck, she held him fast, and cried, "Kay! dear, dear Kay! I have found thee at last!"

But he sat still as before — cold, silent, motionless. His unkindness wounded poor Gerda deeply, hot and bitter were the tears she shed. They fell upon his breast, they reached his heart, they thawed the ice, and dissolved the tiny splinter of glass within it. He looked at her whilst she sang her hymn:

"Our roses bloom and fade away,  
Our Infant Lord abides alway!  
May we be blessed His face to see,  
And ever little children be!"

Then Kay burst into tears; he wept till the glass splinter floated in his eye and fell with his tears; he knew his old companion immediately, and exclaimed with joy, "Gerda, my dear little Gerda, where hast thou been all this time? — And where have I been?"

He looked around him. "How cold it is here! — how wide and empty!" and he embraced Gerda whilst she laughed and wept by turns. Even the pieces of ice took part in their joy. They danced about merrily, and when they were wearied and lay down, they formed of their own accord the mystical letters of which the Snow Queen had said, that when Kay could put them together, he should be his own master, and that she would give him the whole world, with a new pair of skates besides.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

And Gerda kissed his cheeks, whereupon they became fresh and glowing as ever; she kissed his eyes, and they sparkled like her own; she kissed his hands and feet, and was once more healthy and merry. The Snow Queen might now come home as soon as she liked — it mattered not; Kay's charter of freedom stood written on the mirror in bright icy characters.

They took each other by the hand, and wandered forth out of the palace — talking, meanwhile, about the aged grandmother, and the rose trees on the roof of their houses; and as they walked on, the winds were hushed into a calm, and the sun burst forth in splendor from among the dark storm-clouds. When they arrived at the bush with the red berries, they found the reindeer standing by, awaiting their arrival; he had brought with him another and younger reindeer, and who gladly gave her warm milk to refresh the young travellers.

The old reindeer and the young hind now carried Kay and Gerda on their backs, first to the little hot room of the wise woman of Finmark, where they warmed themselves, and received advice how to proceed in their journey home, — and afterwards to the abode of the Lapland woman, who made them some new clothes, and provided them with a sledge.

The whole party now ran on together till they came to the boundary of the country; but just where the green leaves began to sprout, the Lapland woman and the two reindeers took their leave. "Farewell! — farewell!" said they all. And

## THE SNOW QUEEN

the first little birds they had seen for many a long day began to chirp and warble their pretty songs; and the trees of the forest burst upon them full of rich and variously tinted foliage. Suddenly the green boughs parted asunder, and a spirited horse galloped up. Gerda knew it well, for it was the one which had been harnessed to her gold coach; and on it sat a young girl wearing a bright scarlet cap, and with pistols on the holster before her. It was, indeed, no other than the robber maiden, who, weary of her home in the forest, was going on her travels, first to the North, and afterwards to other parts of the world. She at once recognized Gerda, and Gerda had not forgotten her. Most joyful was their greeting!

“A fine gentleman you are, to be sure, you graceless young truant!” said she to Kay; “I should like to know if you deserved that any one should be running to the end of the world on your account!”

But Gerda stroked her cheeks, and asked after the prince and princess.

“They are gone travelling into foreign countries,” replied the robber maiden.

“And the raven?” asked Gerda.

“Ah! the raven is dead,” returned she. “The tame beloved has become a widow; so she hops about with a piece of black worsted wound round her leg; she moans most piteously, and chatters more than ever! But tell me now all that has happened to you, and how you managed to pick up your old playfellow.”

And Gerda and Kay told their story.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

“Snip-snap-snurre-basselurre!” said the robber maiden; she pressed the hands of both; — promised that if ever she passed through their town she would pay them a visit, and then bade them farewell, and rode away out into the wide world.

Kay and Gerda walked on hand in hand, and wherever they went it was spring, beautiful spring, with its bright flowers and green leaves.

They arrived at a large town, the church bells were ringing merrily, and they immediately recognized the high towers rising into the sky — it was the town wherein they had lived. Joyfully they passed through the streets, joyfully they stopped at the door of Gerda's grandmother. They walked up the stairs and entered the well-known room. The clock said, “Tick, tick!” and the hands moved as before; only one alteration could they find, and that was in themselves, for they saw that they were now full-grown persons. The rose trees on the roof blossomed in front of the open window, and there beneath them stood the children's stools. Kay and Gerda went and sat down upon them, still holding each other by the hands; the cold, hollow splendor of the Snow Queen's palace they had forgotten, it seemed to them only an unpleasant dream. The grandmother, meanwhile, sat amid God's bright sunshine, and read from the Bible these words: “Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

And Kay and Gerda gazed on each other; they now understood the words of the hymn.



## THE SNOW QUEEN

There they sat, those two happy ones, grown up and yet children — children in heart, while all around them glowed bright summer — warm, glorious summer.

## HOLGER THE DANE

“**T**HERE is in Denmark an old castle called Kronborg; it stands close by the Sound of Elsinore, where every day large ships, English, Russian, and Prussian, may be seen sailing along. And as they pass the old castle, they salute it with their cannons, ‘Boom!’ — and the castle answers with its cannons, ‘Boom!’ This is the same as saying, ‘Good day!’ and ‘Thank you!’ No ships sail past during the winter, for then the Sound is covered with ice, and becomes a very broad highway leading from Denmark to Sweden; the Danish and Swedish flags flutter overhead, and Danes and Swedes walk and drive to and fro — meet and say to each other, ‘Good-day!’ ‘Thank you!’ — not with the report of cannons, but with a hearty, friendly shake of the hands; and they buy wheaten bread and biscuits of each other, because every one fancies foreign bread the best. But the glory of the scene is still the old Kronborg, and beneath, in those dark, tremendous caverns, where no man can approach, sits Holger the Dane. He is clothed in iron and steel, he rests his head on his sinewy arms, his long beard hangs over the marble table, into which it seems to have grown fast. There he sleeps and dreams, and in his dreams he sees all that is going on up in Denmark. Every Christmas eve an angel of God comes to him, and tells him that he has dreamt truly, and that he may sleep on, for Denmark is in no danger. But

## HOLGER THE DANE

whenever danger shall threaten her, then will Holger the Dane arise in his might, and as he disengages his beard, the marble table will burst in twain! — then will he come forth and fight in such wise that all the countries of the world shall ring with the fame thereof!”

All this about Holger the Dane was told one evening by an old grandfather to his little grandson, and the boy was sure that all that his grandfather said must be true. Now this old man was a carver, one of those whose employment is to carve the beaks of ships, and as he sat talking to the little boy, he cut out of wood a large figure intended to represent Holger the Dane. There he was with his long beard, standing so proudly erect, holding in one hand his broad battle-sword, and leaning the other on his Danish coat-of-arms.

And the old grandfather told so many anecdotes about different men and women famed in Danish history, that at last the little boy began to imagine he must know quite as much as Holger the Dane, for he could only dream about these things; and after the child had gone to bed, he still thought over what he had heard, and pressed his chin down into the mattress, fancying that he, too, had a long beard, and that it had grown into the bed.

But the old grandfather still sat at his work, carving the Danish coat-of-arms, and when he had finished it, he looked at the whole figure, and thought over all that he had heard, and read, and told that evening to the little boy. He nodded his head, and wiped his spectacles, and then put them on again, saying, “Ah, yes, Holger the Dane will certainly not



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

come in my time, but the boy in the bed yonder, he, perchance, may see him and stand beside him in the hour of need." And again the old grandfather nodded his head, and the more he looked at his Holger the Dane, the more he felt persuaded that this was a very good figure that he had just made. He could almost fancy it had color, and that the armour shone like real iron and steel; the hearts on the Danish arms grew redder and redder, and the lions, with their gold crowns, sprang forward fiercely — so it seemed — while he looked at them.

"Surely this is the prettiest coat-of-arms in the world!" said the old man. "The lions denote strength, and the hearts symbolize mildness and love." He looked on the uppermost lion, and thought of King Canute, who subjected proud England to Denmark's throne. He looked at the second lion, and then remembered Waldemar, who gathered the Danish states into one, and vanquished the Vends. He looked at the third lion, and thought of Margaret, who united the crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. He looked at the red hearts, and they seemed to shine brighter than ever; they were changed into moving flames, and his thoughts followed each flame.

The first flame led him into a dark, narrow dungeon, wherein sat a captive, a beautiful woman. It was Eleanora Ulfeld, the daughter of Christian the Fourth; the flame settled upon her bosom, and bloomed like a rose above the heart of that noblest and best of all Danish women.

"Yes, that is one heart in Denmark's standard!" quoth the old grandfather.

## HOLGER THE DANE

And his thoughts followed the second flame, and it led him to the sea, where the cannons roared and the ships lay wrapped in smoke; and the flame rested, like the badge of an order of knighthood, upon Hvitfeldt's breast, just when, to save the fleet, he blew up himself and his ship.

And the third flame led him into Greenland's wretched huts, where stood the priest, Hans Egede, with love in his words and deeds, and the flame shone like a star upon his breast, pointing to the third heart in the Danish standard.

And the old grandfather's thoughts preceded the fourth flame, for he knew well whither that hovering torch-light would lead. In the peasant woman's lonely chamber stood Frederick the Sixth, writing his name with chalk on the rafters; the flame flickered about his bosom, flickered in his heart, — it was in that peasant's cot that his heart became a heart for Denmark's arms. And the old grandfather wiped his eyes, for he had known and served King Frederick of the silver-white hair and kind blue eyes, and he folded his hands and gazed before him in silence. Just then the old man's daughter-in-law came up and reminded him that it was late, and time for him to rest, and that the board was spread for supper.

“But what a beautiful figure you have made, grandfather!” said she. “Holger the Dane, and our old coat-of-arms complete! I fancy I have seen this face before.”

“No, that you have not,” replied the old man, “but I have seen it, and I have tried to cut it in wood, just as I remember it. It was on the second of April when the English fleet lay off the coast, when we showed ourselves to be Danes



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of the true old breed! I was of Steen Bille's squadron; I stood on the deck of the *Denmark*. There was a man by my side — it really seemed that the cannon balls feared and shunned him! So merrily he sang the fine old battle songs, and fired and fought as if he were more than mortal. I can recall his face even now; but whence he came or whither he went, I knew not; indeed, no one knew. I have often thought it must have been Holger the Dane himself, and that he had swum down from Kronborg to help us in the hour of danger; that was only my fancy, perhaps — at any rate, here stands his likeness."

And the figure cast its huge shadow up the wall, even to the ceiling, and the shadow seemed to move too, just as though the real living Holger the Dane were actually present in the room; but this might be because the flame of the candle flickered so unsteadily. And his son's wife kissed the old grandfather, and led him to the large arm-chair at the table, where she and her husband, who of course was son to the old grandfather and father to the little boy in bed, sat down to eat their evening meal. And the old grandfather talked the while about the Danish lions and the Danish hearts, and about the strength and gentleness they were meant to typify. And he showed how that there was another kind of strength, quite different from that which lies in the sword, pointing, as he spoke, to the shelf where a few old, well-read, well-worn books were lying, among them Holberg's comedies, — those comedies which people take up and read again and again, because they are so charmingly written that all the



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characters described in them seem as well known to you as persons you have lived with all your life.

“You see he, too, knew how to carve,” remarked the old man; “he could carve out people’s humors and caprices.” And then the old grandfather nodded at the looking-glass, over which the almanac, with the “Round Tower” on its cover, was stuck, saying, “Tycho Brahe, he again — he was one of those who used the sword — not to cut into human flesh and bone, but to make clear a plain highway among all the stars of heaven! And then he, whose father was of my own craft, the old carver’s son, he with the white hair and broad shoulders, whom we ourselves have seen, he whose fame is in all countries of the earth! he, to be sure, could sculpture in stone, — I can only carve wood. Ah, yes, Holger the Dane comes to us in many different ways, that all the world may hear of Denmark’s strength! Now, shall we drink Bertel Thorwaldsen’s health?”

But the little boy in bed, all this while, saw distinctly before him the ancient castle of Kronborg, standing alone above the Sound of Elsinore, and the real Holger the Dane sitting in the caverns underground, with his beard grown fast into the marble table, and dreaming of all that happens in the world above him. And Holger the Dane, among other things, dreamt of the narrow, meanly furnished chamber wherein sat the wood carver; he heard all that was said there, and bowed his head in his dream, saying:

“Yes, remember me still, good Danish people! Bear me in mind! I will not fail to come in your hour of need!”

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And the sun shone brightly on Kronborg's towers, and the wind wafted the notes of the hunter's horn across from the neighbor country, the ships sailed past and saluted the castle — "Boom, boom!" and Kronborg returned in answer — "Boom, boom!" But, loud as their cannons roared, Holger the Dane awaked not yet, for they did but mean, "Good day!" and "Thank you!"

The cannons must mean something very different from that before he will awake; yet awake he will, when there is need, for worth and strength dwell in Holger the Dane.<sup>7</sup>

## THE BEETLE

**T**HE emperor's horse was being shod with golden shoes — a gold shoe on each foot.  
Why was he to have golden shoes?

He was the loveliest creature, with fine slender legs, intelligent eyes, and a mane which hung like a veil of silk down over his neck. He had carried his master amid the smoke of gunpowder and hail of lead, and had heard the whining song of bullets. He had taken part in the struggle against the foe. He had used his teeth, biting about him savagely, and had kicked out in every direction. With his emperor he had made a leap over the prostrate horse of the enemy, and so had saved his emperor's red-gold crown. Moreover, he had saved his emperor's life, and that was worth more than gold.

That is why the emperor's horse was now being shod with golden shoes — a golden shoe on each foot.

Now the Beetle crept forth.

"First the great, then the small," it said, "though it is not always the size that does it." And it stretched out its thin legs toward the smith.

"What do you want?" asked the blacksmith.

"Gold shoes!" said the Beetle. "Am I not just as good as that big beast yonder, that is waited upon, curried, tended,



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and given food and drink? Do I not belong to the imperial stable, too?"

"But why does the horse get gold shoes?" asked the smith. "Can you not grasp that?"

"Grasp? I grasp that it is a mark of small respect toward me," said the Beetle. "It is an injury, an insult, and so now I am going away into the wide world."

"Get along with you!" said the smith.

"Ruffian!" said the Beetle. Then he went outside a little way and thus came into a beautiful little flower garden, fragrant with roses and lavender.

"How lovely it is here!" said one of the little ladybirds which flew about with black dots on their strong red shields. "How sweet it smells and how pretty it is here!"

"I am used to better things," said the Beetle. "Do you call this place pretty? Why, there is not even a dung-heap."

And then he continued on his way, into the shade of a large gillyflower on the stalk of which crawled a caterpillar.

"Oh, how lovely the world is!" said the caterpillar. "The sun is so nice and warm! Everything is so enjoyable! And finally I shall fall asleep and die, as they call it; then I shall wake up as a butterfly!"

"What notions you have!" said the Beetle. "Flutter about like a butterfly, indeed! I come from the emperor's stable, but no one there, not even the emperor's favorite horse who wears my cast-off gold shoes has such crazy notions. Get wings! Fly! Indeed! Yes, now let us fly."

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And then away flew the Beetle. "I do not want to feel vexed, but still, I am vexed."

Then it came down with a thump on a large patch of grass. Here it lay a little while and then fell asleep.

Gracious, what a shower poured down! The Beetle was awakened by the splash, and immediately tried to get down into the ground, but could not. It tumbled over and over, swam on its stomach, and then on its back. Flying was out of the question. It was doubtful if it could get away from that spot alive. There it lay and there it remained lying.

When the rain had moderated a little and the Beetle had blinked the water out of its eyes, it perceived something white. It was linen that had been placed on the grass to bleach. The Beetle managed to reach the cloth and crawl into one of the wet folds. This was certainly not like lying in the dungheap in the warm stable. But there was nothing better to be had, and so it stayed there a whole day and a whole night; and the rainy weather stayed, too. In the early morning the Beetle came out. He was terribly vexed at the climate.

On the linen sat two frogs. Their bright eyes shone with enjoyment. "It is blessed weather!" said one of them. "How refreshing it is! And the linen gathers the water so nicely! I feel a sensation in my hind legs as if I just had to swim."

"I should like to know," said the other, "whether the swallow which flies so far and wide has ever found on its many journeys to foreign lands a better climate than ours.

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Such a drizzle and such wetness! It is just like lying in a wet ditch! Anyone who is not glad and happy because of it certainly does not love his native country."

"You have never been in the emperor's stable, have you?" asked the Beetle. "There the wetness is both warm and spicy! That is what I am accustomed to. That is my climate, but of course a person cannot take it with him when he goes traveling. Is there not a hotbed here in the garden where a person of distinction like myself can take up quarters and feel at home?"

But the frogs did not, or would not, understand him.

"I never ask a question twice," said the Beetle, when it had asked three times without getting a reply.

Then it walked away a short distance. There lay a fragment of an earthen jar which should not have been there. It lay in such a way as to provide a shelter, and beneath it lived several earwig families. They did not require much house room — just sociability. The females are particularly gifted with mother love, and for that reason each one thought her child the most beautiful and the most intelligent.

"Our son is engaged to be married," said one mother, "the sweet innocent! His highest aim is at some time to be able to crawl into someone's ear. He is so dear and childlike, and his engagement keeps him steady. That is such a joy for a mother."

"Our son," said another mother, "got right out of the egg and was immediately out to see what he could stir up; he is so bursting with life and spirit. He will surely run his horns



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off. What an enormous happiness for a mother! Isn't that true, Mr. Beetle?" They recognized the stranger by the sheath he wore.

"You are both right," said the Beetle; and then he was invited into the room — as far as he could get under the broken fragment.

"Now you must see my little earwigs, too," said a third mother, and a fourth. "They are the dearest children and so funny! They are never naughty except when they have a stomach ache, and at their age that is very easy to have."

And then each mother talked about her children; and the young ones talked with them and, with the little fork on the end of their tails, pulled the Beetle's whiskers.

"They are always finding all kinds of things to do, the little rogues!" said the mothers, almost bursting with mother love. But it bored the Beetle and he asked if it was far from there to the hotbed.

"That is far out in the world, on the other side of the ditch," said the earwig, "so far as that I hope none of my children will ever go, for then I should certainly die."

"Still, I am going to try to go that far," said the Beetle; and away he went without saying good-by. That is the most fashionable way to do.

By the side of the ditch he met others of his own kind — all beetles.

"We live here," they said. "It is warm and comfortable! Will you accept an invitation to step down here and enjoy the fat of the land? You must be weary after your journey."

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"That I am," said the Beetle. "I have had to lie on linen in the rain, and cleanliness is very trying to me. I have also taken rheumatism in my wing joint from standing in the draft under a fragment of earthen jar. It certainly is refreshing to meet one's own kind again."

"You have come, perhaps, from the hotbed?" asked the eldest of the beetles.

"Higher up," said the Beetle. "I come from the emperor's stable where I was born with golden shoes. I am traveling on a secret mission about which you must not bother me with questions for I will not say what it is."

And then the Beetle stepped down into the soft, rich mud. There sat three young lady beetles. They giggled because they did not know what they should say.

"They are not engaged," said the mother. And then they giggled again, but this time from bashfulness.

"I have seen none more beautiful in the emperor's stable," said the traveler Beetle.

"Don't spoil my girls for me and do not speak to them unless you have serious intentions. But I know you have and I give you my blessing."

"Hurrah!" said all the others, and with that the Beetle was engaged.

First engagement, then marriage. There was no reason to wait, you see.

The next day passed very pleasantly, the second tolerably well, but on the third day one must begin to think of providing for the wife and perhaps the little ones.

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“I have permitted myself to be taken by surprise,” said the Beetle, “the only thing to do is to surprise them in return.”

And surprise them he did. He was gone, gone all day and gone all night; and the wife was a widow. The other Beetles said that they had taken a vagabond into the family. The wife was now a burden on their hands.

“Then she shall take her maiden name again,” said the mother, “and come back as my child. What a shameful good-for-nothing, to forsake her.”

He, meanwhile, was well on his way. He had sailed across the ditch on a cabbage leaf. Along in the morning, two people came by, saw the Beetle, picked him up and turned him over and over. They were very learned, especially one, a boy.

“Allah sees the black beetle in the black stone in the black mountain side! Is it not written thus in the Koran?” he asked. Then he translated the Beetle’s name into Latin, and explained its nature and species. The elder scholar voted against taking it home with them for they had specimens that were just as good, he said.

“That was very uncivilly spoken,” thought the Beetle and so it flew out of the scholar’s hand. It flew a considerable distance, for its wings had now become quite dry. Then it reached the hotbed, where, with the greatest ease, for one of the windows was open, it was able to slip in and dig down into the fresh rich soil.

“How delicious,” it said.

It soon fell asleep and dreamed that the emperor’s horse



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had fallen, and that Mr. Beetle had received his gold shoes and a promise of two more. That was all very nice, and when the Beetle awoke he crawled out and looked about. What splendor in that hothouse! Great palm leaves spread high in the air. The sun made them transparent, and beneath them sprang forth a wealth of green growing things. All about glowed flowers, red as fire, yellow as amber, and white as new-fallen snow.

“This is a matchless splendor of foliage! How good it will taste when it decays!” said the Beetle. “This is a fine larder! There must be some of my relatives here. I will start a search and try to find someone with whom I feel that I can associate. I am proud, and that is what I am proud of!” Then he started out and thought of his dream about the dead horse and the gold shoes he had gained.

All at once a hand seized the Beetle, squeezing it and turning it over and around.

The gardener's little son and a playmate had entered the hothouse, had seen the Beetle, and were about to have a little fun with it. It was wrapped in a grape-vine leaf and then put down into a warm trousers' pocket. It wriggled and wiggled about and then got a squeeze from the hand of the boy who hurried off to the large pond at the end of the garden. There the Beetle was put into an old cracked wooden shoe. A stick was fastened to it to serve as a mast and to this the Beetle was tied, at the end of a woolen thread. Now it was a skipper and was to go sailing.

It was not a very large pond, but the Beetle believed

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it to be a vast ocean and was so astonished and alarmed that it fell over on its back and kicked and wriggled its legs.

The wooden shoe sailed along nicely, for there was a current in the water. But when the boat got a little too far out one of the boys rolled up his trousers, waded out, and brought it back. When it started to drift out again someone called the boys in a peremptory way they had to obey. So they hurried off, leaving the wooden shoe on the water.

It drifted farther and farther from the shore. The Beetle was terribly frightened. Fly it could not, for it was tied to the mast.

A fly paid a visit.

“Lovely weather we are having,” said the fly. “Here I can rest! Here I can sit and bask in the sunshine. You have a very nice and agreeable time of it here!”

“You talk according to the amount of sense you have!” said the Beetle. “Do you not see that I am tied?”

“I am not tied,” said the fly, and flew away.

“Now I know the world,” said the Beetle; “and it is a low-down world! I am the only worthy person in it! First I am denied golden shoes, then I have to lie on wet linen and stand in a draft, and then they foist a wife on me. Then when I make a quick step out into the world to see how a person can live there and how I ought to live, along comes a human whelp and sets me on the raging ocean, tied to a mast. And meanwhile the emperor’s horse is wearing gold shoes! That is what is most exasperating. But one cannot expect



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sympathy in this world! My career has been very interesting, but what is the good of that when nobody knows it! The world doesn't deserve to know it, else it would have given me golden shoes in the emperor's stable, when the favorite horse was holding up its feet to be shod. Had they given me golden shoes, I should then have become an honor to the stable. Now it has lost me, the world has lost me. All is over!"

But all was not yet over. A boat came by in which were several young girls.

"There sails a wooden shoe," said one of them.

"There is a little bug tied fast in it," said another.

When they were close beside the wooden shoe they lifted it out of the water. One of the girls then brought out a little pair of scissors and cut the woolen thread without harming the Beetle, and when they reached the shore she set it down on the grass.

"Creep, creep! Fly, fly! if you can!" she said. "Freedom is a splendid thing."

Right through the open window of a large building the Beetle flew and there sank down wearily on the fine, soft, long mane of the emperor's favorite horse, which stood in the stable where it and the Beetle had their home. It clung fast to the mane and sat a little while resting.

"Here I sit on the emperor's favorite horse! Here I sit as the rider himself! What am I saying! Why, now I see it all! That is a good idea and a correct one. Why was the horse given golden shoes? That was just what he asked



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me, too, that blacksmith fellow. Now I see into it! The horse was shod with golden shoes on my account.”

And then the Beetle recovered his good humor.

“Traveling makes a person clear headed,” said he.

The sun shone in upon it, shone very beautifully, indeed.

“The world is not so bad after all,” said the Beetle.

“A person must just know how to take it!”

The world was lovely, for the emperor’s favorite horse had been shod with golden shoes because the Beetle was to be its rider.

“Now I will go down to the other Beetles and tell how much has been done for me. I will tell about all the pleasant things I enjoyed in my foreign travels, and I will say that I shall remain at home now until the horse has worn out his golden shoes.”

## THE GIRL WHO TROD ON A LOAF

**I** DARE SAY you have heard of the girl who stepped on a loaf, so as not to soil her shoes, and all the misfortunes that befell her in consequence. At any rate the story has been written and printed too.

She was a poor child, of a proud and arrogant nature, and her disposition was bad from the beginning. When she was quite tiny, her greatest delight was to catch flies and pull their wings off, to make creeping insects of them. Then she would catch chafers and beetles and stick them on a pin, after which she would push a leaf or a bit of paper close enough for them to seize with their feet; for the pleasure of seeing them writhe and wriggle in their efforts to free themselves from the pins.

“The chafer is reading now,” said little Inger; “look at it turning over the page!”

She got worse rather than better as she grew older; but she was very pretty and that no doubt was her misfortune, or she might have had many a beating which she never got.

“It will take a heavy blow to bend that head,” said her own mother. “As a child you have often trampled on my apron; I fear when you are grown up you will trample on my heart!”

This she did with a vengeance.

She was sent into service in the country with some rich

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people. They treated her as if she had been their own child and dressed her in the same style. She grew prettier and prettier, but her pride grew too.

When she had been with them a year, her employers said to her, "You ought to go home to see your parents, little Inger!"

So she went, but she went to show herself only, so that they might see how grand she was. When she got to the town gates, and saw the young men and maids gossiping round the pond, and her mother sitting among them with a bundle of sticks she had picked up in the woods, Inger turned away. She was ashamed that one so fine as herself should have such a ragged old woman who picked up sticks for her mother. She was not a bit sorry that she had turned back, only angry.

Another half year passed.

"Little Inger, you really ought to go and see your old parents," said her mistress. "Here is a large loaf of wheaten bread you may take to them. They will be pleased to see you."

Inger put on all her best clothes, and her fine new shoes; she held up her skirts and picked her steps carefully so as to keep her shoes nice and clean. Now no one could blame her for this; but when she came to the path through the marsh a great part of it was wet and muddy, and she threw the loaf into the mud for a stepping-stone, to get over with dry shoes. As she stood there with one foot on the loaf and was lifting up the other for the next step, the loaf sank



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deeper and deeper with her till she entirely disappeared. Nothing was to be seen but a black, bubbling pool.

Now this is the story.

But what had become of her? She went down to the Marsh-wife who has a brewery down there. The Marsh-wife is own sister to the Elf-king, and aunt to the Elf-maidens who are well enough known. They have had verses written about them and pictures painted; but all that people know about the Marsh-wife is, that when the mist rises over the meadows in the summer, she is at her brewing. It was into this brewery that little Inger fell, and no one can stand being there long. A scavenger's cart is sweet compared to the Marsh-wife's brewery. The smell from the barrels is enough to turn people faint, and the barrels are so close together that no one can pass between them, but wherever there is a little chink it is filled up with noisome toads and slimy snakes. Little Inger fell among all this horrid living filth; it was so icy cold that she shuddered from head to foot, and her limbs grew quite stiff. The loaf stuck fast to her feet and it drew her down just as an amber button draws a bit of straw.

The Marsh-wife was at home. Old Bogey and his great-grandfather were paying her a visit. The great-grandmother is a very venomous old woman, and she is never idle. She never goes out without her work, and she had it with her today too. She was busily making gad-about leather to put into people's shoes, so that the wearer might have no rest. She embroidered lies, and strung together all the idle

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words which fell to the ground, to make mischief of them. O yes, old great-grandmother can knit and embroider in fine style.

As soon as she saw little Inger, she put up her eyeglass and looked at her through it. "That girl has got something in her," she said; "I should like to have her as a remembrance of my visit. She would make a very good statue in my great-grandson's outer corridor."

So Inger was given to her and this was how she got to Bogey-land. People don't always get there by such a direct route, though it is easy enough to get there in more round-about ways.

What a never-ending corridor that was to be sure; it made one giddy to look either backwards or forwards. Here stood an ignominious crew waiting for the door of mercy to be opened, but long might they wait. Great fat, sprawling spiders spun webs of a thousand years round and round their feet; and these webs were like footscrews and held them as in a vice, or as though bound with a copper chain. Besides, there was such everlasting unrest in every soul; the unrest of torment. The miser had forgotten the key of his money chest, he knew he had left it sticking in the lock. But it would take far too long to enumerate all the various tortures here. Inger experienced the torture of standing like a statue with a loaf tied to her feet.

"This is what comes of trying to keep one's feet clean!" said she to herself. "Look how they stare at me." They did indeed stare at her, all their evil passions shone out of



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their eyes and spoke without words from their lips. They were a terrible sight. "It must be a pleasure to look at me!" thought Inger, "for I have a pretty face and nice clothes," and then she turned her eyes to look at them; her neck was too stiff. But oh, how dirty she had got in the Marsh-wife's brewery; she had never thought of that. Her clothes were covered with slime, a snake had got among her hair, and hung dangling down her back. A toad looked out of every fold in her dress, croaking like an asthmatic pug-dog. It was most unpleasant. "But all the others down here look frightful too," was her consolation.

Worse than anything was the terrible hunger she felt, and she could not stoop down to break a bit of bread off the loaf she was standing on. No; her back had stiffened, her arms and hands had stiffened, and her whole body was like a pillar of stone. She could only turn her eyes, but she could turn them right round, so as to look backwards; and a horrid sight it was. And then came the flies, they crept upon her eyes, and however much she winked they would not fly away; they could not, for she had pulled off their wings and made creeping insects of them. That was indeed a torment added to her gnawing hunger; she seemed at last to be absolutely empty.

"If this is to go on long I sha'n't be able to bear it," said she; but it did go on, and bear it she must.

Then a scalding tear fell upon her forehead, it trickled over her face and bosom right down to the loaf; then another fell, and another, till there was a perfect shower.



## GIRL WHO TROD ON A LOAF

Who was crying for little Inger! Had she not a mother on earth? Tears of sorrow shed by a mother for her child will always reach it; but they do not bring healing, they burn and make the torment fifty times worse. Then this terrible hunger again, and she not able to get at the bread under her feet. She felt at last as if she had been feeding upon herself, and had become a mere hollow reed which conducts every sound. She distinctly heard everything that was said on earth about herself, and she heard nothing but hard words.

Certainly her mother wept bitterly and sorrowfully, but at the same time she said, "Pride goes before a fall! There was your misfortune, Inger! How you have grieved your mother."

Her mother and everyone on earth knew all about her sin, how she had stepped upon the loaf, and sunk down under the earth, and so was lost. The cowherd had told them so much; he had seen it himself from the hillock where he was standing.

"How you have grieved your mother, Inger," said the poor woman. "But then I always said you would!"

"Oh, that I had never been born!" thought Inger then. "I should have been much better off. My mother's tears are no good now."

She heard the good people, her employers, who had been like parents to her, talking about her. "She was a sinful child, they said. "She did not value the gifts of God, but trod them under foot. She will find it hard to open the door of mercy."

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"They ought to have brought me up better!" thought Inger; "they should have knocked the nonsense out of me if it was there."

She heard that a song had been written about her and sung all over the country, "The arrogant girl who trod on a loaf to keep her shoes clean."

"That I should hear that old story so often, and have to suffer so much for it!" thought Inger.

"The others ought to be punished for their sins, too," said Inger; "there would be plenty to punish. Oh, how I am being tormented!"

And her heart grew harder than her outer shell.

"Nobody will ever get any better in this company! and I won't be any better. Look, how they are all staring at me!"

Her heart was full of anger and malice towards everybody.

"Now they have got something to talk about up there! Oh, this torture!"

She heard people telling her story to children, and the little ones always called her "wicked Inger," — "she was so naughty that she had to be tormented." She heard nothing but hard words from the children's mouths.

But one day when anger and hunger were gnawing at her hollow shell, she heard her name mentioned, and her story being told to an innocent child, a little girl, and the little creature burst into tears at the story of proud, vain Inger.

"But will she never come up here again?" asked the child, and the answer was, "She will never come up again."

## GIRL WHO TROD ON A LOAF

“But if she was to ask pardon, and promise never to do it again?”

“She won’t ask pardon,” they said.

“But I want her to do it,” said the little girl who refused to be comforted. “I will give my doll’s house if she may only come up again, it is so dreadful for poor Inger.”

These words reached down into Inger’s heart, and they seemed to do her good. It was the first time that anyone said “Poor Inger,” without adding anything about her misdeeds. A little innocent child was weeping and praying for her, and it made her feel quite odd: she would have liked to cry herself, but she could not shed a tear, and this was a further torment.

As the years passed above, so they went on below without any change: she seldomer heard sounds from above, and she was less talked about. But one day she was aware of a sigh. “Inger, Inger, what a grief you have been to me, but I always knew you would.” It was her mother who was dying. Occasionally she heard her name mentioned by her old employers, and the gentlest words her mistress used were, “Shall I ever see you again, Inger? One never knows whither one may go!”

But Inger knew very well that her good kindly mistress could never come to the place where she was.

Again a long bitter period passed. Then Inger again heard her name pronounced, and saw above her head what seemed to be two bright stars; they were in fact two kind eyes which were closing on earth. So many years had gone by since the little girl had cried so bitterly at the story of



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

“Poor Inger,” that the child had grown to be an old woman whom the Lord was now calling to Himself. In the last hour when one’s whole life comes back to one, she remembered how as a little child she had wept bitter tears at the story of Inger. The impression was so clear to the old woman in the hour of death, that she exclaimed aloud, “Oh, Lord, may I not, like Inger, have trodden on thy blessed gifts without thinking; and may I not also have nourished pride in my heart, but in Thy mercy Thou didst not let me fall! Forsake me not now in my last hour!”

The old woman’s eyes closed, and the eyes of her soul were opened to see the hidden things, and as Inger had been so vividly present in her last thoughts, she saw now how deep she had sunk; and at the sight she burst into tears. Then she stood in the Kingdom of Heaven, as a child, weeping for poor Inger. Her tears and prayers echoed into the hollow, empty shell which surrounded the imprisoned, tortured soul, and it was quite overwhelmed by all this unexpected love from above. An angel of God weeping over her! Why was this vouchsafed to her? The tortured soul recalled every earthly action it had ever performed, and at last it melted into tears, in a way Inger had never done. She was filled with grief for herself; it seemed as though the gate of mercy could never be opened to her. But as in humble contrition she acknowledged this, a ray of light shone into the gulf of destruction. The strength of the ray was far greater than that of the sunbeam which melts the snow-man built up by the boys in the garden; and sooner, much sooner, than a snowflake

## GIRL WHO TROD ON A LOAF

melts on the warm lips of a child, did Inger's stony form dissolve before it, and a little bird with lightning speed winged its way to the upper world. It was terribly shy and afraid of everything. It was ashamed of itself and afraid to meet the eye of any living being, so it hastily sought shelter in a chink in the wall. There it cowered, shuddering in every limb; it could not utter a sound for it had no voice. It sat for a long time before it could survey calmly all the wonders around. Yes, they were wonders indeed, the air was so sweet and fresh, the moon shone so brightly, the trees and bushes were so fragrant; and then the comfort of it all, its feathers were so clean and dainty. How all creation spoke of love and beauty! The bird would gladly have sung aloud all these thoughts stirring in its breast, but it had not the power. Gladly would it have caroled as do the cuckoos and nightingales in summer. The good God who hears the voiceless hymn of praise even of a worm, was also aware of this psalm of thanksgiving trembling in the breast of the bird, as the psalms of David echoed in his heart before they shaped themselves into words and melody. These thoughts, and these voiceless songs grew, and swelled for weeks; they must have an outlet, and at the first attempt at a good deed this would be found.

Then came the holy Christmas Feast. The peasants raised a pole against a wall, and tied a sheaf of oats on to the top, so that the little birds might have a good meal on the happy Christmas day.

The sun rose bright and shone upon the sheaf of oats,



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

and the twittering birds surrounded the pole. Then from the chink in the wall came a feeble tweet-tweet; the swelling thoughts of the bird had found a voice, and this faint twitter was its hymn of praise. The thought of a good deed was awakened, and the bird flew out of its hiding-place; in the Kingdom of Heaven this bird was well known.

It was a very hard winter, and all the water had thick ice over it. The birds and wild creatures had great difficulty in finding food. The little bird flew along the highways finding here and there in the tracks of the sledges a grain of corn. At the baiting places it also found a few morsels of bread, of which it would only eat a crumb, and gave the rest to the other starving sparrows which it called up. Then it flew into the towns and peeped about. Wherever a loving hand had strewn bread crumbs for the birds, it only ate one crumb and gave the rest away.

In the course of the winter the bird had collected and given away so many crumbs of bread, that they equaled in weight the whole loaf which little Inger had stepped upon to keep her shoes clean. When the last crumbs were found and given away, the bird's gray wings became white and spread themselves wide.

"A tern is flying away over the sea," said the children who saw the white bird. Now it dived into the sea, and now it soared up into the bright sunshine. It gleamed so brightly that it was not possible to see what became of it; they said it flew right into the sun.



## THE NIGHTINGALE

**I**N China, as you know, the emperor is a Chinaman, and all the people around him are Chinamen too. It is many years since the story I am going to tell you happened, but that is all the more reason for telling it, lest it should be forgotten. The emperor's palace was the most beautiful thing in the world; it was made entirely of the finest porcelain, very costly, but at the same time so fragile that it could only be touched with the very greatest care. There were the most extraordinary flowers to be seen in the garden; the most beautiful ones had little silver bells tied to them, which tinkled perpetually, so that one should not pass the flowers without looking at them. Every little detail in the garden had been most carefully thought out, and it was so big, that even the gardener himself did not know where it ended. If one went on walking, one came to beautiful woods with lofty trees and deep lakes. The wood extended to the sea, which was deep and blue, deep enough for large ships to sail right up under the branches of the trees. Among these trees lived a nightingale, which sang so deliciously, that even the poor fisherman who had plenty of other things to do, lay still to listen to it, when he was out at night drawing in his nets. "Heavens, how beautiful it is!" he said, but then he had to attend to his business and forgot it. The next night when he heard it again he would again exclaim, "Heavens, how beautiful it is!"

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

Travelers came to the emperor's capital, from every country in the world; they admired everything very much, especially the palace and the gardens, but when they heard the nightingale they all said, "This is better than anything!"

When they got home they described it, and the learned ones wrote many books about the town, the palace and the garden, but nobody forgot the nightingale, it was always put above everything else. Those among them who were poets wrote the most beautiful poems, all about the nightingale in the woods by the deep blue sea. These books went all over the world, and in course of time, some of them reached the emperor. He sat in his golden chair reading and reading, and nodding his head, well pleased to hear such beautiful descriptions of the town, the palace and the garden. "But the nightingale is the best of all," he read.

"What is this?" said the emperor. "The nightingale? Why, I know nothing about it. Is there such a bird in my kingdom, and in my own garden into the bargain, and I have never heard of it? Imagine my having to discover this from a book."

Then he called his gentleman-in-waiting, who was so grand that when anyone of a lower rank dared to speak to him, or to ask him a question, he would only answer "P," which means nothing at all.

"There is said to be a very wonderful bird called a nightingale here," said the emperor. "They say that it is better than anything else in all my great kingdom! Why have I never been told anything about it?"



## THE NIGHTINGALE

“I have never heard it mentioned,” said the gentleman-in-waiting. “It has never been presented at court.”

“I wish it to appear here this evening to sing to me,” said the emperor. “The whole world knows what I am possessed of, and I know nothing about it!”

“I have never heard it mentioned before,” said the gentleman-in-waiting. “I will seek it, and I will find it!” But where was it to be found? The gentleman-in-waiting ran upstairs and downstairs and in and out of all the rooms and corridors. No one of all those he met had ever heard anything about the nightingale; so the gentleman-in-waiting ran back to the emperor, and said that it must be a myth, invented by the writers of the books. “Your imperial majesty must not believe everything that is written; books are often mere inventions, even if they do not belong to what we call the black art!”

“But the book in which I read it is sent to me by the powerful Emperor of Japan, so it can’t be untrue. I will hear this nightingale, I insist upon its being here tonight. I extend my most gracious protection to it, and if it is not forthcoming, I will have the whole court trampled upon after supper!”

“Tsing-pe!” said the gentleman-in-waiting, and away he ran again, up and down all the stairs, in and out of all the rooms and corridors; half the court ran with him, for they none of them wished to be trampled on. There was much questioning about this nightingale, which was known to all the outside world, but to no one at court. At last they found a poor little maid in the kitchen. She said, “Oh heavens, the



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nightingale? I know it very well. Yes, indeed it can sing. Every evening I am allowed to take broken meat to my poor sick mother: she lives down by the shore. On my way back when I am tired, I rest awhile in the wood, and then I hear the nightingale. Its song brings the tears into my eyes, I feel as if my mother were kissing me!"

"Little kitchen-maid," said the gentleman-in-waiting, "I will procure you a permanent position in the kitchen and permission to see the emperor dining, if you will take us to the nightingale. It is commanded to appear at court tonight."

Then they all went out into the wood where the nightingale usually sang. Half the court was there. As they were going along at their best pace a cow began to bellow.

"Oh!" said a young courtier, "there we have it. What wonderful power for such a little creature; I have certainly heard it before."

"No, those are the cows bellowing, we are a long way yet from the place." Then the frogs began to croak in the marsh.

"Beautiful!" said the Chinese chaplain; "it is just like the tinkling of church bells."

"No, those are the frogs!" said the little kitchen-maid. "But I think we shall soon hear it now!"

Then the nightingale began to sing.

"There it is!" said the little girl. "Listen, listen, there it sits!" and she pointed to a little gray bird up among the branches.

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman-in-waiting. "I should never have thought it was like that. How common it looks.

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Seeing so many grand people must have frightened all its colors away.”

“Little nightingale!” called the kitchen maid quite loud, “our gracious emperor wishes to hear you sing to him!”

“With the greatest pleasure!” said the nightingale, warbling away in the most delightful fashion.

“It is just like crystal bells,” said the gentleman-in-waiting. “Look at its little throat, how active it is. It is extraordinary that we have never heard of it before! I am sure it will be a great success at court!”

“Shall I sing again to the emperor?” said the nightingale, who thought he was present.

“My precious little nightingale,” said the gentleman-in-waiting, “I have the honor to command your attendance at a court festival tonight, where you will charm his gracious majesty the emperor with your fascinating singing.”

“It sounds best among the trees,” said the nightingale, but it went with them willingly when it heard that the emperor wished it.

The palace had been brightened up for the occasion. The walls and the floors which were all of china shone by the light of many thousand golden lamps. The most beautiful flowers, all of the tinkling kind, were arranged in the corridors; there was hurrying to and fro, and a great draught, but this was just what made the bells ring, one’s ears were full of the tinkling. In the middle of the large reception room where the emperor sat a golden rod had been fixed, on which the nightingale was to perch. The whole court was assembled,



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and the little kitchen-maid had been permitted to stand behind the door, as she now had the actual title of cook. They were all dressed in their best; everybody's eyes were turned towards the little gray bird at which the emperor was nodding. The nightingale sang delightfully, and the tears came into the emperor's eyes, nay, they rolled down his cheeks, and then the nightingale sang more beautifully than ever, its notes touched all hearts. The emperor was charmed, and said the nightingale should have his gold slipper to wear round its neck. But the nightingale declined with thanks, it had already been sufficiently rewarded.

"I have seen tears in the eyes of the emperor, that is my richest reward. The tears of an emperor have a wonderful power! God knows I am sufficiently recompensed!" and then it again burst into its sweet, heavenly song.

"That is the most delightful coquetting I have ever seen!" said the ladies, and they took some water into their mouths to try and make the same gurgling when anyone spoke to them, thinking so to equal the nightingale. Even the lackeys and the chambermaids announced that they were satisfied, and that is saying a great deal, they are always the most difficult people to please. Yes, indeed, the nightingale had made a sensation. It was to stay at court now, and to have its own cage, as well as liberty to walk out twice a day, and once in the night. It always had twelve footmen with each one holding a ribbon which was tied round its leg. There was not much pleasure in an outing of that sort.

The whole town talked about the marvelous bird, and if



## THE NIGHTINGALE

two people met, one said to the other "Night," and the other answered "Gale," and then they sighed, perfectly understanding each other. Eleven cheese-mongers' children were called after it, but they had not got a voice among them.

One day a large parcel came for the emperor, outside was written the word "Nightingale."

"Here we have another new book about this celebrated bird," said the emperor. But it was no book, it was a little work of art in a box, an artificial nightingale, exactly like the living one, but it was studded all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires.

When the bird was wound up, it could sing one of the songs the real one sang, and it wagged its tail which glittered with silver and gold. A ribbon was tied round its neck on which was written, "The Emperor of Japan's nightingale is very poor, compared to the Emperor of China's."

Everybody said, "Oh, how beautiful!" And the person who brought the artificial bird immediately received the title of Imperial Nightingale-Carrier in Chief.

"Now, they must sing together; what a duet that will be."

Then they had to sing together, but they did not get on very well, for the real nightingale sang in its own way, and the artificial one could only sing waltzes.

"There is no fault in that," said the music master; "it is perfectly in time and correct in every way!"

Then the artificial bird had to sing alone. It was just as great a success as the real one, and then it was so much

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prettier to look at; it glittered like bracelets and breast-pins.

It sang the same tune three and thirty times over, and yet it was not tired; people would willingly have heard it from the beginning again, but the emperor said that the real one must have a turn now — but where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown out of the open window, back to its own green woods.

“But what is the meaning of this?” said the emperor.

All the courtiers railed at it, and said it was a most ungrateful bird.

“We have got the best bird though,” said they, and then the artificial bird had to sing again, and this was the thirty-fourth time they heard the same tune, but they did not know it thoroughly even yet, because it was so difficult.

The music master praised the bird tremendously, and insisted that it was much better than the real nightingale, not only as regarded the outside with all the diamonds, but the inside too.

“Because you see, my ladies and gentlemen, and the emperor before all, in the real nightingale you never know what you will hear, but in the artificial one everything is decided beforehand! So it is, and so it must remain, it can't be otherwise. You can account for things, you can open it and show the human ingenuity in arranging the waltzes, how they go, and how one note follows upon another!”

“Those are exactly my opinions,” they all said, and the music master got leave to show the bird to the public next Sunday. They were also to hear it sing, said the emperor.

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So they heard it, and all became as enthusiastic over it, as if they had drunk themselves merry on tea, because that is a thoroughly Chinese habit.

Then they all said "Oh," and stuck their forefingers in the air and nodded their heads; but the poor fisherman who had heard the real nightingale said, "It sounds very nice, and it is very like the real one, but there is something wanting, I don't know what." The real nightingale was banished from the kingdom.

The artificial bird had its place on a silken cushion, close to the emperor's bed: all the presents it had received of gold and precious jewels were scattered round it. Its title had risen to be "Chief Imperial Singer of the Bed-Chamber," in rank number one, on the left side; for the emperor reckoned that side the important one, where the heart was seated. And even an emperor's heart is on the left side. The music master wrote five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird; the treatise was very long, and written in all the most difficult Chinese characters. Everybody said they had read and understood it, for otherwise they would have been reckoned stupid and then their bodies would have been trampled upon.

Things went on in this way for a whole year. The emperor, the court, and all the other Chinamen knew every little gurgle in the song of the artificial bird by heart; but they liked it all the better for this, and they could all join in the song themselves. Even the street boys sang "zizizi" and "cluck, cluck, cluck," and the emperor sang it too.

But one evening when the bird was singing its best, and



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the emperor was lying in bed listening to it, something gave way inside the bird with a "whizz." Then a spring burst, "whirr" went all the wheels and the music stopped. The emperor jumped out of bed and sent for his private physicians, but what good could they do? Then they sent for the watch-maker, and after a good deal of talk and examination, he got the works to go again somehow; but he said it would have to be saved as much as possible, because it was so worn out, and he could not renew the works so as to be sure of the tune. This was a great blow! They only dared to let the artificial bird sing once a year, and hardly that; but then the music master made a little speech using all the most difficult words. He said it was just as good as ever, and his saying made it so.

Five years now passed, and then a great grief came upon the nation, for they were all very fond of their emperor, and he was ill and could not live, it was said. A new emperor was already chosen, and people stood about in the street, and asked the gentleman-in-waiting how their emperor was going on.

"P," answered he, shaking his head.

The emperor lay pale and cold in his gorgeous bed, the courtiers thought he was dead, and they all went off to pay their respects to the new emperor. The lackeys ran off to talk matters over, and the chamber-maids gave a great coffee party. Cloth had been laid down in all the rooms and corridors so as to deaden the sound of footsteps, so it was very, very quiet. But the emperor was not dead yet. He lay stiff and pale in the gorgeous bed with its velvet hangings



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## THE NIGHTINGALE

and heavy golden tassels. There was an open window high above him, and the moon streamed in upon the emperor, and the artificial bird beside him.

The poor emperor could hardly breathe, he seemed to have a weight on his chest, he opened his eyes and then he saw it was Death sitting upon his chest, wearing his golden crown. In one hand he held the emperor's golden sword, and in the other his imperial banner. Round about, from among the folds of the velvet hangings peered many curious faces, some were hideous, others gentle and pleasant. They were all the emperor's good and bad deeds, which now looked him in the face when Death was weighing him down.

"Do you remember that?" whispered one after the other. "Do you remember this?" and they told him so many things, that the perspiration poured down his face.

"I never knew that," said the emperor. "Music, music, sound the great Chinese drums!" he cried, "that I may not hear what they are saying." But they went on and on, and Death sat nodding his head, just like a Chinaman, at everything that was said.

"Music, music!" shrieked the emperor. "You precious little golden bird, sing, sing! I have loaded you with precious stones, and even hung my own golden slipper round your neck, sing, I tell you, sing!"

But the bird stood silent, there was nobody to wind it up, so of course it could not go. Death continued to fix the great empty sockets of its eyes upon him, and all was silent, so terribly silent.

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Suddenly, close to the window, there was a burst of lovely song; it was the living nightingale, perched on a branch outside. It had heard of the emperor's need, and had come to bring comfort and hope to him. And as it sang the faces round him became fainter and fainter, and the blood coursed with fresh vigor in the emperor's veins and through his feeble limbs. Even Death himself listened to the song and said, "Go on, little nightingale, go on!"

"Yes, if you give me the gorgeous golden sword; yes, if you give me the imperial banner; yes, if you give me the emperor's crown."

And Death gave back each of these treasures for a song, and the nightingale went on singing. It sang about the quiet churchyard, when the roses bloom, where the elder flower scents the air, and where the fresh grass is ever moistened anew by the tears of the mourner. This song brought to Death a longing for his own garden, and like a cold gray mist, he passed out of the window.

"Thanks, thanks!" said the emperor; "you heavenly little bird, I know you! I banished you from my kingdom, and yet you have charmed the evil visions away from my bed by your song, and even Death away from my heart! How can I ever repay you?"

"You have rewarded me," said the nightingale. "I brought the tears to your eyes, the very first time I ever sang to you, and I shall never forget it! Those are the jewels which gladden the heart of a singer — but sleep now, and wake up fresh and strong! I will sing to you!"



## THE NIGHTINGALE

Then it sang again, and the emperor fell into a sweet refreshing sleep. The sun shone in at his window, when he woke fresh and well; none of his attendants had yet come back to him, for they thought he was dead, but the nightingale still sat there singing.

“You must always stay with me!” said the emperor. “You shall only sing when you like, and I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces!”

“Don’t do that!” said the nightingale, “it did all the good it could! keep it as you have always done! I can’t build my nest and live in this palace, but let me come whenever I like, then I will sit on the branch in the evening and sing to you. I will sing to cheer you and to make you thoughtful too; I will sing to you of the happy ones, and of those that suffer too; I will sing about the good and the evil, which are kept hidden from you. The little singing bird flies far and wide, to the poor fisherman and the peasant’s home, to numbers who are far from you and your court. I love your heart more than your crown, and yet there is an odor of sanctity round the crown too — I will come, and I will sing to you — But you must promise me one thing!”—

“Everything!” said the emperor, who stood there in his imperial robes which he had just put on, and he held the sword heavy with gold upon his heart.

“One thing I ask you! Tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything, it will be better so!” Then the nightingale flew away. The attendants came in to see their dead emperor, and there he stood, bidding them “good-morning!”



## THE STORKS

A STORK had built his nest on the roof of the last house in a little town. The mother stork was sitting on the nest with her little ones, who stuck out their little black beaks, which had not turned red yet. The father stork stood a little way off on the ridge of the roof, erect and stiff, with one leg drawn up under him, so as at least to be at some trouble while standing sentry. One might have thought he was carved out of wood, he stood so still!

“It will look so grand for my wife to have a sentry on guard by the nest!” he thought. “People won’t know that I am her husband; I dare say they think I have orders to stand there — it looks smart!” and so he remained standing on one leg.

A party of children were playing in the street, and when they saw the stork, one of the boldest boys, followed by the others, sang the old song about the storks, but he sang it just as it came into his head,

“Oh! father stork, father stork, fly to your nest,  
Three featherless fledglings await your return.  
The first of your chicks shall be stuck through the breast,  
The second shall hang and the third shall burn.”

“Hark! what are the boys singing?” said the little storks;  
“they say we are to be hanged and burnt!”

## THE STORKS

“Don’t bother your heads about them!” said the mother stork; “don’t listen to them and then it won’t do you any harm.”

But the boys went on singing and pointing their fingers at the storks; only one boy, whose name was Peter, said that it was a shame to make fun of the creatures and he would take no part in it.

The mother bird comforted her little ones saying, “Do not trouble yourselves about it, look at your father how quietly he stands, and on one leg, too!”

“But we are so frightened,” said the young ones, burying their heads in the nest.

The next day when the children came back to play and they saw the storks they began their old song,

“The first of your chicks shall be stuck through the breast,  
The second shall hang and the third shall burn.”

“Are we to be hanged and burnt?” asked the little storks.

“No, certainly not!” said the mother; “you are to learn to fly, see if I don’t drill you, then we will go into the fields and visit the frogs; they curtsey in the water to us and sing ‘Koax, Koax,’ and then we gobble them up; that’s a treat if you like!”

“And what next?” asked the young ones.

“Oh, then all the storks in the country assemble for the autumn manœuvres and you will have to fly your best, for the one who cannot fly will be run through the body by the

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general's beak, so you must take good care to learn something when the drills begin."

"After all then we may be staked just as the boys said, and listen, they are singing it again now!"

"Listen to me and not to them," said the mother stork. "After the grand manœuvres we shall fly away to the warm countries, ever such a way off, over the woods and mountains. We go to Egypt where they have three-cornered houses, the points of which reach above the clouds; they are called Pyramids, and they are older than any stork can imagine. Then there is a river which overflows its banks and all the land round turns to mud. You walk about in mud devouring frogs."

"Oh!" said all the young ones.

"Yes, it is splendid, you do nothing but eat all day; while we are so well off there, there is not a leaf on the trees in this country, and it is so cold that the clouds freeze all to pieces and fall down in little bits."

She meant snow, but did not know how to describe it any better.

"Do the naughty boys freeze to pieces?" asked the young storks.

"No, they don't freeze to pieces, but they come very near to it and have to sit moping in dark rooms; you, on the other hand, fly about in strange countries, in warm sunshine among flowers."

Some time passed and the little ones were big enough to stand up in the nest and look about them. The father stork



## THE STORKS

flew backwards and forwards every day, with nice frogs and little snakes, and every kind of delicacy he could find. It was so funny to see the tricks he did to amuse them; he would turn his head right round on to his tail, and he would clatter with his beak, as if it was a rattle. And then he told them all the stories he heard in the swamps.

“Well, now you must learn to fly,” said the mother stork one day; and all the young ones had to stand on the ridge of the roof. Oh, how they wobbled about trying to keep their balance with their wings, and how nearly they fell down.

“Now look at me,” said the mother; “this is how you must hold your heads! And move your legs so! one, two, one, two, this will help you to get on in the world.”

Then she flew a little way, and the young ones made a clumsy little hop, and down they came with a bump, for their bodies were too heavy.

“I don’t want to fly,” said one of the young ones, creeping down into the nest again. “I don’t care about going to the warm countries.”

“Do you want to freeze to death here when the winter comes? Shall the boys come and hang or burn or stake you? I will soon call them!”

“No, no,” said the young one, hopping up on to the roof again, just like the others.

By the third day they could all fly fairly well; then they thought they could hover in the air, too, and they tried it, but flop! — they soon found they had to move their wings again.

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

Then the boys began their song again:

“Oh! father stork, father stork, fly to your nest.”

“Shall we fly down and pick their eyes out?” asked the young ones.

“No, leave them alone,” said their mother; “only pay attention to me, that is much more important. One, two, three, now we fly to the right; one, two, three, now to the left, and round the chimney! that was good. That last stroke of the wings was so pretty and the flap so well done that I will allow you to go to the swamp with me tomorrow! Several nice storks go there with their children; now just let me see that mine are the nicest. Don't forget to carry your heads high! it looks well, and gives you an air of importance.”

“But are we not to have our revenge on the naughty boys?” asked the young storks.

“Let them scream as much as they like; you will fly away with the clouds to the land of the pyramids, while they will perhaps be freezing. There won't be a green leaf or a sweet apple here then!”

“But we will have our revenge!” they whispered to each other, and then they began their drilling again.

Of all the boys in the street, not one was worse at making fun of the storks than he who first began the derisive song. He was a tiny little fellow, not more than six years old. It is true, the young storks thought he was at least a hundred, for he was so much bigger than their father and mother, and they had no idea how old children and grown-up people could

## THE STORKS

be. They reserved all their vengeance for the boy who first began to tease them, and who never would leave off. The young storks were frightfully irritated by the teasing, and the older they grew the less they would stand it. At last their mother was obliged to promise that they should have their revenge, but not till the last day before they left.

“We shall first have to see how you behave at the manœuvres! If you come to grief and the general has to run you through the breast with his beak, the boys will after all be right, at least in one way! Now let us see!”

“That you shall!” said the young ones; and didn’t they take pains. They practiced every day, till they could fly as lightly as any feather; it was quite a pleasure to watch them.

Then came the autumn; all the storks began to assemble, before they started on their flight to the warm countries, where they spend their winters.

Those were indeed manœuvres! They had to fly over woods and towns, to try their wings, because they had such a long journey before them. The young storks did everything so well, that they got no end of frogs and snakes as prizes. They had the best characters, and then they could eat the frogs and snakes afterwards, which you may be sure they did.

“Now we shall have our revenge!” they said.

“Yes, certainly,” said the mother stork. “My plan is this, and I think it is the right one! I know the pond where all the human babies lie, till the storks fetch them, and give them to their parents. The pretty little creatures lie there asleep, dreaming sweet dreams, sweeter than any they ever



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dream afterwards. Every parent wishes for such a little baby, and every child wants a baby brother or sister. Now we fly to the pond and fetch a little brother or sister for each of those children who did not join in singing that horrid song, or in making fun of the storks. But those who sang it shall not have one."

"But what about that bad wicked boy who first began the song!" shrieked the young storks; "what is to be done to him?"

"In the pond there is a little dead baby, it has dreamed itself to death, we will take it to him, and then he will cry, because we have brought him a little dead brother. But you have surely not forgotten the good boy, who said 'It is a shame to make fun of the creatures!' We will take both a brother and a sister to him, and because his name is Peter, you shall all be called Peter too."

It happened just as she said, and all the storks are called Peter to this day.

## THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

**I**T was late on a bitterly cold, snowy, New Year's Eve. A poor little girl was wandering in the dark cold streets; she was bare headed and bare footed. She certainly had had slippers on when she left home, but they were not much good, for they were so huge. They had last been worn by her mother, and they fell off the poor little girl's feet when she was running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling rapidly by. One of the shoes could not be found at all; and the other was picked up by a boy who ran off with it, saying that it would do for a cradle when he had children of his own. So the poor little girl had to go on with her little bare feet, which were red and blue with the cold. She carried a quantity of matches in her old apron, and held a packet of them in her hand. Nobody had bought any of her during all the long day; nobody had even given her a copper. The poor little creature was hungry and perishing with cold, and she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell upon her long yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her face, but she paid no attention to that. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a most delicious odor of roast goose in the streets, for it was New Year's Eve — she could not forget that. She found a corner where one house projected a little beyond the next one, and here she crouched, drawing up her feet under her, but she was colder than ever. She did

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

not dare to go home for she had not sold any matches, and had not earned a single penny. Her father would beat her, besides it was almost as cold at home as it was here. They only had the roof over them and the wind whistled through it although they stuffed up the biggest cracks with rags and straw. Her little hands were almost dead with cold. Oh, one little match would do some good! Dared she pull one out of the bundle and strike it on the wall to warm her fingers! She pulled out one, "risch," how it sputtered, how it blazed! It burnt with a bright clear flame, just like a little candle when she held her hand round it. It was a very curious candle too. The little girl fancied that she was sitting in front of a big stove with polished brass feet and handles. There was a splendid fire blazing in it and warming her so beautifully, but — what happened — just as she was stretching out her feet to warm them, — the blaze went out, the stove vanished, and she was left sitting with the end of the burnt-out match in her hand. She struck a new one, it burnt, it blazed up, and where the light fell upon the wall, it became transparent like gauze, and she could see right through it into the room. The table was spread with a snowy cloth and pretty china; a roast goose stuffed with apples and prunes was steaming on it. And what was even better, the goose hopped from the dish with the carving knife sticking in his back, and it waddled across the floor. It came right up to the poor child, and then — the match went out, and there was nothing to be seen but the thick black wall.

Again, she lit another. This time she was sitting under a



## THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

lovely Christmas tree. It was much bigger and more beautifully decorated than the one she had seen when she peeped through the glass doors at the rich merchant's house this very last Christmas. Thousands of lighted candles gleamed under its branches, and colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down to her. The little girl stretched out both her hands towards them — then out went the match. All the Christmas candles rose higher and higher, till she saw that they were only the twinkling stars. One of them fell and made a bright streak of light across the sky. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had ever been kind to her, used to say, "When a star falls a soul is going up to God."

Now she struck another match against the wall, and this time it was her grandmother who appeared in the circle of flame. She saw her quite clearly and distinctly, looking so gentle and happy.

"Grandmother!" cried the little creature. "Oh, do take me with you! I know you will vanish when the match goes out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the delicious goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree!"

She hastily struck a whole bundle of matches, because she did so long to keep her grandmother with her. The light of the matches made it as bright as day. Grandmother had never before looked so big or so beautiful. She lifted the little girl up in her arms, and they soared in a halo of light and joy, far, far above the earth, where there was no more cold, no hunger, no pain, for they were with God.

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In the cold morning light the poor little girl sat there, in the corner between the houses, with rosy cheeks and a smile on her face — dead. Frozen to death on the last night of the old year. New Year's Day broke on the little body still sitting with the ends of the burnt out matches in her hand. She must have tried to warm herself, they said. Nobody knew what beautiful visions she had seen, nor in what a halo she had entered with her grandmother upon the glories of the New Year.

## GREAT CLAUS AND LITTLE CLAUS

**I**N a village there once lived two men of the self-same name. They were both called Claus, but one of them had four horses, and the other only had one; so to distinguish them people called the owner of the four horses "Great Claus," and he who had only one "Little Claus." Now I shall tell you what happened to them, for this is a true story.

Throughout the week Little Claus was obliged to plow for Great Claus, and to lend him his one horse; but once a week, on Sunday, Great Claus lent him all his four horses.

"Hurrah!" How Little Claus would smack his whip over all five, for they were as good as his own on that one day.

The sun shone brightly and the church bells rang merrily as the people passed by, dressed in their best, with their prayer-books under their arms. They were going to hear the parson preach. They looked at Little Claus plowing with his five horses, and he was so proud that he smacked his whip and said, "Gee-up, my five horses."

"You mustn't say that," said Great Claus, "for only one of them is yours."

But Little Claus soon forgot what he ought not to say, and when any one passed, he would call out, "Gee-up, my five horses."

"I must really beg you not to say that again," said Great Claus, "for if you do, I shall hit your horse on the head, so



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

that he will drop down dead on the spot, and there will be an end of him."

"I promise you I will not say it again," said the other; but as soon as anybody came by nodding to him, and wishing him "Good-day," he was so pleased, and thought how grand it was to have five horses plowing in his field, that he cried out again, "Gee-up, all my horses!"

"I'll gee-up your horses for you," said Great Claus, and seizing the tethering mallet he struck Little Claus' one horse on the head, and it fell down dead.

"Oh, now I have no horse at all," said Little Claus, weeping. But after a long while he flayed the dead horse, and hung up the skin in the wind to dry.

Then he put the dry skin into a bag, and hanging it over his shoulder went off to the next town to sell it. But he had a long way to go, and had to pass through a dark and gloomy forest

Presently a storm arose, and he lost his way; and before he discovered the right path evening was drawing on, and it was still a long way to the town, and too far to return home before nightfall.

Near the road stood a large farmhouse. The shutters outside the windows were closed, but lights shone through the crevices and at the top. "They might let me stay here for the night," thought Little Claus, so he went up to the door and knocked. The farmer's wife opened the door, but when she heard what he wanted, she told him to go away; her husband was not at home, and she could not let any strangers in.

## GREAT CLAUS

“Then I shall have to lie out here,” said Little Claus to himself as the farmer’s wife shut the door in his face.

Close to the farmhouse stood a large haystack, and between it and the house there was a small shed with a thatched roof. “I can lie up there,” said Little Claus, as he saw the roof: “it will make a famous bed, but I hope the stork won’t fly down and bite my legs.” A live stork was standing up there who had his nest on the roof.

So Little Claus climbed on the roof of the shed, and as he turned about to make himself comfortable he discovered that the wooden shutters did not reach to the top of the windows, so that he could see into the room, in which a large table was laid out, with wine, roast meat, and a splendid fish.

The farmer’s wife and the sexton were sitting at the table together, nobody else was there. She was filling his glass and helping him plentifully to fish, which appeared to be his favorite dish.

“If only I could have some too,” thought Little Claus, and then as he stretched out his neck towards the window he spied a beautiful, large cake,—indeed they had a glorious feast before them.

At that moment he heard some one riding down the road towards the farm. It was the farmer coming home.

He was a good man, but he had one very strange prejudice—he could not bear the sight of a sexton. If he happened to see one he would get into a terrible rage. In consequence of this dislike, the sexton had gone to visit the farmer’s wife during her husband’s absence from home, and the good woman had



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

put before him the best of everything she had in the house to eat.

When they heard the farmer they were dreadfully frightened, and the woman made the sexton creep into a large chest which stood in a corner. He went at once, for he was well aware of the poor man's aversion to the sight of a sexton. The woman then quickly hid all the nice things and the wine in the oven, because if her husband had seen it he would have asked why it was provided.

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Claus, on the roof, when he saw the food disappearing.

"Is there anyone up there?" asked the farmer, peering up at Little Claus. "What are you doing up there? You had better come into the house."

Then Little Claus told him how he had lost his way, and asked if he might have shelter for the night.

"Certainly," said the farmer; "but the first thing is to have something to eat."

The woman received them both very kindly, laid the table, and gave them a large bowl of porridge. The farmer was hungry, and ate it with a good appetite; but Little Claus could not help thinking of the good roast meat, the fish and the cake, which he knew were hidden in the oven.

He put his sack with the hide in it under the table by his feet, for as we remember, he was on his way to the town to sell it. He did not fancy the porridge, so he trod on the sack and made the dried hide squeak quite loudly.

"Hush!" said Little Claus to his sack, at the same time treading on it again, so that it squeaked louder than ever.



## GREAT CLAUS

“What on earth have you got in your sack?” asked the farmer again.

“Oh, it’s a Goblin,” said little Claus; “ he says we needn’t eat the porridge, for he has charmed the oven full of roast meat and fish and cake.”

“ What do you say!” said the farmer, opening the oven door with all speed, and seeing the nice things the woman had hidden, but which her husband thought the Goblin had hidden, produced for their special benefit.

The woman dared not say anything, but put the food before them, and then they both made a hearty meal of the fish, the meat and the cake.

Then Little Claus trod on the skin and made it squeak again.

“What does he say now?” asked the farmer.

“He says,” answered Little Claus, “that he has also charmed three bottles of wine into the oven for us.”

So the woman had to bring out the wine too, and the farmer drank it and became merry. Wouldn’t he like to have a Goblin, like the one in Little Claus’ sack, for himself?

“Can he charm out the Devil?” asked the farmer. “I shouldn’t mind seeing him, now that I am in such a merry mood.”

“Oh, yes!” said Little Claus; “my Goblin can do everything that we ask him. Can’t you?” he asked, trampling up the sack till it squeaked louder than ever. “Do you hear what I say? But the Devil is so ugly, you’d better not see him.”

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"Oh! I'm not a bit frightened. Whatever does he look like?"

"Well, he will show himself in the image of a sexton."

"Oh, dear!" said the farmer; "that's bad! I must tell you that I can't bear to see a sexton! However, it doesn't matter; I shall know it's only the Devil, and then I shan't mind so much! Now, my courage is up! But he mustn't come too close."

"I'll ask my Goblin about it," said Little Claus, treading on the bag and putting his ear close to it.

"What does he say?"

"He says you can go along and open the chest in the corner, and there you'll see the devil moping in the dark; but hold the lid tight so that he doesn't get out."

"Will you help me to hold it?" asked the farmer, going along to the chest where the woman had hidden the real sexton, who was shivering with fright.

The farmer lifted up the lid a wee little bit and peeped in. "Ha!" he shrieked, and sprang back. "Yes, I saw him, and he looked just exactly like our sexton! It was a horrible sight."

They had to have a drink after this, and there they sat drinking till far into the night.

"You must sell me that Goblin," said the farmer. "You may ask what you like for him! I will give you a bushel of money for him."

"No, I can't do that," said Little Claus; "you must remember how useful my Goblin is to me."

## GREAT CLAUS

“Oh, but I should so like to have him,” said the farmer, and he went on begging for him.

“Well,” said Little Claus at last, “as you have been so kind to me I shall have to give him up. You shall have my Goblin for a bushel of money, but I must have it full to the brim!”

“You shall have it,” said the farmer; “but you must take that chest away with you; I won’t have it in the house for another hour; you never know whether he’s there or not.”

So Little Claus gave his sack with the dried hide in it to the farmer, and received in return a bushel of money for it, and the measure was full to the brim. The farmer also gave him a large wheelbarrow to take the money and the chest away in.

“Good-by!” said Little Claus, and off he went with his money and the big chest with the sexton in it.

There was a wide and deep river on the other side of the wood; the stream was so strong that it was almost impossible to swim against it. A large new bridge had been built across it, and when they got into the very middle of it, Little Claus said quite loud, so that the sexton would hear him —

“What am I to do with this stupid old chest? it might be full of paving stones, it’s so heavy! I am quite tired of wheeling it along; I’ll just throw it into the river; if it floats down the river to my house, well and good, and if it doesn’t, I sha’nt care.”

Then he took hold of the chest and raised it up a bit, as if he was about to throw it into the river.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"No, no! let it be!" shouted the sexton; "let me get out!"

"Hullo!" said Little Claus, pretending to be frightened. "Why, he's still inside it, then I must throw it into the river to drown him."

"Oh no, oh no!" shouted the sexton. "I'll give you a bushel full of money if you'll let me out!"

"Oh, that's another matter," said Little Claus, opening the chest. The sexton crept out at once and pushed the empty chest into the water, and then went home and gave Little Claus a whole bushel of money: he had already had one from the farmer, you know, so now his wheelbarrow was quite full of money.

"I got a pretty fair price for that horse I must admit!" said he to himself when he got home to his own room and turned the money out of the wheelbarrow into a heap on the floor. "What a rage Great Claus will be in when he discovers how rich I am become through my one horse, but I won't tell him straight out about it." So he sent a boy to Great Claus to borrow a bushel measure.

"What does he want that for!" thought Great Claus, and he rubbed some tallow on the bottom, so that a little of whatever was to be measured might stick to it. So it did, for when the measure came back three new silver three-penny bits were sticking to it.

"What's this?" said Great Claus, and he ran straight along to Little Claus. "Where on earth did you get all that money?"

"Oh, that was for my horse's hide which I sold last night."

## GREAT CLAUS

“That was well paid indeed,” said Great Claus, and he ran home, took an ax and hit all his four horses on the head. He then flayed them and went off to the town with the hides.

“Skins, skins, who will buy skins?” he shouted up and down the streets.

All the shoemakers and tanners in the town came running up and asked him how much he wanted for them.

“A bushel of money for each,” said Great Claus.

“Are you mad?” they all said; “do you imagine we have money by the bushel?”

“Skins, skins, who will buy skins?” he shouted again, and the shoemakers took up their measures and the tanners their leather aprons, and beat Great Claus through the town.

“Skins, skins!” they mocked him. “Yes, we’ll give you a raw hide. Out of the town with him!” they shouted, and Great Claus had to hurry off as fast as ever he could go. He had never had such a beating in his life.

“Little Claus shall pay for this!” he said when he got home. “I’ll kill him for it.”

Little Claus’ old grandmother had just died in his house; she certainly had been very cross and unkind to him, but now that she was dead he felt quite sorry about it. He took the dead woman and put her into his warm bed, to see if he could bring her to life again. He meant her to stay there all night, and he would sit on a chair in the corner! he had slept like that before.

As he sat there in the night, the door opened, and in came Great Claus with his ax; he knew where Little Claus’

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

bed stood, and he went straight up to it and hit the dead grandmother a blow on the forehead, thinking that it was Little Claus.

"Just see if you'll cheat me again after that!" he said, and then he went home again.

"What a bad, wicked man he is," said Little Claus; "he was going to kill me there. What a good thing that poor old granny was dead already, or else he would have killed her."

He now dressed his old grandmother in her best Sunday clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbor, harnessed it to a cart, and set his grandmother on the back seat, so that she could not fall out when the cart moved. Then he started off through the wood. When the sun rose he was just outside a big inn, and Little Claus drew up his horse and went in to get something to eat.

The landlord was a very, very rich man, and a very good man, but he was fiery-tempered, as if he were made of pepper and tobacco.

"Good morning!" said he to Little Claus; "you've got your best clothes on very early this morning!"

"Yes," said Little Claus; "I'm going to town with my old grandmother, she's sitting out there in the cart, I can't get her to come in. Won't you take her out a glass of mead? You'll have to shout at her, she's very hard of hearing."

"Yes, she shall have it!" said the innkeeper, and he poured out a large glass of mead which he took out to the dead grandmother in the cart.

"Here is a glass of mead your son has sent!" said the



## GREAT CLAUS

innkeeper, but the dead woman sat quite still and never said a word.

“Don’t you hear?” shouted the innkeeper as loud as ever he could; “here is a glass of mead from your son!”

Again he shouted, and again as loud as ever, but as she did not stir, he got angry and threw the glass of mead in her face, so that the mead ran all over her, and she fell backwards out of the cart, for she was only stuck up and not tied in.

“Now!” shouted Little Claus, as he rushed out of the inn and seized the landlord by the neck, “you have killed my grandmother! Just look, there’s a great hole in her forehead!”

“Oh, what a misfortune!” exclaimed the innkeeper, clasping his hands; “that’s the consequence of my fiery temper! Good Little Claus, I will give you a bushel of money, and bury your grandmother as if she had been my own, if you will only say nothing about it, or else they will chop my head off, and that is so nasty.”

So Little Claus had a whole bushel of money, and the innkeeper buried the old grandmother just as if she had been his own.

When Little Claus got home again with all his money, he immediately sent over his boy to Great Claus to borrow his measure.

“What!” said Great Claus, “is he not dead? I shall have to go and see about it myself!” So he took the measure over to Little Claus himself.

“I say, wherever did you get all that money?” asked he, his eyes round with amazement at what he saw.

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

"It was my grandmother you killed instead of me!" said Little Claus. "I have sold her and got a bushel of money for her!"

"That was good pay indeed!" said Great Claus, and he hurried home, took an ax and killed his old grandmother.

He then put her in a cart and drove off to the town with her where the apothecary lived, and asked if he would buy a dead body.

"Who is it, and where did the body come from?" asked the apothecary.

"It is my grandmother, and I have killed her for a bushel of money!" said Great Claus.

"Heaven preserve us!" said the apothecary. "You are talking like a madman; pray don't say such things, you might lose your head!"

And he pointed out to him what a horribly wicked thing he had done, and what a bad man he was who deserved punishment. Great Claus was so frightened that he rushed straight out of the shop, jumped into the cart, whipped up his horse and galloped home. The apothecary and everyone else thought he was mad, and so they let him drive off.

"You shall be paid for this!" said Great Claus, when he got out on the high road. "You shall pay for this, little Claus!"

As soon as he got home he took the biggest sack he could find, went over to Little Claus and said—

"You have deceived me again! First I killed my horses, and then my old grandmother! It's all your fault, but you sha'n't have the chance of cheating me again!"

## GREAT CLAUS

Then he took Little Claus by the waist and put him into the sack, put it on his back, and shouted to him—

“I’m going to drown you now!”

It was a long way to go before he came to the river, and Little Claus was not so light to carry. The road passed close by the church in which the organ was playing, and the people were singing beautifully. Great Claus put down the sack with Little Claus in it close by the church door, and thought he would like to go in and hear a psalm before he went any farther. Little Claus could not get out of the bag, and all the people were in church, so he went in too.

“Oh, dear, oh dear!” sighed Little Claus in the sack. He turned and twisted, but it was impossible to undo the cord. Just then an old cattle drover with hair and a tall stick in his hand came along. He had a whole drove of cows and bulls before him; they ran against the sack Little Claus was in, and upset it.

“Oh dear!” sighed Little Claus; “I am so young to be going to the Kingdom of Heaven!”

“And I,” said the cattle drover, “am so old and cannot get there yet!”

“Open the sack!” shouted Little Claus. “Get in in place of me, and you will get to heaven directly!”

“That will just suit me,” said the cattle drover, undoing the sack for Little Claus, who immediately sprang out. “You must look after the cattle now,” said the old man as he crept into the sack. Little Claus tied it up and walked off driving the cattle before him.



## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

A little while after Great Claus came out of the church, he took up the sack again on his back, and certainly thought it had grown lighter, for the old cattle drover was not more than half the weight of Little Claus. "How light he seems to have got; that must be because I have been to church and said my prayers!" Then he went on to the river, which was both wide and deep, and threw the sack with the old cattle drover in it into the water, shouting as he did so (for he thought it was Little Claus), "Now, you won't cheat me again!" Then he went homewards, but when he reached the crossroads he met Little Claus with his herd of cattle.

"What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed Great Claus; "didn't I drown you?"

"Yes," said Little Claus, "it's only about half an hour since you threw me into the river!"

"But where did you get all those splendid beasts?" asked Great Claus.

"They are sea-cattle," said Little Claus. "I will tell you the whole story, and indeed I thank you heartily for drowning me, I'm at the top of the tree now and a very rich man, I can tell you. I was so frightened when I was in the sack, the wind whistled in my ears when you threw me over the bridge into the cold water. I immediately sank to the bottom, but I was not hurt, for the grass is beautifully soft down there. The sack was opened at once by a beautiful maiden in snow-white clothes with a green wreath on her wet hair; she took my hand and said, 'Are you there, Little Claus? Here are some cattle for you, and a mile farther up the road you will come upon

## GREAT CLAUS

another herd, which I will give you too!’ Then I saw that the river was a great highway for the seafolk. Down at the bottom of it they walked and drove about, from the sea right up to the end of the river. The flowers were lovely and the grass was so fresh; the fishes which swam about glided close to me just like birds in the air. How nice the people were, and what a lot of cattle strolling about in the ditches.”

“But why did you come straight up here again then?” asked Great Claus. “I shouldn’t have done that, if it was so fine down there.”

“Oh,” said Little Claus, “that’s just my cunning; you remember I told you that the mermaid said that a mile farther up the road — and by the road she means the river, for she can’t go anywhere else — I should find another herd of cattle waiting for me. Well, I know how many bends there are in the river, and what a roundabout way it would be. It’s ever so much shorter if you can come up on dry land and take the short cuts, you save a couple of miles by it, and get the cattle much sooner.”

“Oh, you *are* a fortunate man!” said Great Claus; “do you think I could get some sea-cattle if I were to go down to the bottom of the river?”

“I’m sure you would,” said Little Claus; “but I can’t carry you in the sack to the river, you’re too heavy for me. If you like to walk there and then get into the sack, I’ll throw you into the river with the greatest pleasure in the world.”

“Thank you,” said Great Claus; “but if I don’t get any

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sea-cattle when I get down there, see if I don't give you a sound thrashing."

"Oh! don't be so hard on me." They then walked off to the river. As soon as the cattle saw the water they rushed down to drink, for they were very thirsty. "See what a hurry they're in," said Little Claus; "they want to get down to the bottom again."

"Now, help me first," said Great Claus, "or else I'll thrash you." He then crept into a big sack which had been lying across the back of one of the cows. "Put a big stone in, or I'm afraid I sha'n't sink," said Great Claus.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said Little Claus, but he put a big stone into the sack and gave it a push. Plump went the sack and Great Claus was in the river where he sank to the bottom at once.

"I'm afraid he won't find any cattle," said Little Claus, as he drove his herd home.



## THE GARDEN OF PARADISE

**T**HERE was once a king's son; nobody had so many or such beautiful books as he had. He could read about everything which had ever happened in this world, and see it all represented in the most beautiful pictures. He could get information about every nation and every country; but as to where the Garden of Paradise was to be found, not a word could he discover, and this was the very thing he thought most about. His grandmother had told him when he was quite a little fellow and was about to begin his school life, that every flower in the Garden of Paradise was a delicious cake, and that the pistils were full of wine. In one flower history was written, in another geography or tables, you had only to eat the cake and you knew the lesson. The more you ate, the more history, geography and tables you knew. All this he believed then; but as he grew older and wiser and learnt more, he easily perceived that the delights of the Garden of Paradise must be far beyond all this.

“Oh, why did Eve take of the tree of knowledge! Why did Adam eat the forbidden fruit! If it had only been I it would not have happened! never would sin have entered the world!”

This is what he said then, and he still said it when he was seventeen; his thoughts were full of the Garden of Paradise.

He walked into the wood one day; he was alone, for that

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

was his greatest pleasure. Evening came on, the clouds drew up and it rained as if the whole heaven had become a sluice from which the water poured in sheets; it was as dark as it is otherwise in the deepest well. Now he slipped on the wet grass, and then he fell on the bare stones which jutted out of the rocky ground. Everything was dripping, and at last the poor Prince hadn't a dry thread on him. He had to climb over huge rocks where the water oozed out of the thick moss. He was almost fainting; just then he heard a curious murmuring and saw in front of him a big lighted cave. A fire was burning in the middle, big enough to roast a stag, which was in fact being done; a splendid stag with its huge antlers was stuck on a spit, being slowly turned round between the hewn trunks of two fir trees. An oldish woman, tall and strong enough to be a man dressed up, sat by the fire throwing on logs from time to time.

"Come in by all means!" she said; "sit down by the fire so that your clothes may dry!"

"There is a shocking draught here," said the prince, as he sat down on the ground.

"It will be worse than this when my sons come home!" said the woman. "You are in the cavern of the winds; my sons are the four winds of the world! Do you understand?"

"Who are your sons?" asked the prince.

"Well, that's not so easy to answer when the question is stupidly put," said the woman. "My sons do as they like, they are playing rounders now with the clouds up there in the great hall," and she pointed up into the sky.









## GARDEN OF PARADISE

“Oh indeed!” said the prince. “You seem to speak very harshly, and you are not so gentle as the women I generally see about me!”

“Oh I dare say they have nothing else to do! I have to be harsh if I am to keep my boys under control! But I can do it, although they are a stiff-necked lot! Do you see those four sacks hanging on the wall? They are just as frightened of them as you used to be of the cane behind the looking glass. I can double the boys up, I can tell you, and then they have to go into the bag; we don’t stand upon ceremony, and there they have to stay; they can’t get out to play their tricks till it suits me to let them. But here we have one of them.” It was the Northwind who had come in with an icy blast, great hailstones peppered about the floor and snowflakes drifted in. He was dressed in bearskin trousers and jacket, and he had a sealskin cap drawn over his ears. Long icicles were hanging from his beard, and one hailstone after another dropped down from the collar of his jacket.

“Don’t go straight to the fire,” said the prince. “You might easily get chilblains!”

“Chilblains!” said the Northwind with a loud laugh. “Chilblains! they are my greatest delight! What sort of a feeble creature are you? How did you get into the cave of the winds?”

“He is my guest,” said the old woman, “and if you are not pleased with that explanation you may go into the bag! Now you know my opinion!”

This had its effect, and the Northwind told them where

## ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES

he came from, and where he had been for the last month.

"I come from the Arctic seas," he said. "I have been on Behring Island with the Russian walrus-hunters. I sat at the helm and slept when they sailed from the north cape, and when I woke now and then the stormy petrels were flying about my legs; they are queer birds; they give a brisk flap with their wings and then keep them stretched out and motionless, and even then they have speed enough."

"Pray don't be too long-winded," said the mother of the winds. "So at last you got to Behring Island!"

"It's perfectly splendid! there you have a floor to dance upon, as flat as a pancake, half-thawed snow, with moss; there were bones of whales and Polar bears lying about, they looked like legs and arms of giants covered with green mold. One would think that the sun had never shone on them. I gave a little puff to the fog so that one could see the shed. It was a house built of wreckage and covered with the skins of whales; the flesh side was turned outwards; it was all red and green; a living Polar bear sat on the roof growling. I went to the shore and looked at the birds' nests, looked at the unfledged young ones screaming and gaping; then I blew down thousands of their throats and they learnt to shut their mouths. Lower down the walruses were rolling about like monster maggots with pig's heads and teeth a yard long!"

"You're a good story teller, my boy!" said his mother. "It makes my mouth water to hear you!"

"Then there was a hunt! The harpoons were plunged into the walruses' breasts and the streaming blood spurted out of



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them, like fountains over the ice. Then I remembered my part of the game! I blew up and made my ships, the mountain-high icebergs, nip the boats; whew; how they whistled and how they screamed, but I whistled louder. They were obliged to throw the dead walruses, chests and ropes out upon the ice! I shook the snowflakes over them and let them drift southwards to taste the salt water. They will never come back to Behring Island!”

“Then you’ve been doing evil!” said the mother of the winds.

“What good I did the others may tell you,” said he. “But here we have my brother from the west; I like him best of all, he smells of the sea and brings a splendid cool breeze with him!”

“Is that the little Zephyr?” asked the prince.

“Yes, certainly it is Zephyr, but he is not so little as all that. He used to be a pretty boy once, but that’s gone by!”

He looked like a wild man of the woods, but he had a padded hat on so as not to come to any harm. He carried a mahogany club cut in the American mahogany forests. It could not be anything less than that.

“Where do you come from?” asked his mother.

“From the forest wildernesses!” he said, “where the thorny creepers make a fence between every tree, where the water-snake lies in the wet grass and where human beings seem to be superfluous!”

“What did you do there?”

“I looked at the mighty river, saw where it dashed over

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the rocks in dust and flew with the clouds to carry the rainbow. I saw the wild buffalo swimming in the river, but the stream carried him away, he floated with the wild duck, which soared into the sky at the rapids; but the buffalo was carried over with the water. I liked that and blew a storm, so that the primeval trees had to sail too, and they were whirled about like shavings."

"And you have done nothing else?" asked the old woman.

"I have been turning somersaults in the Savannahs, patting the wild horse, and shaking down cocoanuts! Oh, yes, I have plenty of stories to tell! But one need not tell everything. You know that very well, old woman!" and then he kissed his mother so heartily that she nearly fell backwards; he was indeed a wild boy.

The Southwind appeared now in a turban and a flowing Bedouin's cloak.

"It is fearfully cold in here," he said, throwing wood on the fire; "it is easy to see that the Northwind got here first."

"It is hot enough in here to roast a polar bear," said the Northwind.

"You are a polar bear yourself!" said the Southwind.

"Do you want to go into the bag?" asked the old woman. "Sit down on that stone and tell us where you have been."

"In Africa, mother!" he answered. "I have been chasing the lion with the Hottentots in Kaffirland! What grass there is on those plains! as green as an olive. The gnu were dancing about and the ostriches ran races with me, but I am still the fastest. I went to the desert with its yellow sand. It looks

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like the bottom of the sea. I met a caravan! They were killing their last camel to get water to drink, but it wasn't much they got. The sun was blazing above, and the sand burning below. There were no limits to the outstretched desert. Then I burrowed into the fine loose sand and whirled it up in great columns — that was a dance! You should have seen how despondently the dromedaries stood, and the merchant drew his caftan over his head. He threw himself down before me as if I had been Allah, his god. Now they are buried, and there is a pyramid of sand over them all; when I blow it away, sometime the sun will bleach their bones, and then travelers will see that people have been there before, otherwise you would hardly believe it in the desert!"

"Then you have only been doing harm!" said the mother. "Into the bag you go!" And before he knew where he was she had the Southwind by the waist and in the bag; it rolled about on the ground, but she sat down upon it and then it had to be quiet.

"Your sons are lively fellows!" said the prince.

"Yes, indeed," she said; "but I can master them! Here comes the fourth."

It was the Eastwind, and he was dressed like a Chinaman.

"Oh, have you come from that quarter?" said the mother.

"I thought you had been in the Garden of Paradise."

"I am going there only tomorrow!" said the Eastwind.

"It will be a hundred years tomorrow since I have been there. I have just come from China, where I danced round the porcelain tower till all the bells jingled. The officials were flogged



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in the streets, the bamboo canes were broken over their shoulders, and they were all people ranging from the first to the ninth rank. They shrieked 'Many thanks, Father and benefactor,' but they didn't mean what they said, and I went on ringing the bells and singing 'Tsing, tsang, tsu!'"

"You're quite uproarious about it!" said the old woman. "It's a good thing you are going to the Garden of Paradise tomorrow; it always has a good effect on your behavior. Mind you drink deep of the well of wisdom, and bring a little bottleful home to me."

"That I will," said the Eastwind. "But why have you put my brother from the south into the bag? Out with him! He must tell me about the phoenix; the princess always wants to hear about that bird when I call every hundred years. Open the bag! then you'll be my sweetest mother, and I'll give you two pockets full of tea as green and fresh as when I picked it!"

"Well for the sake of the tea, and because you are my darling, I will open my bag!"

She did open it and the Southwind crept out, but he was quite crestfallen because the strange prince had seen his disgrace.

"Here is a palm leaf for the princess!" said the Southwind. "The old phoenix, the only one in the world, gave it to me. He has scratched his whole history on it with his bill, for the hundred years of his life, and she can read it for herself. I saw how the phoenix set fire to his nest himself and sat on it while it burnt, like the widow of a Hindoo. Oh how

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the dry branches crackled, how it smoked, and what a smell there was. At last it all burst into flame, the old bird was burnt to ashes, but his egg lay glowing in the fire, it broke with a loud bang and the young one flew out. Now it rules over all the birds and it is the only phoenix in the world. He bit a hole in the leaf I gave you, that is his greeting to the princess."

"Let us have something to eat now!" said the mother of the winds; and they all sat down to eat the roast stag, and the prince sat by the side of the Eastwind, so they soon became good friends.

"I say," said the prince, "just tell me who is this princess, and where is the Garden of Paradise?"

"Oh ho!" said the Eastwind, "if that is where you want to go you must fly with me tomorrow. But I may as well tell you that no human being has been there since Adam and Eve's time. You know all about them I suppose from your Bible stories?"

"Of course," said the prince.

"When they were driven away the Garden of Eden sank into the ground, but it kept its warm sunshine, its mild air, and all its charms. The queen of the fairies lives there. The Island of Bliss, where death never enters, and where living is a delight, is there. Get on my back tomorrow and I will take you with me; I think I can manage it! But you mustn't talk now, I want to go to sleep."

When the prince woke up in the early morning, he was not a little surprised to find that he was already high above the clouds. He was sitting on the back of the Eastwind, who



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was holding him carefully; they were so high up that woods and fields, rivers and lakes, looked like a large colored map.

"Good morning," said the Eastwind. "You may as well sleep a little longer for there is not much to be seen in this flat country below us, unless you want to count the churches. They look like chalk dots on the green board."

He called the fields and meadows "the green board."

"It was very rude of me to leave without saying good-by to your mother and brothers," said the prince.

"One is excused when one is asleep!" said the Eastwind, and they flew on faster than ever. You could mark their flight by the rustling of the trees as they passed over the woods; and whenever they crossed a lake, or the sea, the waves rose and the great ships dipped low down in the water, like floating swans. Towards evening the large towns were amusing as it grew dark, with all their lights twinkling now here, now there, just as when one burns a piece of paper and sees all the little sparks like children coming home from school. The prince clapped his hands, but the Eastwind told him he had better leave off and hold tight, or he might fall and find himself hanging on to a church steeple.

The eagle in the great forest flew swiftly, but the Eastwind flew more swiftly still. The Cossack on his little horse sped fast over the plains, but the prince sped faster still.

"Now you can see the Himalayas!" said the Eastwind. "They are the highest mountains in Asia; we shall soon reach the Garden of Paradise."

They took a more southerly direction, and the air became



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scented with spices and flowers. Figs and pomegranates grew wild, and the wild vines were covered with blue and green grapes. They both descended here and stretched themselves on the soft grass, where the flowers nodded to the wind, as much as to say, "Welcome back."

"Are we in the Garden of Paradise now?" asked the prince.

"No, certainly not!" answered the Eastwind. "But we shall soon be there. Do you see that wall of rock and the great cavern where the wild vine hangs like a big curtain? We have to go through there! Wrap yourself up in your cloak, the sun is burning here, but a step farther on it is icy cold. The bird which flies past the cavern has one wing out here in the heat of summer, and the other is there in the cold of winter."

"So that is the way to the Garden of Paradise!" said the prince.

Now they entered the cavern. Oh, how icily cold it was, but it did not last long. The Eastwind spread his wings, and they shone like the brightest flame; but what a cave it was! Large blocks of stone, from which the water dripped, hung over them in the most extraordinary shapes; at one moment it was so low and narrow that they had to crawl on hands and knees, the next it was as wide and lofty as if they were in the open air. It looked like a chapel of the dead, with mute organ pipes and petrified banners.

"We seem to be journeying along Death's road to the Garden of Paradise!" said the prince, but the Eastwind never answered a word, he only pointed before them where a

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beautiful blue light was shining. The blocks of stone above them grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last they became as transparent as a white cloud in the moonshine. The air was also deliciously soft, as fresh as on the mountain tops and as scented as down among the roses in the valley.

A river ran there as clear as the air itself, and the fish in it were like gold and silver. Purple eels which gave out blue sparks with every curve gamboled about in the water; and the broad leaves of the water-lilies were tinged with the hues of the rainbow, while the flower itself was like a fiery orange flame nourished by the water, just as oil keeps a lamp constantly burning. A firm bridge of marble as delicately and skillfully carved as if it were lace and glass beads led over the water to the Island of Bliss, where the Garden of Paradise bloomed.

The Eastwind took the prince in his arms and bore him over. The flowers and leaves there sang all the beautiful old songs of his childhood, but sang them more wonderfully than any human voice could sing them.

Were these palm trees or giant water plants growing here? The Prince had never seen such rich and mighty trees. The most wonderful climbing plants hung in wreaths, such as are only to be found pictured in gold and colors on the margins of old books of the Saints or entwined among their initial letters. It was the most extraordinary combination of birds, flowers, and scrolls.

Close by on the grass stood a flock of peacocks with their brilliant tails outspread. Yes, indeed, it seemed so, but



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when the Prince touched them he saw that they were not birds but plants. They were big dock leaves, which shone like peacocks' tails. Lions and tigers sprang like agile cats among the green hedges, which were scented with the blossom of the olive, and the lion and the tiger were tame. The wild dove, glistening like a pearl, beat the lion's mane with his wings; and the antelope, otherwise so shy, stood by nodding, just as if he wanted to join the game.

The Fairy of the Garden now advanced to meet them; her garments shone like the sun, and her face beamed like that of a happy mother rejoicing over her child. She was young and very beautiful, and was surrounded by a band of lovely girls, each with a gleaming star in her hair.

When the Eastwind gave her the inscribed leaf from the Phoenix her eyes sparkled with delight. She took the Prince's hand and led him into her palace, where the walls were the color of the brightest tulips in the sunlight. The ceiling was one great shining flower, and the longer one gazed into it the deeper the calyx seemed to be. The Prince went to the window, and looking through one of the panes saw the Tree of Knowledge, with the Serpent, and Adam and Eve standing by.

"Are they not driven out?" he asked, and the Fairy smiled and explained that Time had burned a picture into each pane, but not of the kind one usually sees; they were alive, the leaves on the trees moved, and people came and went like the reflections in a mirror.

Then he looked through another pane, and he saw Jacob's



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dream, with the ladder going straight up into heaven, and angels with great wings were fluttering up and down. All that had ever happened in this world lived and moved on these window panes; only Time could imprint such wonderful pictures.

The Fairy smiled and led him into a large, lofty room, the walls of which were like transparent paintings of faces, one more beautiful than the other. These were millions of the Blessed who smiled and sang, and all their songs melted into one perfect melody. The highest ones were so tiny that they seemed smaller than the very smallest rosebud, no bigger than a pinpoint in a drawing. In the middle of the room stood a large tree, with handsome drooping branches; golden apples, large and small, hung like oranges among its green leaves. It was the Tree of Knowledge, of whose fruit Adam and Eve had eaten. From every leaf hung a shining red drop of dew, it was as if the tree wept tears of blood.

“Now let us get into the boat,” said the Fairy. “We shall find refreshment on the swelling waters. The boat rocks, but it does not move from the spot, all the countries of the world will pass before our eyes.”

It was a curious sight to see the whole coast move. Here came lofty snow-clad Alps, with their clouds and dark fir trees. The horn echoed sadly among them, and the shepherd yodeled sweetly in the valleys. Then banian trees bent their long drooping branches over the boat, black swans floated on the water; and the strangest animals and flowers

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appeared on the shore. This was New Holland, the fifth portion of the world, which glided past them with a view of its blue mountains. They heard the song of priests, and saw the dances of the savages to the sound of drums and pipes of bone. The pyramids of Egypt reaching to the clouds, with fallen columns, and Sphinxes half buried in sand, next sailed past them. Then came the Aurora Borealis blazing over the peaks of the north; they were fireworks which could not be imitated. The prince was so happy, and he saw a hundred times more than we have described.

“Can I stay here always?” he asked.

“That depends upon yourself,” answered the Fairy. “If you do not, like Adam, allow yourself to be tempted to do what is forbidden, you can stay here always.”

“I will not touch the apples on the Tree of Knowledge,” said the prince. “There are thousands of other fruits here as beautiful.”

“Test yourself, and if you are not strong enough, go back with the Eastwind who brought you. He is going away now, and will not come back for a hundred years; the time will fly in this place like a hundred hours, but that is a long time for temptation and sin. Every evening when I leave you I must say, ‘Come with me,’ and I must beckon to you, but stay behind. Do not come with me, for with every step you take your longing will grow stronger. You will reach the hall where grows the Tree of Knowledge; I sleep beneath its fragrant drooping branches. You will bend over me and and I must smile, but if you press a kiss upon my lips Paradise

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will sink deep down into the earth, and it will be lost to you. The sharp winds of the wilderness will whistle round you, the cold rain will drop from your hair. Sorrow and labor will be your lot."

"I will remain here!" said the prince.

And the Eastwind kissed him on the mouth and said: "Be strong, then we shall meet again in a hundred years. Farewell! Farewell!" and the Eastwind spread his great wings. They shone like poppies at the harvest time, or the Northern Lights in a cold winter.

"Good-by! good-by!" whispered the flowers. Storks and pelicans flew in a line like waving ribbons, conducting him to the boundaries of the garden.

"Now we begin our dancing!" said the Fairy; "at the end when I dance with you, as the sun goes down you will see me beckon to you and cry 'Come with me!' but do not come. I have to repeat it every night for a hundred years. Every time you resist, you will grow stronger, and at last you will not even think of following. Tonight is the first time. Remember my warning!"

And the Fairy led him into a large hall of white transparent lilies, the yellow stamens in each formed a little golden harp which echoed the sound of strings and flutes. Lovely girls, slender and lissom, dressed in floating gauze which revealed their exquisite limbs, gilded in the dance, and sang of the joy of living—that they would never die—and that the garden of Paradise would bloom forever.

The sun went down and the sky was bathed in golden



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light which gave the lilies the effect of roses; and the prince drank of the foaming wine handed to him by the maidens. He felt such joy as he had never known before; he saw the background of the hall opening where the Tree of Knowledge stood in a radiancy which blinded him. The song proceeding from it was soft and lovely, like his mother's voice, and she seemed to say, "My child, my beloved child!"

Then the Fairy beckoned to him and said so tenderly, "Come with me," that he rushed towards her, forgetting his promise, forgetting everything on the very first evening that she smiled and beckoned to him.

The fragrance in the scented air around grew stronger, the harps sounded sweeter than ever, and it seemed as if the millions of smiling heads in the hall where the Tree grew, nodded and sang, "One must know everything. Man is lord of the earth." They were no longer tears of blood which fell from the Tree, it seemed to him that they were red shining stars.

"Come with me, come with me," spoke those trembling tones, and at every step the prince's cheeks burnt hotter and hotter and his blood coursed more rapidly.

"I must go," he said, "it is no sin, I must see her asleep, nothing will be lost if I do not kiss her, and that I will not do. My will is strong."

The Fairy dropped her shimmering garment, drew back the branches and a moment after was hidden within their depths.

"I have not sinned yet!" said the prince, "nor will I,"

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then he drew back the branches. There she lay asleep already, beautiful as only the Fairy in her Garden of Paradise can be. She smiled in her dreams; he bent over her and saw the tears welling under her eyelashes.

"Do you weep for me?" he whispered. "Weep not, beautiful maiden. I only now understand the full bliss of Paradise; it surges through my blood and through my thoughts. I feel the strength of the angels and of everlasting life in my mortal limbs! If it were to be everlasting night to me, a moment like this were worth it!" and he kissed away the tears from her eyes; his mouth touched hers.

Then came a sound like thunder, louder and more awful than any he had ever heard before, and everything around collapsed. The beautiful Fairy, the flowery Paradise sank deeper and deeper, The prince saw it sink into the darkness of night; it shone far off like a little tiny twinkling star. The chill of death crept over his limbs; he closed his eyes and lay long as if dead.

The cold rain fell on his face, and the sharp wind blew around his head, and at last his memory came back. "What have I done?" he sighed. "I have sinned like Adam, sinned so heavily that Paradise has sunk low beneath the earth!" And he opened his eyes; he could still see the star, the far away star, which twinkled like Paradise; it was the morning star in the sky. He got up and found himself in the wood near the cave of the winds, and the mother of the winds sat by his side. She looked angry and raised her hand.

"So soon as the first evening!" she said. "I thought as

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much; if you were my boy, you should go into the bag!”

“Ah, he shall soon go there!” said Death. He was a strong old man, with a scythe in his hand and great black wings. “He shall be laid in a coffin, but not now; I only mark him and then leave him for a time to wander about on the earth to expiate his sin and to grow better. I will come some time. When he least expects me, I shall come back, lay him in a black coffin, put it on my head, and fly to the skies. The Garden of Paradise blooms there too, and if he is good and holy he shall enter into it; but if his thoughts are wicked and his heart still full of sin, he will sink deeper, deeper in his coffin than Paradise sank, and I shall only go once in every thousand years to see if he is to sink deeper or to rise to the stars, the twinkling stars up there.”

THE END







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